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THE
DODD FAMILY ABROAD.
COLLECTION
OF
BRITISH AUTHORS.
VOL. CCXCIX.

THE DODD FAMILY ABROAD BY CHARLES LEVER.
IN THREE VOLUMES.
VOL. II.



COLLECTION

by

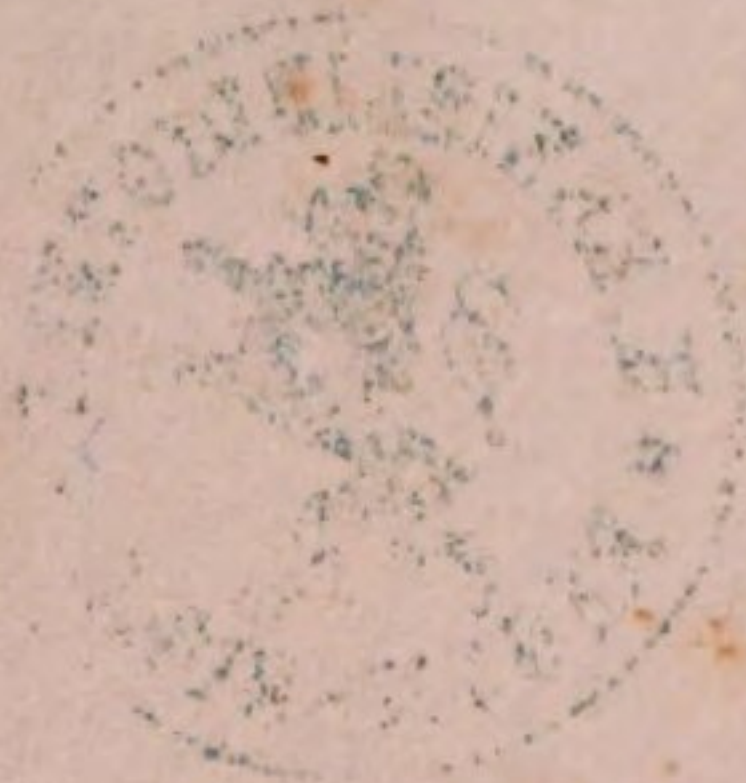
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THE DODD FAMILY ABROAD BY CHARLES DODD

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. II



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DODD FAMILY ABROAD.

BY

CHARLES LEVER,

AUTHOR OF "HARRY LORREQUER," "THE KNIGHT OF GWYNNE," &c. &c.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1854.



THE
DODD FAMILY ABROAD.

BY

CHARLES LUTER.

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VOL. II.



LEARNING

RENEWED VOUCHERS

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THE DODD FAMILY ABROAD.

VOL. II.

LETTER I.

Mrs. Dodd to Mistress Mary Gallagher, Dodsborough.

Cour de Bade, Baden-Baden.

MY DEAR MOLLY,

It will be five weeks on Tuesday next since we saw K. I., and except a bit of a note, of which I'll speak presently, never any tidings of him has reached us! I suppose within the memory of man, wickedness equal to this has not been heard of. To go and disgrace himself, and, what's more, disgrace *us* at his time of life, with two daughters grown up, and a son just going into the world, is a depth of baseness to which the mind cannot ascend.

They're away in Germany, my dear, the happy pair! I wish I was near him! I'd only ask to be for five minutes within reach of him. Faith, I don't think he'd be so seductive and captivating for a little time to come. They're off, I hear, to what they call the "Hearts Forest;" a place, I take from the name, to be the favourite resort of loving couples. From the first day, Molly, I suspected what was coming, for though James and Mary Anne persisted in saying that he was only gone for a day or two, I went to his

drawers and saw that he had taken every stitch of his clothes that was good for anything away with him.

If he's only gone for two days, says I, what does he want with fourteen shirts, and four embroidered fronts for dress, not to speak of his new black suit and his undress Deputy-Lieutenant's coat? I tossed and tumbled over everything, and sure enough there was little left to look at. So you see, Molly, it was all planned before, and the whole was arranged with a cold-blooded duplicity that makes me boil to think over. This wasn't all, either; but he must go and draw a bill on the Landlord for a hundred and twenty pounds; and, without the slightest attention to all that we owed in the Hotel, or even leaving us a sixpence, away goes my gallant Lutheran, only thinking of love and pleasure!

The half of the M'Carthy legacy is gone already to meet these demands, and enable us to come on here; and even with that I couldn't have done it, if it hadn't been for Lord George's kindness, for he knows so much about Bills, and Bankers, and when the Exchange is good, and what is the favourable moment to draw upon London, that, as he says himself, one learns at last to "make a pound go as far as five."

As to staying any longer at Bonn, it was out of the question. The whole town was talking of K. I., and everybody used to stop us and ask, with a mournful voice, if we hadn't got any tidings of Mr. Dodd?

And now we're here, I must say it is a charming place; and for real life and enjoyment, there's probably not its equal in Europe. And then, Molly, the great feature is certainly the universal kindness and charity that prevails. You may do what you like,

wear what you like, go where you like. I was a little bit afraid at first that the story of K. I. would get abroad, and damage us in society; but Lord George said, "You mistake Baden, my dear Mrs. Dodd. If there's anything they're peculiarly lenient to, it's just *that*. There's no cant, no hypocrisy here; nobody would endure such, for an hour. Everybody knows that the world is not peopled with Angels, and England is the only country where they affect that delusion. Here, all are natural, sincere, and candid." These were his words, and I assure you they are no more than the truth; and so far from K. I.'s conduct being regarded in any spirit of unfairness towards *us*, I really believe that we have met a great deal of delicate and refined notice on account of it. As Lord G. remarks, "They know that you don't belong to that strait-laced set of humbugs that want to frown down all mankind. They see at once that you have the habits of the world, and the instincts of good society, and that you come amongst them neither to criticise nor censure, but to please and be pleased." I quote his very expressions, Molly, because, with all his wildness, his sentiments are invariably beautiful; and I must say, that an ill-natured word never comes out of his mouth. If there's anything he excels in, too, it's tact. This he showed very remarkably, when we arrived here. "We must do the thing handsomely," said he, "or we shall be sure to hear that Mr. D.'s absence is owing to pecuniary difficulties." And so accordingly he arranged to purchase a beautiful pair of grey ponies, and a small park phaeton, belonging to a young Russian, that was just ruined at the tables. We got the whole equipage for little more than half

what it cost, and a tiger — as they call the little boy in buttons — goes with it.

We have taken the first apartment in the “Cour de Bade,” and have put Paddy Byrne in a suit of green and gold, that always reminds me of poor Daniel O’Connell. Lord G. drives me out every day himself, and I hear all the passers-by say it’s “Tiverton and Mrs. Dodd,” in a manner that shows we’re as well known as the first people in the place. He is acquainted with every man, woman, and child, in the town; and it is a perpetual “How are ye, Tiverton?” — “How goes it, George?” — “At the old trade, eh?” — as we drive along, that amuses me greatly. And it isn’t only that he knows them personally, but he is familiar with all their private histories. It would fill a book — and a nice volume it would be! — if I were to tell you one-half of the stories he told me yesterday, going down to Lichtenthal. But the names is so confusing. How he remembers them all, I can’t conceive.

We go to the rooms in the evening, full dressed, and as fine as you please; and if you saw how the company rises to meet us, and the gracious manner we are received by all the first people, you’d think we were sisters with half the room. For rank, wealth, and beauty, I never saw its equal; and the “tone,” as Lord G. observes, is “so easy.” Mary Anne usually dances all night, but *I* only stand up for a Quadrille, though Lord George torments me to Polka with him. As for James, he never quits the roulette-table, which is a kind of game where you always win thirty-six times as much as you put down, though may be occasionally you lose your stake, for it’s all chance,

Molly, and, like everything else in this wicked world, in the hands of Fate!

I'm afraid James doesn't understand the game, or forgets to take up his winnings, for when he joins us at supper he looks depressed and careworn, till he has taken two or three glasses of champagne. Caroline, as you may suppose, stays moping at home. If there's anything distresses me more than another, it's the way that girl goes on. Here we are, in the very thick of the fashion, spending money — as fast as hops — ruining ourselves, I may say, with expense; and instead of taking the benefit of it while "it's going," she sits up in her room reading her eyes out of her head, and studying things that no woman need know. As I say to her, "What good is it to you? Will it ever get you a husband, to know that Sir Humphrey Clinker invented the safety lamp? or do you suppose that any man will take a fancy to you for the sake of your chemistry and eccentricity? Besides," says I, "you could do all this at home, in Dodsborough, and who knows if we shouldn't be obliged to go back and finish our days in Ireland!" And in my heart and soul I believe it's what she'd like!

The real affliction in life is to see your children not take after you! That is the most dreadful calamity of all. You toil and you slave to bring them up with high notions, to teach them to look down upon whatever is low and mean, to avoid their poor relations, and whatever disgraces them, and you find, the whole time, that 'tis looking back they are to their humble origin, and fancying that they were happier, for no other reason than because they were lower!

It is, maybe, the M'Carthy blood in me, but I feel as if the higher I went the lighter I grew, and so it is, I'm sure, with Mary Anne. I know, from her face across the room, whether she's dancing with a "Prince," or only, "a Gentleman from the United States!" And even in the matter of looks it makes the greatest difference in her. In the one case, her eyes sparkle, her head is thrown back, her cheek glows with animation; while in the other, she seems half asleep, dances out of time, and probably answers out of place.

From all these facts, I gather, Molly, that there's nothing so elevating to the mind as moving in a rank above your own; and I'm sure, I don't forgive myself when I keep company with my equals. I believe James has less of the Dodd and more of the M'Carthy in him, than the girls. He takes to the aristocracy so naturally — calls them by their names, and makes free with them in a way that is really beautiful, and they call him "Jim," or some of them say "Jeemes," just as familiar as himself. I suppose it's no use repining, but I often feel, Molly, that if it was the Lord's will that I was to be left a widow, I'd see my children high in the world before long.

This reminds me of K. I., and here's his letter for you. I copy it word for word, without note or comma:

"DEAR JEMI,

"We are waiting here for the Princess, who has not yet arrived, but is expected to-day, or to-morrow at furthest. You will be sorry to hear that I was ill and confined for more than a week to my bed at Ems." Will I indeed? "It was a kind of a low fever."

I read it a love fever, Molly, when I saw it first. "But I am now much better." You never were worse in your life, you old hypocrite, thinks I. "And am able to take a little exercise on horseback."

"The expense of this journey, unavoidable as it was! is very considerable, so that I reckon upon your practising the strictest economy during my absence." I thought I'd choke, Molly, when I seen this. Just think of the daring impudence of the man telling me that while he is lavishing hundreds on his vices and wickedness, that the family is to starve to enable him to bear the expense. "The strictest economy during my absence." I wish I was near you when you wrote it!

Then comes in some balderdash about the scenery, and the place they're at, just as coolly described as if it was talking of Bruff, or the neighbourhood; the whole winding up with, "Mrs. G. H. desires me to convey her tender regards" — what she can spare, I suppose, without robbing him — "to you and the girls. No time for more, from yours, sincerely,
"KENNY JAMES DODD."

There's an epistle for you! You'll not find the like of it in the "Polite Letter Writer," I'll wager. The father of a family, and such a family too, discoursing as easily about the height of iniquity as if he was alluding to the state of the weather, or the price of sheep at the last fair. He flatters himself, maybe, that this free-and-easy way is the best to bamboozle me, and that by seeming to make nothing of it, I'll take the same view as himself. Is that all that he knows of me yet? Did he ever succeed in deceiving me, du-

ring the last seventeen years? Didn't I find him out in twenty things, when he didn't know himself of his own depravity? I tell you in confidence, Molly, that if coming abroad is an elegant thing for our sex, it's downright ruin to men of K. I.'s time of life! When they come to fifty, or thereabouts, in Ireland, they settle down to something respectable, either on the Bench, or Guardians to the Union. Their thoughts runs upon green crops and draining, and how to raise a trifle, by way of loan, from the Board of Works. But not having these things, abroad, to engage them, they take to smartening themselves up with polished boots and blackened whiskers, and what between pinching here, and padding there, they get the notion that they're just what they were thirty years ago! Oh, dear! oh, dear! sure they've only to go up-stairs a little quick, to stoop to pick up a handkerchief, or button a boot, to detect the mistake, and if that won't do, let them try a Polka with a young lady just out for her first season!

Of all the old fools, in this fashion, I never met a worse than K. I.! and what adds to the disgrace, he knows it himself, and he goes on saying, "Sure I'm too old for this," or "I'm past that;" and I always chime in with, "Of course you are; you'd cut a nice figure;" and so on. But what's the use of it, Molly? Their vanity and conceit sustains them against all the snubs in the world, and till they come down to a Bath-chair, they never believe that they can't dance a hornpipe!

I could say a great deal more on this subject, but I must turn to other things. You must see Purcell and tell him the way we're left, without a fraction of

money, nor knowing where to get it. Tell him that I wrote to Waters about a separation, which I would, only that K. I.'s affairs is in such a state, I'd have to put up with a mere trifle. Say that I'm going to expose him in the newspapers, and there's "no knowing where I'll stop," for that's exactly the kind of threat Tom Purcell will be frightened at.

Get him to send me a remittance immediately, and describe our distress and destitution as touchingly as you can.

Here's more of it, Molly. James has just come in to say that the Ministry is out in England, and that the new Government is giving everything away to the Irish, and that old villain, K. I., not on the spot to ask for a place! James tells me, it's the Brigade is to have the best things; but I don't remember if K. I. belongs to it, though I know he's in the Yeomanry. From Lord-Lieutenant down to the letter-carriers, they must be all Irish now, James says. We're to have Ireland for ourselves and as much of England as we can, for we'll never rest till we get perfect equality, and I must say it's time too!

K. I. isn't fit for much, but maybe he might get something. The Treasury is where he'd like to be, but I'm not certain it would suit him. At all events, he's not to the fore, and I don't think they'll send to look for him, as they did for Sir Robert Peel! Till we know, however, whether he has a chance of anything, it would be better to keep his present conduct a profound secret, for James remarks "that they make a great fuss about character now-a-days;" and it comes well from them, Molly, if the stories I hear be true!

Ask Purcell what's vacant in K. I.'s line? which,

you may say, goes from Lunatic Asylums to the Court of Chancery. I don't want James to have an Irish appointment, but he says there's something in Gambia — wherever that is — that he'd like.

As of course K. I. and myself can never live together again, it would be very convenient if he was to get something that would require him to stay in Ireland — either a suspensory magistrate or a place in Newgate would do. You'll wonder at my troubling myself about a man that behaved as he did; and indeed I wonder at myself for it; and what I say is, maybe this might happen, maybe the other, and I'd be sorry afterwards; and if he was to be taken away suddenly, I'd like to be sure, to have my mind easy, and in a happy frame.

Isn't it dreadful to think that it's about these things my letter is filled, while all the enjoyment in life is going on about me. There's the Band underneath my window playing the Railroad Polka, and the crowd round them is Princesses, and Duchesses, and Countesses, all so elegantly dressed, and looking so sweet and amiable. Every minute the door opens, with an invitation for this or that, or maybe a nosegay of beautiful flowers that a Prince with a wonderful name has sent to Mary Anne. And here's a man with the most tempting jewellery from Vienna, and another with lace and artificial flowers; and all for nothing, Molly, or next to nothing — if one had a trifle to spend on them. And so we might, too, if K. I. hadn't behaved this way.

There's to be a Grand Ball to-night at the Rooms, and Mary Anne is come to me about her dress; for

one thing here is indispensable — you must never appear twice in the same. For the life of me, I don't know what they do with the old gowns, but Mary Anne and myself has a stock already that would set up a moderate mantuamaker. As to shoes, and gloves too, a second night out of them is impossible, though Mary Anne tries to wear them at small tea-parties. Speaking of this, I must say, that girl will be a treasure to the man that gets her; for she has so many ways of turning things to account: there's not an old lace veil, nor a bit of net, nor even a flower, that she can't find use for, somewhere or other. As to Caroline, she looks like a poor governess; there's no taste nor style whatever about her; and as to a bit of ribbon round her throat, or a cheap brooch, she never wears one! I tell her every day, "You're a Dodd, my dear — a regular Dodd. You have no more of the M'Carthy in you than if you never saw me." And indeed she takes after the father in everything. She has a dry, sneering way about whatever is genteel or high-bred, and the same liking for anything low and common; but, after all, I'm lucky to have Mary Anne and James what they are! There's no position in life that they're not equal to; and if I'm not greatly mistaken, it's in the very highest rank they'll settle down at last. This opinion of mine, Molly, is the best and shortest answer I can give to what you ask me in your last letter, "What's the use of going abroad?" But, indeed, your question — as Lord George remarked, when I told him of it — is, "What's the use of civilisation? What's the use of clothes? What's the use of cooked victuals?" You'll say, perhaps, that you have all these in Ireland; and I'll tell you,

just as flatly, You have not. You stare with surprise, but I repeat to you, You have not.

An old iron shop in Pill-lane, with bits of brass, broken glass, and old crockery, is just as like Storr and Mortimer's as your Irish habits and ways are like the real world. Why, Molly, there's no breeding nor manners at all! You are all twice too familiar, or what you, perhaps, would call cordial, with each other; and yet you daren't, for the life of you, say what every foreigner would say to a lady the first time he ever met her. That's your notion of good manners!

As to your clothes, I get red as a turkey-cock with pure shame when I think of a Dublin bonnet, with a whole botanical garden over it; but indeed, when one thinks of the dirty streets and the shocking climate, they forgive you for keeping all the finery for the head.

The cookery I won't speak of. There's people can eat it, and much good may it do them; and my heart bleeds when I think of their sufferings. But maybe Ireland is coming round after all. What I hear is, that when everybody is sold out, matters will begin to mend. I suppose it's just as if the whole country was taking what's called the "Benefit of the Act," and that they'll start fresh again in the world without owing sixpence. It that's the meaning of the 'Cumbered Estates, it's the best thing ever was done for Ireland, and I only wonder they didn't think of it earlier; for my sure and certain opinion is, that there's nothing distresses a man like trying to pay off old debts; and it destroys the spirits besides, for ye're always saying, "It wasn't *me* that spent *this*. I hadn't any fun for *that*."

James has just come in with the list of the new Ministry, and among all the Irish appointments I don't see as good a name as K. I.'s; and you may fancy how respectable they are after that! But the truth is, Molly, it's the same with politics as with the potatoes: one is satisfied to put up with anything in a famine. K. I. used to say that when he was young, his Irish name would have excluded him as much from any chance of office as if he was a Red Indian; but times is changed now, and I see two or three in the list that their colleagues will never pronounce rightly — and that at least is something gained.

And just to think of it, Molly! Who knows, if K. I. wasn't disgracing himself this minute, that he wouldn't be high in the Administration? I remember the time when it was only Lord James this, or Sir Michael that, got anything; but now you may remark that it's maybe a fellow would rob the mail is a Lord of the Treasury, and one that would take fright at his own shadow is made Clerk of the Ordnance. That's a great "step in the right direction," Molly, and it shows, besides, that we're daily living down obscene and antiquated prejudices.

You like a long letter, you say, and I hope you'll be satisfied with this, for I'm four days over it; but, to be sure, half the time is spent crying over the barbarous treatment I've met from K. I. That you may never know what it is to have a like grief, is the prayer of your affectionate friend,

JEMIMA DODD.

P. S. Mary Anne sends her love and regards, and Cary, too, desires to be remembered to you. She is

longing to have old Tib here, as if a black cat would be anything remarkable on the Continent. But that's the way with her. All the Dodsborough geese are swans in *her* estimation.

LETTER II.

James Dodd to Robert Doolan, Esq., Trinity College, Dublin.

Baden-Baden.

MY DEAR BOB,

I COPY the following paragraph from the *Galignani* of yesterday: — “Considerable excitement has been caused amongst the fashionable visitors of Baden by the rumoured elopement of the charming Mrs. G*** H***** with an Irish gentleman of large fortune, and who though considerably past the prime of life, is evidently not beyond the age of fascination. Our readers will appreciate the reserve with which we only allude to a report, the bare mention of which will doubtless give the deepest distress amongst a wide circle of our very highest aristocracy.”

Probably all your conic sections and spherical trigonometry learning would never enable you to read the riddle aright, and so I shall save you the profitless effort by saying that the delinquent so delicately indicated in the above is no other than the worthy Governor himself. Aye, Bob, as the old song says:

“No age, no profession, nor station is free;
To sovereign beauty mankind bends the knee;”

and how should it be expected that Dodd Père could resist the soft impeachment? To be as intelligible as the circumstances permit, I must ask of you to call to mind a certain very beautiful fellow-traveller of ours

— a Mrs. Gore Hampton. She is the Dido of this *Æneid*. Not that there is in reality any — even the remotest — shade of truth in the newspaper paragraph; the entire event being explicable upon far less romantic and less interesting grounds. Mrs. G. H. having desired the protection of my Father's escort to some small town in Germany, and not wishing to excite the inevitable hostility of my Mother to the arrangement, determined upon a night march, without beat of drum. In this way was the fortress evacuated; and when the garrison were mustered for duty, Dodd Père was reported missing.

Tiverton, who was in the secret throughout, explained everything to me, and I as readily imparted the explanation to the girls; but all our endeavours to convince my Mother were totally fruitless. "She knew him of old." — "She guessed many a day since what he was." — "It was not now that she had to read his character." These and similar intimations, coupled with others even stronger, and less flattering as regarded his time of life, manners, and personal advantages, were more than enough to drown all our arguments; and I must confess that she arranged the details of circumstantial evidence against him with a degree of art and dexterity that might have reflected credit on a Crown Lawyer.

Of course, the first three or four days after the event were not of the pleasantest, for not satisfied with the sympathies of a home circle, my Mother empanelled "special juries" of the waiters and chambermaids, and arraigned the unlucky Governor on a series of charges, extending to a period far beyond the "statute of limitations."

Under these circumstances there was nothing for it but to leave this place at once, and establish our quarters in some new locality. Baden offered the most advisable sphere, whither we have come, if not to hide our sorrows, at least to console our griefs. I am perfectly convinced that if the Governor came back to-morrow, and could only obtain a fair hearing, he could satisfactorily explain why he went, where he was, and everything else about his absence; but there lies the real difficulty, Bob! He will be condemned *per contumaciam*, if not actually hooted out of Court with indignation. While this is undeniably true, you would be astonished to hear how thoroughly public sympathy would be with him, were he boldly to stand forth and tender his plea of "Guilty." I was slow to credit this when Tiverton told me so at first, but I now see it is perfect fact. Good society, abroad, exacts something in the way of 'qualification — like what certain charitable institutions require at home — you must have sinned before you can hope for admittance! It is not enough that you express profligate opinions — speak disparagingly of whatever is right, and praise the wrong — you are expected to give a proof, a good, palpable, unmistakable proof of your professions, and show yourself a man of your word. The oddest thing about all this is, that these evidences are not demanded on any moral or immoral grounds, but simply as requirements of good breeding — in other words, you have no right to mix in society where your purity of character may give offence; such pretension would be a downright impertinence.

Hence you will perceive, that if the Governor only knew of it, he might take brevet rank as a scamp,

and actually figure here as one of the "profligates of the season." Meanwhile, his absence is not without its inconveniences; and if he remain much longer away, I am sorely afraid that we shall be reduced to a paper currency, not "convertible" at will.

I have myself been terribly unlucky at "the tables," have lost heavily, and am deeply in debt. Tiverton, however, tells me never to despair, and that when pushed to the wall a man can always retrieve himself by a rich marriage. I confess the remedy is not exactly to my taste — but what remedy ever is? If it must be so, it must. There are just now some three or four great prizes in the wheel matrimonial here, of which I will speak more fully in my next; my object in the present being rather to tell you where we are, than to communicate the "*res gestæ*" of,

Your ever attached friend,

JAMES DODD.

P.S. Don't think of reading for the Fellowship, I beg and entreat of you. If you will take to "Monkery," do it among our own fellows, who at least enjoy lives of ease and indolence. Besides, it is a downright absurdity to suppose that any man ever rallies after four years of hard study and application. As Tiverton says, "You train too fine, and there's no work in you afterwards."

LETTER III.

Kenny Dodd to Thomas Purcell, Esq., of the Grange, Bruff.

Eisenach. "The Rue Garland."

MY DEAR TOM,

You may see by the address that I am still here, although in somewhat different circumstances from

those in which I last wrote to you. No longer "Mi Lor," the occupant of the "grand suite of apartments with the balcony," flattered by beauty, and waited on with devotion. I am now alone; the humble tenant of a small sanded parlour, and but too happy to take a very unpretending place at my host's table. I seek out solitary spots for my daily walks — I select the very cheapest "Canastre" for my lonely pipe — and, in a word, I am undergoing a course of "the silent system," accompanied by thoughts of the past, present, and the future, gloomy as ever were inflicted by any code of penitentiary discipline.

I know not if — seeing the bulk of this formidable despatch — you will have patience to read it; I have my doubts that you will employ somebody to "note the brief" for you, and only address yourself to the strong points of the case. Be this as it may, it is a relief to me to decant my sorrows even into my ink-bottle; and I come back to my desk at night with a sense of consolation that shows me that, no matter how lonely and desolate a man may be in the world, there is a great source of comfort in the sympathy he has for himself. This may sound like a bull, but it is not one, as I am quite ready to show. But my poor brains are not in order for metaphysics, and so, with your leave, I'll just confine myself to narrative for the present, and keep all the philosophy of my argument for another occasion.

Lest, however, you should only throw your eyes carelessly over these lines, and not adventure far into the detail of my sorrows, I take this early opportunity of saying that I am living here on credit — that I haven't five shillings left to me — that my shoemaker

lies in wait for me in the Juden-Gasse, and my washerwoman watches for me near the Church. Schnaps, snuff, and cigars have encompassed me round about with small duns, and I live in a charmed circle of petty persecutions, that would drive a less good-tempered man half crazy. Not that I am ungrateful to Providence for many blessings: I acknowledge heartily the great advantage I possess in knowing nothing whatever of the language, so that I am enabled to preserve my equanimity under, what very probably may be, the foulest abuse that ever was poured out upon insolvent humanity.

My wardrobe is dwindled to the "shortest span." I have "taken out" my great-coat in Kirschwasser, and converted my spare smallclothes into cigars. My hat has gone, to repair my shoes; and, as my razors are pledged for pen, ink, and paper, I have grown a beard that would make the fortune of an Italian refugee, or of a Missionary speaker at Exeter Hall!

My host of "The Rue Garland" hasn't seen a piece of my money for the last fortnight; and now, for the first time since I came abroad, am I able to say that I find the Continent cheap to live in. Aye, Tom, take my word for it, the whole secret lies in this — "Do with little, and pay for less," and you'll find a great economy in coming abroad to live. But if you cannot cheat yourself as well as your creditors, take my advice and stay at home. These, however, are only spare reflections; and I'll now resume my story, taking up the thread of it where I left off in my last.

It is really all like a dream to me, Tom; and many times I am unable to convince myself that it is not a dream, so strange and so novel are all the incidents

that have of late befallen me, so unlike every former passage of my life, and so unsuited am I by nature, habit, and temperament, for the curious series of adventures in which I have been involved.

After all, I suppose it is downright balderdash to say that a man is not adapted for this, or suited to that. I remember people telling me that public life wouldn't do for me; that I wasn't the kind of man for Parliament, and so on; but I see the folly of it all now. The truth is, Tom, that there is a faculty of accommodation in human nature; and wherever you are placed, under whatever circumstances situated, you'll discover that your spirit, like your stomach, learns to digest everything; though I won't deny that it may now and then be at the cost of a heartburn in the one case as well as the other.

When I wrote to you last I was living a kind of pastoral life — a species of Melibœus, without sheep! If I remember aright, I left off when we were just setting out on an excursion into the forest — one of those charming rides over the smooth sward, and under the trelliced shadow of tall trees, now, loitering pensively before some vesta of the wood, now, cantering along with merry laughter, as though with every bound we left some care behind never to overtake us. Ah, Tom, it's no use for me to argue and reason with myself; I always find that I come back to the same point, and that whatever touches my feelings, whatever makes my heart vibrate with pleasant emotion, whatever brings back to me the ardent, confiding, trustful tone of my young days, does me good, and that I'm a better man for it, even though "the situation," as you would call it, was rather equivocal. Don't mistake me, Tom Purcell,

I don't want to go wrong; I have not the slightest inclination to break my neck. The height of my ambition is, only to look over the precipice. Can't you understand that? Try and "realise" that to yourself, as the Yankees say, and you'll at once comprehend the whole charm and fascination of my late life here. I was always "looking over the precipice," always speculating upon the terrible perils of the drop, and always halfhugging myself in my sense of security. Maybe this is metaphysics again; if it is, I'm sorry for it, but the German Diet must take the blame of it — a course of Sauerkraut would make any man flighty.

Well, I'll spare you all description of these "Forest days," at whatever cost to my own feelings; and it is not every man that would put that much constraint upon himself, for something tells me that the theme would make me "come out strong." That, what with my descriptive powers as regards scenery, and my acute analysis on the score of emotions, I'd astonish you, and you'd be forced to exclaim, "Kenny is a very remarkable man. Faith! I never thought he had this in him." Nor did I know it myself, Tom Purcell; nor as much as suspect it. The fact is, my natural powers never had fair play. Mrs. D. kept me in a state of perpetual conflict. "Little wars," as the Duke used to say, "destroy a state;" and in the same way it's your small domesticities — to coin a word — that ruin a man's nature and fetter his genius. You think, perhaps, that I'm employing an over-ambitious phrase, but I am not. Mrs. G. H. assured me that I actually did possess "genius," and I believe in my heart that she is the only one who ever really understood me.

No man understood human nature better than Byron, and he says, in one of his letters, "That none of us ever do anything till a woman takes us in hand;" by which, of course, he means the developing of our better instincts — the illustrating our latent capabilities, and so on; and that, let me observe to you, is exactly what our wives never do. With them, it is everlastingly some small question of domestic economy. They "take the vote on the supplies" every morning at breakfast, and they go to bed at night with thoughts of the "budget." The woman, therefore, referred to by the Poet, cannot be, what we should call in Ireland, "the woman that owns you." And here, again, my dear friend, is another illustration of my old theory — how hard it is for a man to be good and great at the same time. Indeed, I am disposed to say that Nature never intended we should, but in all probability meant to typify, by the separation, the great manufacturing axiom — "the division of labour."

Be this as it may, Byron is right, and if there be an infinitesimal spark of the divine essence in your nature, your female friend will detect it with the same unerring accuracy that a French chemist hunts out the ten-thousandth part of a grain of arsenic in a case of poison. It would amaze you were I to tell you how markedly I perceived the changes going on in myself when under this influence. There was, so to say, a great revolution going on within me, that embraced all my previous thoughts and opinions on men, manners, and morals. I felt that hitherto I had been taking a kind of Dutch view of life from the mere level of surrounding objects, but that now I was elevated to a

high and commanding position, from which I looked down with calm dignity. I must observe to you, that Mrs. G. H. was not only in the highest fashionable circles of London, but that she was one who took a very active part in political life. This will doubtless surprise you, Tom, as it did myself, for we know really nothing in Ireland of the springs that set great events in motion. Little do we suspect the real influence Women exercise — the sway and control they practise over those who rule us. I wish you heard Mrs. G. H. talk, how she made Bustle do, this, and persuade Pumistone do, the other. Foreign affairs are her forte, and, indeed, she owned to me, that purely Home matters were too narrow and too local to interest her. What she likes is a great Russian question, with the Bosphorus and the Danubian Provinces, and the Hospodar of Wallachia to deal with; or Italy and the Austrians, with a skirmishing dash at the Pope and the King of Naples. She is a Whig, for she told me that the Tories were a set of rude barbarians, that never admitted female influence; and “the consequence is,” says she, “they never know what is doing at Foreign Courts. Now *we* knew everything: there was the Princess Sleeboffsky, at St. Petersburg; and the Countess von Schwärmerey, at Berlin; and Madame de la Tour de Force, at Florence, all in our interest. There was not a single impertinent allusion made to England, in all the privacy of Royal domestic life, that we hadn’t it reported to us; and we knew, besides, all the little ‘tendresses’ of the different Statesmen of the Continent, for, in our age, we bribe with Beauty, where formerly it was a matter of Bank-notes. The Tories, on the other hand, lived with their wives,

which at once accounts for the narrowness of their views, and the limited range of their speculations."

All this may read to you like a digression, my dear Tom, but it is not; for it enables me to exhibit to you some of those traits by which this fascinating creature charmed and engaged me. She opened so many new views of life to me — explained so much of what was mystery to me before — recounted so many amusing stories of great people — gave me such passing glimpses of that wonderful world made up of Kings, and Kaisers, and Ministers, who are, so to say, the Great Pieces of the Chess-board, whereon *we* are but Pawns — that I actually felt as if I had been a child till I knew her.

Another grand result of this kind of information is, that, as you extend your observation beyond the narrow sphere of Home — whether it be politically or domestically — you learn at last to think so little of what you once regarded as your own immediate and material interests, that you have as many — maybe more — sympathies with the world at large than with those actually belonging to you. Such was the progress I made in this enlightenment, that I felt far more anxious about the Bosphorus than ever I did for Bruff, and would rather have seen the Austrians expelled from Lombardy than have turned out every "squatter" off my own estate at Dodsborough. And it is not only that one acquires grander notions this way, but there are a variety of consolations in the system. You grumble at the Poor-rates, and I point to the population of Milan paying ten times as much to their tyrants. You exclaim against extermination, and I reply, "Look at Poland." You complain of the

Priests' exactions, and I say, "Be thankful that you haven't the Pope."

Now, Tom, come back from all these speculations, and bring your thoughts to bear upon her that originated them, and don't wonder at me if I didn't know how the days were slipping past; nor could only give a mere passing, fugitive reflection to the fact, that I have a wife and three children somewhere, not very abundantly furnished with the "sinews of war." I suppose, if we could only understand it, that we'd discover our Minds were like our Bodies, and that we sometimes succumb to influences we could resist at other moments. Put your head out of the window at certain periods, and you are certain to catch a cold. I conclude that there are seasons the heart is just as susceptible.

I cannot give you a stronger illustration of the strange delirium of my faculties than the fact that I actually forgot the Princess whom we came expressly to meet, and never once asked about her. It was some time in the sixth week of our sojourn that the thought shot through my brain — "Wasn't there a Princess to be here? — didn't we expect to see her?" How Mrs. G. H. laughed when I asked her the question! She really couldn't stop herself for ten minutes. "But I am right," cried I — "there really *was* a Princess?"

"To be sure you are, my dear Mr. Dodd," said she, wiping her eyes; "but you must have been living in a state of trance, or you would have remembered that the poor dear Duchess was obliged to accompany the Empress to Sicily, and that she couldn't possibly

count upon being here before the middle of September."

"What month are we in now?" asked I, timidly.

"July, of course!" said she, laughing.

"June, July, August, September," said I, counting on my fingers; "that will be four months!"

"What do you mean?" asked she.

"I mean," said I, "it will be four months since I saw Mrs. D. and the family."

She pressed her handkerchief to her face, and I thought I heard her sob; indeed, I am certain I did. Nothing was further from my thoughts than to say a rude thing, or even an unfeeling one, and so I assured her over and over. I protested that it was the very first time since I came away that I ever as much as remembered one belonging to me; that it was impossible for a man to feel less the ties of family; that I looked upon myself — and, indeed, I hoped she also looked upon me in a way — in fact, regarded me in a light — I'm not exactly clear, Tom, what light I said; of course, you can imagine what I intended to say, if I didn't say it.

"Is this really true?" said she, without uncovering her face, while she extended her other hand towards me.

"True!" repeated I. "If it were not true, why am I here? Why have I left —" I just caught myself in time, Tom. I was nearly "in it" again, with an allusion to Mrs. D.; but I changed it, and said: "Why am I your slave — why am I at your feet —" just as I said that, suiting the action to the words, the door of the room was jerked violently open, and a tall

man, with a tremendous pair of bushy whiskers, poked in his head.

"Oh, Heavens!" cried she; "ruined and undone!" and fled before I could see her, while the stranger, fastening the door behind him with the key, advanced towards me with an air at once so menacing and warlike that I seized the poker, an instrument about four feet six long, and stood on the defensive.

"Mr. Kenny Dodd, I believe," said he, solemnly.

"The same!" said I.

"And not Lord Harvey Bruce, at least on this occasion," said he, with a kind of sneer.

"No," said I; "and who are you?"

"I am Lord Harvey Bruce, Sir," was the answer.

I don't think I said anything in reply; indeed, I am quite sure I did not say a syllable; but I must have made some expressive gesture, or suffered some exclamation to escape me, for he quickly rejoined:

"Yes, Sir, you have, indeed, reason to be thankful; for had it been my wretched, miserable, and injured friend instead, you would now be laying weltering in your blood."

"Might I make bold to ask the name of the wretched, miserable, and injured gentleman to whom I was about to be so much indebted?"

"The husband of your unhappy victim, Sir," exclaimed he, and with such an energy of voice that I brandished the poker to show I was ready for him.

"Yes, Sir, Mr. Gore Hampton is now in this village — to a mere accident you owe it that he is not in this Hotel — aye, in this very room."

And he gave a shudder at the words, as though

the thoughts they suggested were enough to curdle a man's blood.

"I'll tell you what, my Lord," said I, getting the table between us, to prevent any sudden attack on his part, "all your anger and high-flown indignation is clean thrown away. There is no victim here at all — there is no villain; and so far as I am concerned, your friend is not either miserable or injured. The circumstances under which I accompanied that lady to this place are all easy of explanation, and such as require a very different acknowledgment from what you seem disposed to make for them."

"If you think you are dealing with a schoolboy, Sir, you are somewhat mistaken," broke he in. "I am a man of the world, and it will save us a deal of time, Sir, if you will please to bear this plain fact in your memory."

"You may be that, or anything else you like, my Lord," said I; "but I'd have you to know that I am a man well respected in the world, the father of a grown-up family. There is no occasion for that heavy groan at all, my Lord; the case is not what you suspect. I came here purely out of friendship —"

"Come, come, Sir, this is sheer trifling, or it is worse, it is outrageous insult. The man who elopes with a woman, passes under a false name, retires with her into one of the most remote and unvisited towns of Germany, is discovered — as I lately discovered you — only insults the understanding of him who listens to such excuses. We have tracked you, Sir — it is but fair to tell you — from the Rhine to this village. We are prepared, when the proper time comes, to bring a host of evidence against you. In all pro-

bability a more scandalous case has not come before the public these last twenty years. Rest assured, then, that denial, no matter how well sustained, will avail you little; and when you have once arrived at this palpable conviction, it will greatly facilitate our progress towards the termination of this unhappy business."

"Well, my Lord, let us suppose, for argument sake — 'without prejudice,' however, as the attorneys say — that I see everything with your eyes, what is the nature of the termination you allude to?"

"From a gentleman coming from your side of St. George's Channel, the question is somewhat singular," observed he, with a sneer.

"Oh, I perceive," said I; "your Lordship means a duel." He bowed, and I went on — "Very well; I'm quite ready, whenever and wherever you please; and if your friend shouldn't make the arrangement inconvenient, it would be a great honour to me to exchange a shot with your Lordship afterwards. I have no friend by me, it is true; but maybe the Landlord would oblige me so far, and I'm sure you'll not refuse me a pistol."

"As regards your polite attentions to myself, Sir, I have but to say I accept them; at the same time. I fear you are only paying me a French compliment. It is not a case for a formal exchange of shots; so long as Hampton lives, you can never leave the ground alive!"

"Then the best thing I can do is to shoot him," said I; and whether the speech was an unfeeling one, or the way I said it was bloodthirsty, but he certainly looked anything but easy in his mind.

"The sooner we settle the affair the better, Sir," said he, haughtily.

"I think so too, my Lord."

"With whom can I then communicate on your part?"

"I'll ask the Landlord, and if he declines, I'll try the little barber on the Platz."

"I must say, Sir, it is the first time in my life I find myself in such company. Have you no countryman of your acquaintance within a reasonable distance?"

"If Lord George Tiverton were here —"

"If he were, Sir, he could not act for you — he is the near relative of my friend."

I thought of everybody I could remember; but what was the use of it? I couldn't reach any of them, and so I was obliged to own. He seemed to ponder over this for some time, and then said:

"The matter requires some consideration, Sir. When the unhappy result gets abroad in the world, it is necessary that nothing should attach to us as men of honour and gentlemen. Your friends will have the right to ask if you were properly seconded."

"By the unhappy result, your Lordship delicately insinuates my death?"

He gave a little sigh, adjusted his cravat, and smoothed down his mustachoes at the glass over the chimney.

"If it should occur as your Lordship surmises," said I, "it little matters who officiates on the occasion; indeed," added I, stroking my beard, "the barber mightn't be an inappropriate friend. But I've been 'out' on matters of this kind a few times, and, some-

how, I never got grazed yet; and that's more than the man opposite me was able to say."

"You'll stand before a man to-morrow, Sir, that can hit a Napoleon at twenty paces."

Faith, Tom, I was nigh saying I wish he could find one for a mark about *me*; but I caught myself in time, and only observed,

"He must be an elegant shot."

"The best in the Blues, Sir; but this is beside the question. The difficulty is now about your friend. There may be some retired officer here — some one who has served; if you will institute inquiry, I'll wait upon you this evening, and conclude our arrangements."

I promised I'd do all in my power, and bowed him out of the room and down stairs with every civility, which, I am bound to say; he also returned, and we parted on excellent terms.

Now, Tom, you'll maybe think it strange of me, with a thing of the kind on hand, but so it was, the moment he was off, I went to look for Mrs. Gore Hampton.

"The Lady?" cried the waiter; "she started with extra-post half an hour ago."

"Started!" exclaimed I — "which way?"

"On the high road to Munich."

"She left no letter — no note, for me?"

"No, Sir."

"Poor thing — overcome, I suppose. She was crying, wasn't she?"

"No, Sir, she looked very much as usual, but hurried, perhaps; for she nearly forgot the ham sandwiches she had ordered to be got ready for her."

"The ham sandwiches!" exclaimed I, and they nearly choked me. "I'm going to be shot for a woman, that in the very extremity of her ruin has the heart to order ham sandwiches!" That was the reflection that arose to my mind, and can you fancy a more bitter one?

"Are you sure," asked I, "the sandwiches wasn't for Madame Virginie, or the little dog?"

"They might, Sir, but my Lady desired us to be sure and put plenty of mustard on them."

This was the damning circumstance, Tom. She was fond of mustard — I had often remarked it — and just see, now, on what a trivial thing a man's happiness can hang. For I own to you, so long as I was strong in what I fancied to be her good graces, I could have fought the whole regiment of Blues; but when I thought to myself, "She doesn't care a brass farthing for you, Kenny Dodd; she may be laughing at you this minute over the ham sandwiches" — I felt like a drowning man that had nothing to grapple on. Talk of unhappy and injured men, indeed! wasn't I in that category myself? Not even a husband's selfishness could dispute the palm of misery with *me*! In the matter of desertion we were both in the same boat, and for the life of me, I don't see what we could have to fight about. I never heard of two sailors rescued from shipwreck quarrelling as to who it was lost the vessel!

The best thing for us to do, thought I, would be to try and console each other, and if he be a sensible, good-hearted fellow, he'll maybe take the same view of it. I'll ask him and my Lord to dinner; I'll make the Landlord give us some of that wonderful old Stein-

berger, that was bottled three hundred years ago; I'll treat them to a regular Saxon dish of venison with capers, washed down with Marcobrunner, and if we're not brothers before morning, my name isn't Kenny Dodd.

I was on "these hospitable thoughts intent," when Lord Harvey Bruce was again announced. He had found out an old Sergeant-Major of Artillery, who, for a consideration, would undertake the duties of my second — kindly adding, that he and his family, a very large one, would also attend my obsequies.

I interrupted his Lordship to remark that an event had just occurred to modify the circumstances of the case, and mentioned Mrs. Gore Hampton's departure.

"I really cannot perceive, Sir," replied he, "that this, in any way, affects the matter in hand. Is my friend less injured — is his honour less tarnished, because this unhappy woman has at last awoke to a sense of her degraded and pitiable condition?"

I thought of the sandwiches, Tom, but could say nothing.

"Are you less his greatest enemy on earth, Sir?" cried he, passionately.

"Now listen to me patiently, my Lord," said I. "I'll be as brief as I can for both our sakes. I don't value it one rush whether I go out with your friend or not. If you want a proof of what I say, step into the little garden here and I'll give it you. I'm neither boasting, nor bloodthirsty, when I say that I know how to stand at either end of a pistol; but there's nothing to fight about between us."

"Oh, if you renew that line of argument," cried he, interrupting me, "it is totally impossible I can listen."

"And why not?" said I. "Is it a greater satisfaction to your friend to believe himself injured and dishonoured, than to know that he is neither one nor the other?"

"Then why did you come away with her?"

"I can't tell," said I, for my head was quite confused with all the discussion.

"And why call yourself by *my* name at Ems?"

"I cannot tell."

"Nor what did you mean by the attitude in which I found you when I entered the room?"

"I can't tell that either," cried I, driven to desperation by sheer embarrassment. "It's no use asking me any more."

"I have been living for the last five or six weeks like one under a spell of enchantment. I can no more account for my actions than a patient in Swift's Hospital. I'm afraid to commit my scattered thoughts to paper, lest they might convict me of insanity. I know and feel that I am a responsible being, but somehow my notions of right and wrong are so confused, I have learned to look on so many things differently from what I used, that I'd cut a sorry figure under cross-examination on any matter of morality. There's the whole truth of it now. I'd have kept it to myself if I could; I'm heartily ashamed at owning to it — but I can't help it — it would come out. Therefore don't bother me with, 'Why did you do this?' 'What made you do that?' for I can give you no reasons for anything."

"By Jove! this is a very singular affair," said he, leaning over the back of a chair, and staring me steadfastly in the face. "Your age — your standing

in society — your appearance generally, Mr. Dodd, would, I feel bound to say, rather —” Here he hesitated and faltered, as if the right word was not forthcoming, and so I continued for him:

“Just so; my Lord would rather refute, than fix upon me, such an imputation. I’m not very like the kind of man that figures usually in these sort of cases.”

“As to *that*,” said he, cautiously, “there is no saying. I am now only speaking my own private sentiments, the result of impressions made upon myself as an individual. Courts of Law take their own views of these things; and the House of Lords has also its own way of regarding them.”

The words threw me into a cold perspiration from head to foot, Tom! Courts of Law! and the House of Lords! wasn’t that a pretty prospect for an encumbered Irish gentleman? A shot, or even two, at twelve or fourteen paces, cannot be a very expensive thing, in a pecuniary point, to any man; and there’s an awkwardness in declining it if others are anxious to have it, so that you appear ungracious and disobliging. But Westminster Hall and St. Stephen’s! Tom, is mighty different. I won’t speak of the disgrace that attends such a proceeding at my time of life, nor the hue-and-cry that the Press sets up at you, and follows you with to your own hearth — “the place from whence you came,” and where now your wife waits for you — to perform the last sentence of the Law. I won’t allude to *Punch* and the *Illustrated News*, that live upon you for three weeks; but I’ll just take the thing in its simplest form — financially. Why, racing, railroads, contested elections, are nothing to it. You

go to work exactly as Cobden says France and England do with their armaments: Chatham launches a seventy-four, and out comes Cherbourg with a line-of-battle ship — “Injured Husband” secures Sir Fitzroy Kelly; “Heartless Seducer” sends his brief to Cockburn. It’s a game of Brag from that moment; and there’s as much scheming and plotting to get a hold of Frank Murphy, as if he was the Knave of Spades! It matters little or nothing what the upshot of the case may be: you may sink the enemy, or be compelled to strike your own flag; it doesn’t signify in the least; the damages of the action are fatal to you.

Now, Tom, although I never speculated in all my life as to figuring in an affair like this, these considerations were often strongly impressed upon me by reading the newspapers, and I had come to the conclusion that a man should never think of defending an action of this kind, no more than he would a petition against his Election, and for the same reason. Since, although not actually guilty in the one case or the other, you are certain to have committed so many indiscretions — written, maybe, so many ridiculous letters — and, in fact, exposed yourself so much, that if you cannot keep out o’ sight altogether, the next best thing is, let the judgment go by default. I say this to show you, that the moment my Lord threw out the hint about Law, that I had made up my mind from that instant.

“I sincerely wish,” said he, after some deliberation, “that I could hit upon any mode of arranging this affair; for although I own you have made a strongly favourable impression upon me, ‘Dodd’” — he called me Dodd here, quite like an old friend — “we cannot

expect that Hampton could concur in this view. The fact is, the whole thing has got so much blazed abroad — they are so well known in the fashionable world, both home and foreign — She is so very handsome, so much admired, and He, such a charming fellow — the case has created a kind of European *éclat*. Looking at the matter candidly, there may be a great deal in what you have said, but, as a man of the world, I am forced to say that Hampton must shoot you, or sue for a divorce. I am well aware that whichever course he adopts many will condemn him. In the Clubs there will be always two parties. There may spring up even a kind of 'juste milieu,' who will say, 'Now that poor Dodd is dead, I wonder if he really *was* guilty?'"

"I protest I feel very grateful to them, my Lord," said I. But he paid no attention to my remark, and went on.

"If vengeance be all that a man looks for, probably the Law of the Land will do as much for him as the Law of Honour. You ruin a fellow, irretrievably ruin him, by an action of this kind. You probably remember Sir Gaybrook Foster, that ran off with Lady Mudford? Well, he had a splendid estate, didn't owe a shilling they said before that; they tell me now that some one saw him the other day at Geelong, croupier to a small 'Hell.' Then there was Lackington, whom we used to call the 'Cool of the Evening.'"

"I never knew one of them, my Lord," said I, impatiently, for I didn't care to hear all the illustrations of his theory.

"Lackington was older than you are," continued

he, "when he bolted with that City man's wife — what's his confounded name?"

"I am shamefully ill-read, my Lord, in this kind of literature," said I, "nor has it the same interest for me that it seems to afford your Lordship. May I take the liberty of recalling your attention to the matter before us?"

"I am giving to it, Sir," said he, gravely, "my best and most careful consideration. I am endeavouring, by the aid of such information as is before me, to weigh the difficulties that attach to either course, and to decide for that one which shall secure to my friend Hampton the largest share of the world's sympathy and approval. I have seen a great deal of life, and all that I know of it teaches the one lesson — distrust, rather than yield to, first impressions. Awhile ago, when I entered this room, I would have said to Hampton, 'Shoot him like a dog, Sir.' Now, I own to you, Dodd, this is not the counsel I should give him. Now, understand me well, I neither acquit nor condemn you; circumstances are far too strong against you for the one, and I have not the heart to do the other."

"This talking is dry work, my Lord," said I. "Shall we have a glass of wine?"

"Willingly," said he, seating himself, and throwing his gloves into his hat, with the air of a man quite disposed to take his ease comfortably.

Our host produced a flask of his inimitable Steinberger, and another of a native growth, to which he invited our attention, and left us to ourselves once more. We filled, touched our glasses, German fashion, drank, and resumed our converse.

"If any man could have told me, twenty-four hours ago, that I should be sitting where I now find myself, and with *you* for my companion, I'd have told him to his face he was a calumniator and a scoundrel! This time yesterday, Dodd, I'd have put a bullet through you, myself."

"You don't say that, my Lord?"

"I do say, and repeat it, I believed you to be the greatest villain the Universe contained. I thought you a monster of the foulest depravity."

"Well, I'm delighted to have undeceived you, my Lord."

"You *have* undeceived me! — I own to it. I believe, if I know anything, it is Human Nature. I have not been a deep student in other things, but in the heart of man I have read deeply. I know your whole history in this affair, as well as if I was present at the events. You never intended seduction here."

"Nothing of the kind, my Lord — never dreamed of it!"

"I know it, I know it. She got an influence over you — she fascinated you — she held you captive, Dodd. She mingled in all your thoughts — she became part of all your most seeret cogitations. With that warm, impulsive nature of your country, you made no resistance — you could make none. You fell into the net at once — don't deny it. I like you the better for it — upon my life I do. Don't suppose that I'm Archbishop of Canterbury or Dean of Durham, man."

"I don't suspect it in the least," said I.

"I'm no humbug of that kind," said he, resolutely.

"I'm a Man of the World, that just takes Life as he finds it, and neither fancies that Human Nature is one

jot better or worse than it is. Hampton goes and marries a girl of sixteen; she is very beautiful and very rich. What of that? She leaves him — and what becomes of the wealth and beauty? She is ruined — utterly ruined! He has his action at Law, and gets swinging damages, of course. What's the use of that? Will twenty thousand — will forty — would a hundred thousand pounds serve to compensate him for a lost position in life, and the affection of that charming creature? You know it would not, Sir. Don't affect hesitation nor doubt about it. You know it would not."

"That wasn't what I was thinking of at all, my Lord. I was only speculating on the mighty small chance your friend would have of the money."

"Do you mean to say, Sir, that a Jury wouldn't give it?"

"The *Jury* might, but Kenny Dodd wouldn't," said I.

"The Queen's Bench, Sir, or the Court of Exchequer, would take care of that. They'd issue a 'Mandamus' — the strongest weapon of our Law; they'd sell to the last stick of your property; they'd take your wife's jewels — the coat off your back —"

"As to the jewels of Mrs. D.," says I, "and my own wardrobe, I'm afraid they'd not go far towards the liquidation."

"They'd attach every acre of your estate."

"Much good it would do them," said I. "We're in the Encumbered Court already!"

"Whatever your income may be derived from, they're sure to discover it."

"Faith!" said I, "I'd be grateful to them for the

information; for it's two months now since I heard from Tom Purcell, and I don't know where I'm to get a shilling!"

"But what are damages after all!" said he; "nothing, absolutely nothing!"

"Nothing, indeed!" said I.

"And look at the misery through which a man must wade ere he attain to them. A public trial, a rule to show cause, a motion — three or four hundred gone for that. The case heard at Westminster Hall — forty-seven witnesses brought over special from different parts of the Continent, at from two guineas to ten per diem, and travelling expenses — what money could stand it; and see what it comes to; you ruin some poor devil, without benefiting yourself. That's the folly of it! Believe me, Dodd, the only people that get any enjoyment out of these cases are the Lawyers!"

"I can believe it well," my Lord.

"I know it — I know it, Sir," said he, fiercely. "I have already told you that I'm no humbug. I don't want to pretend to any nonsense about virtue, and all that. I was once in my life — I was young, it is true — in the same predicament you now stand in. It won't do to speak of the parties, but I suspect our cases were very similar. The friend who acted for the husband happened to be one who knew all my family and connexions. He came frankly to me, and said:

"'Bruce, this affair will come to a trial — the damages will be laid at ten thousand — the costs will be about three more. Can you meet that?'

"'No,' said I, 'I'm a younger son — I've got my commission in the Guards, and eight thousand in the 'Three-and-a-Half's' to live on, so that I can't.'

“‘What *can* you pay?’ said he.

“‘I can stand two thousand,’ said I, boldly.

“‘Say three,’ said he — ‘say three.’

“And I said, ‘Three be it,’ and the affair was settled — an exposure escaped — a reputation rescued — and a clear saving of something like ten thousand pounds: and this just because we chanced both of us to be ‘Men of the World.’ For look at the thing calmly; how should any of us have been bettered by a three days’ publicity at Nisi Prius — one’s little tendernesses ridiculed by Thesiger, and their soft speeches slanged by Serjeant Wilkins. Turn it over in your mind how you may, and the same conclusion always meet you. The husband, it is true, gets less money; but then he has no obloquy. The wife escapes exposure; and the ‘other party’ is only mulct to one-fourth of his liability, and at the same time is exempt from all the ruffianism of the long robe! A vulgarly-minded fellow might have said, ‘What’s the woman’s reputation to *me*? I’ll defend the action — I’ll prove this, that, and t’other. I’ll engage the first Counsel at the Bar, and fight the battle out. I don’t care a jot about being blackguarded before a Jury, lampooned in the papers, and caricatured in the windows,’ he might say; ‘what signifies to *me* what character I hold before the world — I have neither sons nor daughters to suffer from my disgrace.’ I know that all these and similar reasons might prompt a man of a certain stamp to regret this course, and say, ‘Be it so. Let there be a trial!’ But neither *you*, nor *I*, Dodd, could see the matter in this light. There is this peculiarity about a Man of the World, that not alone he sees rightly, but he sees quickly;

he judges passing events with a kind of instinctive appreciation of what will be the tone of society generally, and he says to himself, 'There are doubtless elements in this question, that I would wish otherwise. I would, perhaps, say *this* is not exactly to my taste; I don't like *that*,' but who ever yet found that he broke his leg exactly in the right place? What man ever discovered that the toothache ever attacked the very tooth he wanted? I take it, Dodd, that you are a man who has seen a good deal of life; now did your heart ever bound with delight on seeing the outside of a bill of costs? or on hearing the well-known knock of a better known dun at your hall-door? True philosophy consists in diminishing, so far as may be, the inevitable ills of life. Don't you agree with me?"

"With the general proposition I do, my Lord; the question here is, how far the present case may be considered as coming within your theory. Suppose now, just for argument sake, I was to observe that there was no similarity between our situations; that while *you* openly avow culpability, *I*, as distinctly, deny it."

"You prefer to die innocent, Dodd?" said he, puffing his cigar coolly as he spoke.

"I prefer, my Lord, to maintain the 'vantage ground that I feel under my feet. Had you been patient enough to hear me out, I could have explained to your perfect satisfaction how I came here, and why. I could have shown you a reason for everything that may possibly seem strange or mysterious —"

"As, for instance, the assumption of a name and title that did not belong to you — a fortnight's close seclusion to avoid discovery — the sudden departure

for Ems, and headlong haste of your journey here — and, finally, the attitude of more than persuasive eloquence in which I myself saw you. Of course, to a man of an ingenious and inventive turn, all these things are capable of at least some approach to explanation. Lawyers do the thing every day, some, with tears in their eyes, some, with very affecting appeals to Heaven, according to the sums marked on the outside of the briefs. If your case had been one of murder, I could have got you a very clever fellow who would have invoked divine vengeance on his own head in open court if he were not in heart and soul assured of your spotless innocence! But now please to bear in mind that we are not in Westminster Hall. We are here talking frankly and honestly, man to man — sophistry and special pleading avail nothing; and here I candidly tell you, that, turn the matter how you will, the advice I have given is the only feasible and practicable mode of escaping from this difficulty.”

If you think me prolix, my dear Purcell, in narrating so circumstantially every part of this curious interview, just remember that I am naturally anxious to bring to bear upon *your* mind the force of argument to which *mine* at last yielded. It is very possible I may not be able to present these reasonings with all the strength and vigour with which they appealed to myself. I may — like a man who plays chess with himself — favour one side a little more than the other, or it is possible that I may seem weaker in my self-defence than I ought to have been. However you interpret my conduct on this trying occasion, give me the benefit of never having for a moment forgotten the fame and fortune of that lovely creature whose

fate was in my hands, and whom I have rescued at a heavy price.

I do not wish to impose upon you the wearisome task of reading all that passed between my Lord and myself. The whole correspondence would fill a Blue Book, and be about as amusing as such folios usually are. I'll spare you, therefore, the steps of the negotiation, and merely give you the heads of the treaty:

"Firstly, Mr. G. H., by reason, and in virtue of certain compensations to be hereafter stated, binds himself to consider Mrs. G. H. in all respects as before her meeting K. I. D., regarding her with the same feelings of esteem, love, and affection as before that event, and treating her with the same 'distinguished consideration.'

"Secondly, K. I. D., on his part, agrees to give acceptances for two thousand pounds sterling, with interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum on same till the time of payment. The dates to be at the convenience of K. I. D. always provided that the entire payment be completed within the term of five years from the present day.

"Thirdly, K. I. D. pledges his word of honour never to dispute or contest his liability to the above debt, by any unworthy subterfuge, such as 'no value,' 'intimidation used,' or any like artifice, legal or otherwise, but accepts these conditions in all the frankness of a gentleman."

Here follow the signatures and seals of the high contracting parties, with those of a host of witnesses on both sides. Brief as the articles read, they occu-

pied several days in the discussion of them, during which Hampton retired to a village in the neighbourhood, it not being deemed "etiquette" for us to inhabit the same town until the terms of a treaty had laid down our respective positions. These were my Lord's ideas, and you can infer from them the punctilious character of the whole negociation. Lord Harvey dined and supped with me every day, breakfasting at Schweinstock with his principal. I thought, indeed, when all was finally settled between us, that G. H. and I might have met and dined together as friends; but my Lord negatived the notion strongly. "Come, come, Dodd, you mustn't be too hard upon poor Gore; it is not generous." And although, Tom, I cannot see the force of the observation, I felt bound to yield to it, rather than appear in any invidious or unamiable light. I, consequently, never met him during his stay in the neighbourhood.

Lord Harvey left this about ten days ago, for Dresden. We parted the very best of friends, for with all his zeal for G. H., I must say that he behaved handsomely to me throughout; and in the matter of the bills, he at once yielded to my making the first for 500*l.* at nine months, though he assured me it would be a great convenience to his friend if I could have said "six." I should have quitted this to join the family on the same day; but when I came to pay the Hotel bill, I found that the dinners and champagne during the week of diplomacy had not left me five dollars remaining, so that I have been detained by sheer necessity, and partly by my own will, and partly by my host's sense of caution, my daily life has been gradually despoiled of its little enjoyments,

till I find myself in the narrow circumstances of which this letter makes mention at the opening.

From beginning to end, it would be difficult to imagine a more unlucky incident; nor do I believe that any man ever got less for two thousand pounds since the world began. You cannot say a severe thing to me that I have not said to myself; you cannot appeal to my age, and my habits, with a more sneering insolence than I am daily in the habit of doing; your very bitterest vituperations would be mild in comparison to one of my own soliloquies, so that, as a matter of "surplusage," spare me all abuse, and rather devote your loose ingenuities to assisting me out of my great embarrassments.

I know, well, that if we don't discover a gold mine at Dodsborough, or fall upon a coal shaft near Bruff, that I have no possible prospect to pay these bills; but as the first of them is nine months off, there is no such pressing emergency. The immediate necessity is, to send me enough to leave this place, and join Mrs. D. and the family. Write to me, therefore, at once, with a remittance, and mention where they are—if still at Bonn, where I left them.

You had also better write to Mrs. D.; in what strain, and to what purport, I must leave to your own ingenuity. As for myself, I know no more how to meet her, nor what mood to assume, than if I were about to enter the cage of one of Van Amburgh's lions. Now, I fancy, that maybe a contrite, broken-hearted look, would be best; and now, I rather lean to the bold, courageous, overbearing tone! Heaven direct me to what is best, for I never felt myself so much in want of guidance!

When you write to me, be brief; don't worry me with details of home, and inflict me with one of your national epistles about famine, and fever, and faction fights. I have no pity for anybody but myself just now, and I care no more for what's doing in Tipperary than if it was Canton. It will be time enough when I join the others to speculate upon whither we shall turn our steps, but my present thoughts tend to going back to Dodsborough. I wish from my soul that we had never left it, nor embarked in this infernal crusade after high society, education, and grandeur — the vain pursuit of which leaves me to write myself, as I now do, your most miserable and melancholy friend,

KENNY DODD.

P. S. I have a gold watch, made by Gaskin of Dublin about fifty years back; but it's so big and unwieldy that nobody would buy it, except for a town clock. The case of it alone wouldn't make a bad-sized covered dish, and I'm sure the works are as strong as a French steam-engine; but what's the use of it all if I can't find a purchaser? I have already parted with my tortoiseshell snuff-box, that my grandmother swore belonged to Quintius Curtius; and the only family relic remaining to me is a bamboo sword-cane, the being possessed of which, if it became known, would subject me to three months' imprisonment in a fortress, with hard labour! If I were in Austria the penalty is death — and maybe that same would be a mercy in my misfortunes.

The only walk where I don't meet my duns is down by a canal — a lonely path, with dwarf willows

along it. I almost think I'd have jumped in yesterday, if it wasn't for the bull-frogs — the noise they made drove me away from the place. Depend upon it, Tom, the Humane Society ought to get the breed for the Serpentine. It's only a most "determined suicide" could venture into their company! The chorus in "Robert le Diable" is a love ditty compared to them!

LETTER IV.

Mrs. Dodd to Mr. Purcell, of the Grange, Bruff.

Baden-Baden.

DEAR MR. PURCELL,

YOUR letter is now before me, and if I didn't know the mark of your hand before, I'd scarce believe that the sentiments was yours. It well becomes you; one that but *one* woman would ever accept of, to lecture the likes of me on the way I ought to treat my husband. A stingy old creature that sits croaking over an extra sod of turf on the fire, and counts out the potatoes to the kitchen, is not exactly the kind of authority to dictate laws to the respectable head of a family! I often suspected the nature of the advice you gave K. I., but I didn't think you'd have the hardihood to come out with it *yourself*, and to *me*! How much you must have forgotten both of us, it's mighty clear!

Where did you get all the elegant expressions about K. I.'s "unavoidably prolonged absence" — "the sacrifices exacted from friendship" — "the generous ardour of a chivalrous nature," and the other fine balderdash you bestow upon your friend's dis-

graceful behaviour? Do you know what you are talking about? Have you a notion about the affair at all? Answer me that. Are you aware that he is now two months and four days away without as much as a letter, except a bit of an impertinent note, once, to ask are we alive or dead, not a sixpence in cash, not a cheque, nor even a Bill that we might try to get protested, or whatever they call it. I don't make any illusions to why he went, and what he went for. I wouldn't disgrace my pen with the subject, nor myself by noticing it; but, except yourself, in the brown wig and the black satin small clothes, I don't know one less suited to perform the "Lutherian." You are a nice pair, and I expect nothing less than to hear of yourself next! And you have the impudence to tell me that these are some of the "innocent freedoms of Continental life!" What do *you* know about them, I'd beg to ask — *you*, that never was nearer the Continent than Malahide? As to the innocent freedoms of the Continent, there's nobody can teach me anything; I see them before me in the day when I drive out, at the table d'hôte where I dine, and at every ball where they dance. Sweet innocence it is, indeed! and particularly when practised by the father of a grown-up family — fifty-seven, he says, in June, but more likely sixty odd, for I know many of his co-trumperies, and nice young gentlemen they are, too!

You assure me that you sympathise sincerely with K. I. I've no objection to that; he'll need all the comfort it can give him when he comes home again, or I'm much mistaken. With the help of the Saints, I'll teach him the differ between going off with a lady and living with his lawful wife. If he didn't know

the distinction, before, he shall, now! And then you think to terrify me about the state of his health. It won't do, Mr. Tom Purcell. He'll live to disgrace us this many a year. I know well what his constitution can bear, and what he calls the gout is neither more nor less than the outbreaks of his violent and furious temper! Never flatter yourself, therefore, that you can make any of us uneasy on that score; and if he comes back on a litter it won't save him.

Your "sincere regrets that we ever came abroad," are very elegantly expressed, and require all my acknowledgments. Isn't there anything else you are sorry for? Isn't it grief to you that we never caught the small-pox, or that James wasn't transported for a forgery? We ought to have stayed at Bruff; and, judging from the charms of your style, I have no doubt that we might have derived great benefit from your vicinity.

You are eloquent, too, about expense; and add, that you always believed that there was no economy in living abroad. Perhaps not, Sir, if one unites foreign vices with home ones; but I beg to say, when we left Dodsborough, I, for one, never contemplated the cost of *two* establishments — take that, Mr. Tom Purcell!

I wonder at myself how I keep my temper, and condescend to argue with you about points on which an old bachelor, or widower (for it's the same), must necessarily be ignorant. Don't you perceive, that for you to discourse on family matters, is like a deaf man describing music?

And you wind up about the privileges of old friendship, and so on! It's a new notion of friendship

that makes a man impudent! Where did you ever hear, that knowing people a long time was a reason for insulting them? As to your kind inquiries for the girls, I'd have liked them as well if not coupled with those "natural fears" for the consequences of foreign contamination. Mary Anne and myself got a hearty laugh out of your terrors; and so I forgive your mention of them.

James is quite well; and would, he says, be better, if that remittance you spoke of had arrived.

You tell me that the M'Carthy legacy is paid, and the money lodged at Latouche's. But what's the use of that? It's here I want it. Find out a safe hand, if you can, to send it over to me; for I'm resolved to have nothing to do with Bills as long as I live.

And now I believe I have gone through the principal matters in your last, and I hope given you my ideas as clearly as your own. It may save you some time and stationery, if I say, that my mind is made up about K. I.; and if it was Queen Victoria was interceding for him, I'd not alter my sentiments. It's no use appealing "to the goodness of my heart, and the feminine sweetness of my nature;" all that you say on that head is only a warning to me not to let my weaknesses get the upper hand of me: a lesson I will endeavour to profit by, so long as I write myself,

Your very obedient to command,
JEMIMA DODD.

LETTER V.

Mrs. Dodd to Mrs. Mary Gallagher, Housekeeper, Dodsborough.

DEAR MOLLY,

I SEND you herewith a letter for Tom Purcell, which you'll take care to deliver with your own hands. If you are by, when he reads it, you'll, maybe, perceive that it's not the "compliments of the season" I was sending him. He says he likes plain speaking, and I trust he is satisfied now.

You are already aware of the barbarous manner K. I. has behaved. I've told you how he deserted me and the family, and the disgrace that he has brought down upon us in the face of Europe; for I must observe to you, Molly, that whatever is talked of here goes flying over the whole world, and is the common talk of every Court on the Continent. I could fill chapters if I was to describe his wickedness and inhumanity. Well, my dear, what do you think! but in the face of all this Mr. Tom Purcell takes the opportunity to read me a long lecture on my "congenial" duties, and to instruct me in what manner I am to treat K. I. on his return.

Considering what he knows of my character, Molly, I almost suspect that he might have spared himself this trouble. Did he, or did any one else, ever see me posed by a difficulty? When did any event take me unawares? Am I by nature one of those terrified creatures that get flurried by misfortune? or am I, by the blessing of Providence, gifted in a remarkable manner with great powers of judgment, matured by a deep knowledge of life, and a thorough acquaintance with the wickedness of the human heart? That's the

whole question — which am I? Is it after twenty-six years studying his disposition and pondering over all his badness, that any one can come and teach me how to manage him? I know K. I. as I know my old slipper; and, indeed, one is worth about as much as the other! I haven't the patience, it would be too much to expect from any one, to tell you how beautifully Mister Tom discourses to me about the innocent freedoms of the Continent, and the harmless fragilities of female life abroad! Does the old sinner believe in his heart that black is white abroad; and would he have me think that what's murder in Bruff was only a justifiable hom'-a-side at Brussels? If he doesn't mean that, what does he mean? Maybe, to be sure, he's one of the fashionable set that make out that the husband is always driven to some kind of vice or other by his wife's conduct! For, I must remark to you, Molly, there's a set of people now in the world — they call themselves "The Peace Congress," I think — that say there must be no more wars, no fighting domestically or nationally!

Their notion is this: everybody is right, and nobody need quarrel with his neighbour; but settle any trifling disagreement by means of arbitration. Mister Tom is, perhaps, an arbitrator. Well, I hope he likes the office! Since I knew anything of life myself, I always found that, if there was three people mixed up in a shindy, there was no hope of settling it, on any terms.

He says, K. I. is coming home. Let him come, says I. Let him surrender himself, Molly, and justice will take its course. That's all the satisfaction I'll give either of them.

"Don't be vindictive," says Mister Tom. Isn't

that pretty language to use to me? I ask. Is the Chief Justice "vindictive," Molly, when he says "Stand forward, and hear your sentence?" Is he behaving "unlike a Christian" when he says, "Use the little time that's left you in making your peace?"

The old creature then goes on to quote Scripture to me, and talks about the Prodigal Son. "Very well," says I, "be it so. K. I. may be that if he likes, but I'll not be the fatted calf — that's all!" The fact is, Molly, I'm immutable as the Maids and Prussians — They may talk till they're black in the face, but I'll never forgive him!

Wouldn't it be a nice example, I ask, to the girls, if I was to overlook K. I.'s conduct, and call it a "venal" offence? And this, too, when the eyes of all Europe is staring at us. "How will Mrs. D. take it?" says the Prince of This. "What will Mrs. D. say to him?" says the Duke of That. "Does *she* know it yet?" asks the Archduke of Moravia. That's the way they go on from morning till night; so that, in fact, Molly — as Lord George observes "he is less of a private culprit than a great public malefactor."

There's the way I am forced to look on the case; and think more of the good of society than of my family feelings.

Such are my sentiments, Molly, after giving to the case a most patient and careful consideration; and its little good in Tom Purcell's trying to oppose and obstruct me.

If it were not for this unhappy event, I must own to you, Molly, that we never enjoyed ourselves anywhere more than we do here. It's a scene of pleasure and gaiety all day — and, indeed, all night long;

and nothing but the anticipation of K. I.'s return could damp the ardour of our happiness. However it's managed, I can't tell; but the most elegant Balls and entertainments are given here free and for nothing! Who keep up the rooms, pays for the lighting, the servants, and the refreshments, is more than I can say. All I know is, that your humble servant never contributed a sixpence to one of them. Lord George says that the Grand Duke is never happy except when the place is crammed; and that he'd spend his last shilling rather than not see people amuse themselves. And there's a Frenchman, too — a Mr. Begasset, or Benasset, or something like that — who is so wild about amusement, that he goes to any expense about the place, and even keeps a pack of hounds for the public.

Contrast this, my dear Molly, with one of our little miserable Subscription Balls at home, where Dan Cassidy, the dancing-master, is driving about the country, for maybe three weeks, in his old gig, before he can scrape together a matter of six or seven pounds, to pay for mutton lights, two fiddles, and a dulcimer; and, after all, it's perhaps over the Bridewell we'd be dancing, and the shouts of the dirty creatures below would be coming up at every pause of the music. Now, here, it's like a royal palace — elegant lustres, with two hundred wax lights in each of them; a floor like glass. Ask Mary Anne if it isn't as slippery! The dress of the company actually magnificent! none of your little shabby-coloured muslins, or Limerick lace; none of your gauze petticoats, worn over glazed calico, to look like satin, but everything real, Molly — the lace, the silk, the satin, the jewels, the gold trim-

gings, the feathers — all the best of the kind, and fresh as they came out of the shop. You don't see the white satin shoes with the mark of a man's foot on them, nor the satin body with four fingers and a thumb on the back of it, as you would at a Patrick's Ball in Dublin! Everything is new for each night.

How Mary Anne laughs at the Irish notions of dress, of what they call in the *Evening Post* "a beautiful Lama petticoat over a white satin slip!" or "a train of elegant figured tabinet." Why, Molly, darling, you might as well wear a Mackintosh, or go out in a suit of glazed alpaca cloth. Mary Anne says that a Ball at the Castle of Dublin is like a Tournament, where all the company dance in armour; and, indeed, when I think of the rattling of bead bracelets, false pearls, and Berlin necklaces, it rather reminds me of a hornpipe in fetters!

I must confess to you, Molly, there's nothing as low anywhere as Dublin, and latterly, when anybody asks Mary Anne or me if it's pleasant, we always say, with a strong English accent, "Our military friends say vastly, but we really don't know ourselves." Isn't that a pretty pass to be reduced to? But I'm told that all the Irish, of any distinction, are obliged to do the same, and never confess to have seen more of Ireland than one does from the Welsh mountains. It's no want of Patriotism makes me say this. I wish, with all my heart, that Ireland was a perfect Paradise; and it's no fault of mine that Providence intended otherwise.

If I wasn't writing with my head so full of Tom Purcell and his late impudence, I'd have plenty to tell you about the girls and James. Mary Anne is

more admired than any girl here, and so would Cary, if she'd only let herself be so; but she has got a short, snubby, tart kind of way with people, that never goes down abroad, where, as Lord G. says, "Every cat plays with his claws covered."

And as to Lord George himself, I wonder is it Mary Anne or Cary that he's after. I watch him day by day, and can make nothing of it; but sure and certain it is he means one of the two, and that is the reason why he left this suddenly the other morning for England, and saying,

"There's no use letter-writing; I'll just dash over and have a talk with my Governor."

I wouldn't ask him about what, but I saw the way the girls looked down when he spoke, and that was enough to show me in what quarter the wind was blowing.

I wish from my heart and soul the proposal would come before K. I. came back. I'd like to have to show the superior way I have always managed the family affairs; for I needn't tell you, Molly, that *he* never had an eye to the Peerage for one of his daughters! but if he returns before it's settled, he'll say that he had his share in it all! As to James, he is everything that a fond and doting Mother could wish. Six feet two and a half — he grew the half since he came here — with dark eyes, and a pair of whiskers and mustachoes that there's not the like here, dressed in the very top of the fashion, with opal and diamond studs to his shirt and waistcoat, and a black velvet paletot with torquoise buttons for evening wear. The whole room turns to look at him wherever he goes, for he walks along just for all the world as if he

owned the place. You may suppose, my dear Molly, how little he resembles K. I.; and, indeed, I have heard many make the same remark when we were at Bonn.

I made Mary Anne write me down a list of the great people here who have all called on us; but what's the use of sending it, after all? You couldn't pronounce them if they were before you! I send you, however, a bit I cut out of *Galignani's Messenger*, where you'll see that we are put down amongst the distinguished visitors as "Madame M'Carthy Dodd, family and suite!" James still thinks if K. I. would call himself "The O. Dodd," it would serve us greatly; and Mary Anne agrees with the opinion; and perhaps now, when he comes back under a cloud, as one may say, it may not be so difficult to make him give in. As James remarks, "Print it on your card, call out and shoot the first fellow that addresses you as Mr. — make it no laughing matter for anybody, before your face at least, — and the thing is done." Maybe we'll live to see this yet, Molly, but I fear it won't be till Providence sends for K. I.

I spoke rather sharply to Waters in my last; and I find now that the legacy is paid into Latouche's. Will you remind Purcell, that to be of any use to me, the money ought to be here. As to the Loan Fund, I wonder how you have the face to ask me for anything, knowing the way I'm in for ready cash, and that I'd rather borrow than lend any day. Tell Peter Belton, also, that I stop my subscription after this year to the Dispensary; as I am quite sure the old system of Physic is nothing but legalised poisoning. Looking to the facilities of the country, and the na-

tural habits of the people, I'm convinced, Molly, that the water-cure is what you want in Ireland; and I've half a mind to write a letter to one of the papers about it. Cheapness is the first requisite in a poor country; and any one can vouch for it, water isn't a dear commodity with you.

Father Maher's remarks upon poor Jones M'Carthy is, I must say, very unfeeling; and I don't coincide with the conclusions he draws from them; for if he was half as bad as he says, Masses will do him little good: and for a few thousand years, more or less, I can't afford to pay fifty pounds! Ask him, besides, is it reasonable, that when the price of everything is falling, with Free-trade, that the old Tarif of Purgatory is to be kept up still? That would be downright absurd! Priests, my dear Molly, must lower their rates, as the Protectionists do their rents: that's "one of the demands of the age, and can't be resisted." As Lord George says, "The Church, like the Railroad people, fell into the mistake of lavish expenditure! Purgatory was like a Station, and ought never to be made too costly. No one wants to live there: the most one requires is, to be decently comfortable, till you can 'go on.' What's the use of fine furniture, elegant chairs and carpets? they're clean thrown away in such a place." If Father Maher thinks that the remarks are not uttered in a respectful spirit, tell him he's wrong; for Lord G. and all his family are great Whigs, and intend to do more mischief to the Established Church than any party that ever was in power; and I must say, I never heard Father Maher abuse Protestants, Bigotry, and Intolerance, more bitterly than Lord G. It is so seldom that one ever hears

really liberal sentiments, or anything like Justice to Ireland, I could listen to him for hours when he begins. If I'm right in my conjecture about the object of his journey to London, it will be the making of James; since, once that we are connected with the aristocracy, Molly, there's nothing we cannot have; for, you see, the way is this: if you belong to the middle classes, they expect that you ought to have some kind of fitness for the occupation you look for; and they say, "This wouldn't suit you at all;" "That's not your line in the least;" but when you are one of the "higher orders," there's, so to say, a general adaptiveness about you, and you can do anything they put before you, from ranging Windsor Forest to keeping a Lighthouse! When one reflects upon that, it's no wonder that one of our great Poets says: "Oh, bless," or "preserve" — I forget which — "our old nobility!"

Go into any of the great Public Offices — the Foreign, or the Colonial, for instance — and they tell me that such a set of incapable-looking creatures never was seen, with spy-glasses stuck in their eyes, airing themselves before a big fire, and reading the *Times*; and yet, Molly — confess it we must — the work is done somehow, and by somebody. It reminds me of a paper-mill I once saw, and no matter how dirty and squalid the rags that went in, they came out at the other "beautiful fine wove," or "Bath extra."

As to the questions in your last, I can't answer a tithe of them. You go on, letter after letter, with the same tiresome demand — "Are we as much in love with the Continent as we were? Is it so cheap? Is

the climate as fine as they say? Is there never any rain or wind at all? Is everybody polite and agreeable? Is there no such thing as backbiting or slandering? Are all the men handsome and brave, and all the women beautiful and virtuous?" This is but a specimen taken at random out of your late inquiries; and I'd like to know, that if, even you gave me "notice of a question," as they do in the House, how could I satisfy you on these points? The most I can do is to say, that there may be some slight exaggeration in one or two of these — the rain, for instance, and the virtue — but that, generally speaking, the rest is all true. I can be more explicit in regard to what you ask in your last postscript — "After living so long abroad, can we ever come back to reside in Ireland?" Never, Molly, never! I make neither reserve nor qualification in my answer. *That* would be clearly impossible! for it's not only that Ireland would be insupportable to us, but, as Mary Anne remarks, "we would be insupportable to the Irish." Our walk, our dress, our looks, our accent, our manner with men, and our way with women; the homage we're used to; the respect we feel our due; the topics we discuss with freedom, and the range of our views generally over Life, would shock the whole population from Cape Clear to the Causeway.

It's not easy for me to explain it to you, Molly; but, somehow, everything abroad is different from at home. Not only the things you talk of, but the way you talk of them, is quite distinct; and the whole world of men, morals, and manners, have quite another standard! It is the same with one's thoughts as with their diet; half the things we like best are

only what is called acquired tastes. Trouble enough we often have to learn them; but when once we do so, who'd be fool enough to go back upon his old ignorance again? High society and genteel manners, Molly, however you may like them when you are used to them, are just like London Porter — mighty bitter when you first taste it. I know there are plenty of people will tell you the contrary, and that they took to it naturally like mother's milk; but, don't believe them, it's quite impossible it could be true.

Once for all, I beg to tell you that there's no earthly use in tormenting and teasing us about the state the house is in at Dodsborough; how the roof is broken here, and the walls given way there. I trust sincerely that it may soon become perfectly uninhabitable, for I never wish to see it again! I often think it wouldn't be a bad plan for K. I. to go back and reside there. I'm sure if he collected his rents himself, instead of leaving all to Tom Purcell, it would be "telling him something." You say that the country is getting disturbed again, and that they're likely to have a "sharp winter for the Landlords;" but if it was the will of Providence anything should happen, I hope I have Christian feelings to support me! Indeed, I'm well used to trials now! It's a mistake, besides, Molly, to suppose that these — I hate to call them "outrages," as the newspapers do — these little outbreaks of the boys have any deep root in the country. The Orangemen, I know, would make them out as a regular system, and say that it's an organised society for murder; but it's no such thing. Father Maher himself told me that he spoke against it from the Altar, and said: "What a pass the country

is come to," says he, "that the poor labouring, hard-working man has no justice to right him, except his own stout heart and strong arm." What could he say more than that, Molly? but even these beautiful expressions didn't save him from the *Evening Mail*!

The English are always boasting about their bravery and their courage, and so on; and when any one says, "Why don't you buy property in Ireland?" the answer is, "We're afraid." I have heard it myself, Molly, with my own ears. But their ignorance is even worse than their cowardice, for if they only knew the people, they'd see there was nothing to be frightened at. Sure, I remember myself, when we lived at Cloughmanus, Sam Gill came up to the house one morning, to say that there was two men come from below Lahinch to shoot K. I.

"They have the pass words," says he, "and all the tokens, and though I'm your honour's man, I was obliged to take them into my house and feed them."

"It's a bad business, Sam," says he. "What are they to get for it?"

"Five pound between them, Sir — if it's done complete."

"Would they take three," says K. I., "and let me live?"

"I don't know, Sir; but, if you like, I'll ask them."

"I would like it indeed," says K. I.

And down went Sam to the Gate-House, and spoke to them. They were both decent, reasonable men, and agreed at once to the offer. The money was paid, and the two came up and ate a hearty

breakfast at the House, and K. I. walked more than a mile of the road with them afterwards — talking about the crops and the state of the country down westward — and shook hands with them cordially at parting.

“Now, Molly, this is as true as the Bible, and yet there’s people and there’s newspapers call the Irish “irreclaimable savages.” It is as big a lie as ever was written! The real truth is, they don’t know how, if they really wished, to reclaim them! And, after all, how little reclaiming they need! To hear English people discuss Ireland, you’d suppose that it was the worst part of Arabia Felix they were describing. But I haven’t patience to go on; I fly out the moment I hear them, and, faith, they’re not proud of themselves when I’m done.

“I wish you were in the House, Mrs. Dodd,” says one of them to me the other night.

“I wish I was,” says I; “if I wouldn’t make it too hot for Slowbuck, my name isn’t Jemima! for he’s the one that abuses us most of all!” Well, I must say, we are well repaid for all the cruel treatment we receive, at home, by the kindness and “consideration,” as they call it, we meet with abroad! The minute a foreigner hears we’re Irish, he says, “Oh, dear, how sorry we are for your sufferings; we never cease deploring your hard lot;” and to be sure, Molly, “wicked Old England,” and “the Harlequin Flag,” as Dan called it, come in for their share of abuse. Besides these advantages, I must remark that Catholics is greatly thought of on the Continent; for it isn’t as in Ireland, where it’s only the common people go to Mass. Here you may see Royalty at their devotions. They sit in

little galleries with glass windows, which they open every now and then, to take part in the prayers; and indeed, whatever rank and fashion is in the place, you're sure to see it "at Church;" mind, Molly, at Church, for no educated Catholic ever says "at Mass."

You want to hear "all about the converts to our Holy Faith," you say, but this isn't the place to get you the best information; but as I hope we'll pass the winter in Italy, I'll, maybe, be able to give you some account of them. Lord George tells me that the Pope makes Rome delightful to strangers; but whether it's "dinners," or "receptions," I don't know. At any rate, I conclude he doesn't give "balls."

What a fuss they're making all over the world about these "rapparees," or refugees, or whatever they call them. My notion is, Molly, that we who harbour them have the worst of the bargain; and as to our fighting for them, it would be about as sensible as to take up arms in defence of a flea that got into your bed! Considering how plenty blackguards are at home, I think it's nothing but greediness in us to want to take Russian and Austrian ones! We have our own villains; and any one, of moderate desires, might be satisfied with them! These are Lord G.'s sentiments, but I'm sure you'd like to hear the opinions of the aristocracy on all matters.

What you say about Bony's marriage was the very thought that occurred to myself, and it was just the turn of a pin whether Mary Anne wasn't at this moment Empress of France! Well, who knows what's coming, Molly! There's many a one, now in a private station, and mighty hard up for means, that will, may-

be, turn out a King or a Grand Duke before long. At any rate, no elevation to rank or dignity will ever make me forget my old friends, and yourself, the first of them. And with this, I subscribe myself,

Yours ever affectionately,

JEMIMA DODD M'CARTHY.

P. S. I'll make one of the girls write to you next week, for I know I'll be so much overcome by my feelings when K. I. arrives, that I'll be quite incapable to take up my pen.

I sometimes think that I'll take to my bed, and be "given over," against the day of his coming; for you see there's nothing gives such solemnity and weight to one's reproaches, as they're being last words. You can say such bitter things, Molly, when you are supposed to be too weak to bear a reply! But I've done this once or twice before, and K. I. is a hardened creature!

Lord G. says: "Treat him as if it were nothing at all — as if you saw him yesterday; don't give him the importance of having irritated you. Be a regular Woman of Fashion." If my temper would permit, perhaps this would be best of all; but have I a right to acquit a "great public malefactor?" That's a "case of conscience," Molly, that perhaps only the Church could resolve! The saints direct me!

LETTER VI.

James Dodd to Robert Doolan, Esq., Trinity College, Dublin.

MY DEAR BOB,

It is quite true, I am a shameful correspondent, and your last three letters now before me, unanswered,

comprise a tremendous indictment against me; but reflect for a moment, and you will see that in all complaints of this kind there is a certain amount of injustice, since it is hardly possible ever to find two people whose tastes, habits, and present circumstances place them on such terms of perfect equality that the interchange of letters is as easy for one as the other. Think over this for a moment, and you will perceive that sitting down at your quiet desk, in "No. 2, Old-square," is a different process from snatching a hurried moment amidst the din, the crash, and the conflict of life at Baden; and if *your* thoughts flow on calmly, tinged with the solemn influences around you, *mine* as necessarily reflect an existence chequered by every rainbow hue of good or evil fortune.

Be therefore tolerant of my silence and indulgent to my stupidity, since to transmit one's thoughts requires previously that you should think; and who can, or ever could, in a place like this! Imagine a winding valley, with wooded hills rising in some places to the height of mountains, in the midst of which stands a little village — for it is no more — nearly every house of which is a palace, some splendid hotel of France, Russia, or England. You pass from these by a shady alley, to a little rustic bridge, over what might be, and very possibly is, an excellent trout-stream, and come at once in front of a magnificent structure, frescoed without and gilded and stuccoed within. "The Rooms," the Temple of Fortune, the ordeal of destiny, Bob, is held here; and the rake of the Croupier is the distaff of the Fate. Hither come flocking the representatives of every nation of the world, and of almost every class in each. Royalty, princely houses, and

nobility with twenty quarterings, are jostled in the indiscriminate crowd with houseless adventurers, beggared spendthrifts, and ruined debauchees. All who can contribute the clink of their Louis-d'ors to the music are welcome to this orchestra! And woman, too, fair, delicate, and lovely, the tenderest flowers that ever were nursed within domestic care, mixed up with others, not less handsome perhaps, but whose syren beauty is almost diabolic by comparison. What a Babel of tongues, and what confusion of characters. The Grandee of Spain, the escaped Galley Slave, the Hungarian magnate, the London "Swell," the old and hoary gambler with snow-white mustachios, and the unfledged minor, anticipating manhood by ruining himself in his "teens." All these are blended and commingled by the influence of play; and, differing as they do in birth, in blood, in lineage, and condition, yet are they members of one guild, associates of one society — the gambling-table. And what a leveller is play! He who whispers in the ear of the Crown Prince yonder is a branded felon from the Bagnes de Brest; the dark-whiskered man yonder, who leans over the lady's chair, is an escaped forger; the Carlist noble is asking friendly counsel of a Christino spy; the London pickpocket offers his jewelled snuff-box to an Archduke of Austria. "How goes the game to-day?" cries a Neapolitan Prince of the Blood, and the question is addressed to a red-bearded Corsican, whose livelihood is a stiletto. "Is that the beautiful Countess of Hapsburg?" asks a fresh-looking Oxford man; and his friend laughingly answers: "Not exactly; it is Mademoiselle Varenne of the Odéon." The fine-looking

man yonder is a Mexican General, who carried off the military chest from "Guanaguato," the pompous little fellow beside him is a Lucchese Count, who stole part of the Crown jewels of his sovereign; the long-haired, broad-foreheaded man, with open shirt-collar, so violently denouncing the wrongs of injured Italy, is a Russian spy; and the dark Arab behind him is a Swiss valet, more than suspected of having murdered his master in the Mediterranean. Our English contingent embraces Lords of the Bedchamber, Members of Parliament, Railroad magnates, money-lending Attorneys, Legs, Swells, and Swindlers, and a small sprinkling of University men, out to read and be ruined — the fair sex, comprising women of a certain fast set in London, divorced countesses, a long category of the widow class, some with daughters, some without. There is an abundance of good looks, splendid dress, and money without limit! The most striking feature of all, however, is the reckless helter-skelter pace at which every one is going, whether his pursuit be play, love, or mere extravagance. There is no such thing as calculation — no counting the cost of anything. Life takes its tone from the tables, and where, as wealth and beggary succeed each other, so do every possible extreme of joy and misery; and one wagers their passions and their emotions exactly as they do their bank-notes and their gold pieces. Chance, my dear Bob — Chance is ten times a more intoxicating liquor than Champagne, and once take to "dramming" with fortune, and you may bid a long adieu to sobriety! I do not speak here of the terrible infatuation of play, and the almost utter impossibility of resisting

it, but I allude to what is infinitely worse, the certainty of your applying play theories and play tactics to every event and circumstance of real life.

The whole world becomes to you but one great green cloth, and everything in it a question of Luck! Will the bad run continue here? Will good fortune stand much longer to you? These are the questions ever rising to your mind. You grow to regard yourself as utterly powerless and impassive; a football at the toe of destiny! I think I see your eyebrows upraised in astonishment at these profound reflections of mine. You never suspected me of moralising, nor, shall I own it, was I aware myself that I had any genius that way. Shall I tell you the secret, Bob — shall I unlock the mysterious drawer of hidden motives for you? It is this, then: I have been a tremendously heavy loser at Rouge-et-Noir! As long as luck lasted, which it did for three weeks or more, I enjoyed this place with a zest I cannot describe to you. The moralists tell us that prosperity hardens the heart; I cannot believe it. I know, at least, that in my brief experience I never felt such a universal tenderness for everything and everybody. I seemed to live in an atmosphere of beauty, luxury, and splendour; every one was courteous; all were amiable! It was not alone that Fortune favoured me, but I appeared to have the good wishes of all beholders; words of encouragement murmured around me, as I won; soft bewitching glances beamed over at me, as I raked up my gold. The very Banker seemed to shovel out the shining pieces to me with a sense of satisfaction! Old veterans of the tables peeped over me to watch my game, and exclamations of wonder

and admiration broke forth at each new moment of my triumphs! I don't care what it may be that constitutes the subject of display: a great Speech in the House, a splendid Picture at the Gallery, a Novel, a Song, a spirited Lecture, a wonderful feat of strength or horsemanship; but there is an inward sense of intoxication in being the "cynosure of all eyes" — the "one in a thousand" — that comes very nigh to madness! Many a time have I screwed up my hunter to a fence — a regular yawner — that I knew in my heart was touch and go with both of us, simply because some one in the crowd said, "Look how young Dodd will do it." I made some smashing ventures at the "tables," under pretty similar promptings, and, I must say, with splendid success.

"Are you always so fortunate?" asks a Royal Personage, with a courteous smile towards me.

"And in everything?" sighs a gentle voice, with a look of such bewitching softness that I forget to take up my stake, and see it remain on the board to double itself the next deal.

Besides all this, there is a grand magnificence in all your notions under the access of sudden wealth!

You give orders to your tradespeople with a Jove-like omnipotence. You revel in the unbounded realms of "I will." What signifies the cost of anything — the most gorgeous entertainment! It is only adding twenty Naps. to your next bet! That rich bracelet of rubies — pshaw! — it is to be had for the turn of a card! In a word, Bob, I felt that I had fallen upon the "Bendigo Diggins," without even the trouble of the search! I wanted fifty Naps. for a caprice, and

strolled in to win them, as coolly as though I were changing a cheque at my Banker's!

"Come, Jim; be a good fellow and back me this time. I'm certain to win if you do," whispers a young Lord, with fifteen thousand a year.

"Which side is Dodd on?" asks an old Peer, with his purse in his hand.

"How I should like to win eighty Louis, and buy that roan Arab," whispers Lady Mary, to her sister.

"I'd rather spend the money on that opal Brooch," murmurs the other.

"Egad! if I win this time, I'll start for my regiment to-night," mutters a pale-looking sub., with a red spot in one cheek, and eyes lustrous as if on fire.

Fancy the power of him who can accomplish these, and a hundred like longings, without a particle of sacrifice on his own part! Imagine, my dear Bob, the conscious rule and sway thus suggested, and ask yourself what ecstasy ever equalled it! I possessed all that Peter Schlemil did, and hadn't to give even my "Shadow" in return. During these three glorious weeks, I gave dinners, concerts, and suppers, commanded plays, bespoke operas, patronised humbugs of all kinds, and headed charities without number. As to presents of jewellery, I almost fancied myself a kind of distributing agent for Storr and Mortimer.

The Hotel stables were filled with animals of all kinds belonging to me — Dogs, Donkeys, Horses, Spanish Mules, and a Bear; while every shape and description of equipage crammed the coach-houses and the court-yard. One of these, with a single wheel in front, and great facilities for upsetting behind, was invented by a Baden artist, and most flatteringly and

felicitously called "Le Dod." Wasn't that fame for you, my boy? Think of going down to posterity on noiseless wheels and patent axles! fancy being transmitted to remote ages on C springs and elastic cushions! Such was the rage for my patronage, that an ingenious cutler had dubbed a newly-invented forceps by my name, and I was introduced into the world of surgery as a torture.

Quintus Now for the obverse of the medal. It was on that unluckiest of all days — a Friday — that Fortune changed with me. I had lain all the morning a-bed, after being up the whole night previous, and only went down to the Rooms in the evening. As usual, I was accompanied by my train of followers, Lords, Baronets, M. P.'s, foreign Counts, and Chevaliers — for I went to the field like a General, with his full staff around him! You'll scarcely believe me when I tell you, Bob, but I say it in all truth and seriousness, that so long as my star was in the ascendant — so long as my counsels were what Homer would call "Wealth bestowing words," there was not an opinion of mine upon any subject, no matter how great my ignorance of it might have been, that was not listened to with deference and repeated with approval. "Dodd said so yesterday" — "I hear Dodd thinks highly of it" — "Dodd's opinion is unfavourable;" and so on, were phrases that rung around me, from every group I passed, and from the "odds on the Derby" to the "division on the Budget," there was a profound impression that my sentiments were worth hearing.

The pleasantest talkers in Europe, the wittiest conversers that ever convulsed a dinner-party with laughter, would have been deserted and forsaken to

hear *me* hold forth, whether the theme was art, literature, law, and politics, or the drama, or any other you please to mention, and of which my ignorance was profound. My luck was unfailing. "Dodd never loses," — "Dodd has only to back it;" these, were the gifts which all could acknowledge and profit by, and these, no man undervalued or denied.

"Benasset" — this was the proprietor of the tables — "has been employing his time profitably, Dodd, during your absence. He has made a great morning of it — cleared out the old Elector, and sent the Margraf of Ragatz penniless to his dominions." This was the speech that met me as I entered the door, and a general all hail followed it.

"Now, you'll see some smart play," whispered one to his newly-come friend. "Here's young Dodd; we shall have some fun presently." Amid these and similar murmurings I approached the tables, at which a place for me was speedily made, for my coming was regarded by the company as a good augury.

I could dwell long upon the sensations that then thronged my brain; they were certainly upon the whole highly pleasurable, but not unmixed with some sadness; for I already was beginning to feel a kind of contempt for my worshippers, and for myself, too, as the unworthy object of their devotion. This scorn had not much leisure granted for its indulgence, for the cards were now presented to me for "the cut," and the game began.

As usual my luck was unbroken. If I doubled my stake, or by caprice withdrew it altogether, it was the same. Fortune seemed to wait upon my orders. Revelling in a kind of absolutism over fate, I played

a thousand pranks with luck, and won — won on, as if to lose was an impossibility. What strange fancies crossed my mind as I sat there; vague fears, shadowy terrors of the oddest kind, wild, dreamy, and undefined! Visions of joy and misery; orgies, mad and furious with mirth, and agonising sights of misery, thoughts of men who had made compacts with the Fiend, and the terrors that beset them in the midst of their voluptuous abandonment; Belshazzar at his feast; Faust on the Brocken, rose to my mind, and I almost started up and fled from the table at one moment, so impressed was *I* by these images! Would that I had! Would that I had listened to that warning whisper of my good genius that was then admonishing me!

My reverie had become such at last, that I really never saw nor heard what went on about me. You can picture my condition to yourself, when I say, that I was only recalled to self-possession by loud and incessant laughter, that rung out on every side of me. "What's the matter — what has happened?" cried I, in amazement. "Don't you perceive, Sir," said a bystander, "that you have broken the Bank, and they are waiting for a remittance to continue the play?"

So it was, Bob; I had actually won their last Napoleon, and there I sat, pushing my stake mechanically into the middle of the table, and raking it up again, playing an imaginary game, to the amusement of that motley crowd, who looked on at me with screams of laughter. I laughed, too, when I came to myself. It was such a relief to me to join, even for a moment, in any feeling that others experienced!

The money came at last. Two strongly-clasped, heavily-ironed coffers were borne into the room by

four powerful men. I watched them with interest as they unlocked and poured forth their shining stores; for in imagination they were already my own. I believe at that moment, if any one had offered to assure me the winning of them "for fifty Naps.," that I should have rejected the proposal with disdain, so impossible did it seem to me that luck could desert me! Do you know, Bob, that what most interested me at the time, was the varied expressions displayed by the company at sight of the gorgeous treasure before them. It was strange to mark how little all their good breeding and fine manners availed to repress vulgarity of thought and feeling, for there was greed, or envy, or hatred, or some inordinate passion or other, on every face around; looks of mild and gentle meaning became dashed with a half ferocity; venerable old age grew fretful and impatient; youth lost its frank and careless bearing; and, in fact, Gain, and the lust of Gain, was the predominant and overbearing thought of every mind, and wish of every heart! I pledge you my word, there was more animal savagery in the expressions on all sides than ever I saw on a pack of yelping fox-hounds when the huntsman held up the fox in the midst of them. It was the comparison that came to my mind at the moment, and I repeat it, with the reservation, that the dogs behaved best.

There was an old careworn, meanly-dressed man, with a faded blue ribbon in his button-hole, seated in the place I usually occupied, and he arose to give it to me with that mingled air of reluctance and respect which it is so hard to resist. His manner seemed to say, "I am too poor and too humble to contest the matter, but I'd remain here if I could." "So you

shall, then," said I to myself, and pushed him gently down upon the seat again.

"By Jove! the old fellow has got the lucky place," cried one in the crowd behind me.

"Hang *me*, if Dodd hasn't given up his old chair!" said another.

"I'd rather have had *that* seat," exclaimed a third, "than one at the India Board!"

But I only laughed at these absurd superstitions — as though it were the spot, and not myself, that Fortune loved to caress! As if to resent the foolish credulity, I threw a heavy bet on the table, and lost it! Again and again I did the same, with the like result; and now a murmur ran through the room, that luck had turned with me. I had given up my winning seat, and was losing at every turn of the cards.

"Let *me* have a peep at him," I heard one whisper to his friend behind. "I'd like to see how he bears it!"

"He loses remarkably well," muttered the other.

"Admirably!" said another. "He seems neither confident nor impatient. I like the way he stands it."

"Egad, his hand trembles though! He tore that bank-note in trying to get it out of his fingers!"

"His hand is hot too — see how the Louis stick to it!"

"They'll not do so very long, depend on't," said a close-shaved, well-whiskered fellow, with a knowing eye; and the remark met an approving smile from the bystanders.

"I have just added up his last fifteen bets," said a young man to a lady on his arm, "and what do you

think he has lost? Forty-eight thousand francs — close on two thousand pounds!”

“Quite enough for one evening!” said I, with a smile towards him, which made both himself and his friend blush deeply at being overheard; and with this, I shut up my pocket-book, and strolled away from the tables into another room, where there were chess and whist-players. I took a chair, and affected to watch the game with interest, my heart at the moment throbbing as though it would burst through my chest. Don’t mistake, Bob, and fancy that it was the accursed thirst for gold that enthralled me. I swear to you, that mere gain, mere wealth, never entered into my thought at the moment. It was the gambler’s lust — to be the victor, not to be beaten — that was the terrible passion that now struggled and stormed within me! I’d like to have staked a limb — honour — happiness — life itself — on the issue of a chance; for I felt as though it were a duel with Destiny, and I could not quit the ground till one of us should succumb!

How poor and unsatisfying seemed the slow combinations of skill, as I watched the chess-players! What miserable minuteness! what petty plottings for small results! — nothing grand, great, or decisive! It was like being bled to death from some wretched trickling vessel, instead of meeting one’s fate gloriously, amidst the roar of artillery and the crash of squadrons!

I lounged into the *salons* where they dance; it was a very brilliant and a very beautiful assembly. There were faces and figures there that might have proved attractive to eyes more critical than my own. My

sudden appearance amongst them, too, was rapturously welcomed. I was already a celebrity; and I felt that amidst the soft glances and beaming smiles around me, I had but to choose out her whom I would distinguish by my attentions. My mother and the girls came to me with pressing entreaties to take out the beautiful Countess de B., or to be presented to the charming Marchioness of N. There was a Dowager Archduchess, who vouchsafed to know me. Miss Somebody, with I forget how many millions in the funds, told Mary Anne she might introduce me. Already the Master of the Ceremonies came to know if I preferred a Mazurka or a Waltz. The world was, so to say, at my feet; and, as is usual at such moments, I kicked it for being there. In plain English, Bob, I saw nothing in all that bright and brilliant crowd but scheming Mammias and designing Daughters — a universal distrust — an utter disbelief in everything and everybody had got hold of me. Whatever I couldn't explain, I discredited. The ringlets might be false; the carnation might be rouge; the gentle timidity of manner might be the cat-like slyness of the tiger; the artless gaiety of heart, the practised coquetry of a flirt — aye, the very symmetry that seemed perfection, might it not be the staymaker's! Play had utterly corrupted me, and there was not one healthy feeling, one manly thought, or one generous impulse left within me! I left the room a few minutes after I entered it. I neither danced nor got presented to any one; but after one lounging stroll through the *salons*, I quitted the place, as though there was not one to speak to! I have more than once witnessed the performance of this polite process by another. I have

watched a fellow making the tour of a company, with a glass stuck in his eye, and his hand thrust in his pocket. I have tracked him as he passed on from group to group, examining the guests with the same coolness he bestowed on the china, and smiling his little sardonic appreciation of whatever struck him as droll or ridiculous; and when he has retired, it has been all I could do, not to follow him out, and kick him down the stairs at his departure. I have no doubt that my conduct on this occasion must have inspired similar sentiments; nor have I any hesitation in avowing that they were well merited.

When I reached the open air, I felt a delicious sense of relief. It was so still, so calm, so tranquil. A bright starlit summer's night, with here and there a murmuring of low voices — a gentle laugh, heard amongst the trees, and the rustling sounds of silk drapery, brushing through the alleys. All those little suggestive tokens that bring up one's reminiscences of

Those odorous hours
In jasmine bowers,
Or under the Linden tree!

But they came only for a second, Bob, and they left not a trace behind them. The monotonous rubric of the Croupier rang ever through my brain — "Faites votre jeu, Messieurs," — "Messieurs, faites votre jeu." The table, the lights, the glittering gold, the clank of the rake, were all before me, and I set off at full speed to the Hotel, to fetch more money, and resume my play.

I'll not weary you with a detail, at every step of which I know that your condemnation tracks me. I re-entered the play-room, secretly and cautiously; I

approached the table stealthily; I hoped to escape all observation — at least, for a time; and with this object I betted small sums, and attracted no notice. My luck varied: now, inclining to this side; now, to that. Fortune seemed as though in a half capricious mood, and, as it were, undetermined how to treat me. "This comes of my own miserable timidity," thought I; "when I was bold and courageous, she favoured me. It is the same in everything. To win, one must venture."

There was a vacant place in front of me; a young Hungarian had just quitted it, having lost his last "Louis." I immediately took it. The card on which he had been marking the chances of the game still lay there. I took it up, and saw that he had been playing most rashly; that no luck could possibly have carried a man safely through such a system as he had followed.

I must let you into a little secret of this game, Bob, and do not be incredulous of my theory, because my own case is a sorry illustration of it. Where all men fail at Rouge-et-Noir, is from temper. The loser makes tremendous efforts to repair his losses; the winner grows cautious with success, and diminishes his stake. Now the wise course is, play low, when you see Fate against you, and back your luck to the very limit of the bank. You ask, perhaps, "How are you to ascertain either of these facts? What evidence have you that Fortune is with or against you?" As you are not a Gambler, I cannot explain this to you. It is part of the Masonry of the play-table, and every one who risks heavily on a chance, knows well what are the instincts that guide him.

I own to you, that though well aware of these facts, and thoroughly convinced that they form the only rules of play, I soon forgot them in the excitement of the game, and betted on, as caprice, or rather as passion, dictated. We Irish are bad stuff for gamblers. We have the bull-dog resistance of the Englishman — his stern resolve not to be beaten — but we have none of his caution nor reserve. We are as impassioned as the men of the South, but we are destitute of that intense selfishness that never suffers an Italian to peril his all. In fact, as an old Belgian said to me one night, we make bad winners, and worse losers; too lavish in one case, too reckless in the other.

I am not seeking excuses for my failure in my nationality. I accept the whole blame on my own shoulders. With common prudence I might have arisen that night a large winner; as it was, I left the table with a loss of nigh three thousand pounds. Just fancy it, Bob — five thousand pounds poorer than when I strolled out after luncheon! A sum sufficient to have started me splendidly in some career — the Army, for instance — gone without enjoyment, even without credit; for already the critics were busily employed in analysing my “play,” which they unanimously pronounced “badly reasoned and contemptible.” There remained to me still — at home in the Hotel fortunately — about eight hundred pounds of my former winnings, and I passed the night canvassing with myself what I should do with these. Three or four weeks back I had never given a second thought to the matter; indeed, it would never have entered my head to risk such a sum at play; but now, the

habit of winning and losing heavy wagers, the alternations of affluence and want, had totally mastered all the calmer properties of reason, and I could entertain the notion without an effort. I'll not tire you with my reasonings on this subject. Probably you would scarcely dignify them with the name. They all resolved themselves into this: — "If I did not play, I'd never win back what I lost; if I did, I *might*." My mind once made up to this, I began to plot how I should proceed to execute it. I resolved to enter the room the next day just as the table opened, at twelve o'clock. The players who frequented the room at that hour were a few straggling, poor-looking people, who usually combined together to make up the solitary crown-piece they wished to venture. Of course I had no acquaintances amongst them, and, therefore, should be free from all the embarrassing restraints of observation by my intimates. My judgment would be calmer, my head cooler, and, in fact, I could devote myself to the game with all my energies uncramped and unimpeded.

Sharp to the moment of the clock striking twelve, I entered the room. One of the Croupiers was talking to a peasant-girl at the window. The other, seated on the table, was reading the newspaper. They both looked astonished at seeing me, but bowed respectfully, not, however, making any motion to assume their accustomed places, since it never occurred to them that I could have come to play at such an hour of the morning. A little group, of the very "seediest" exterior, was waiting respectfully for when it might be the Croupiers' pleasure to begin, but the functionaries never deigned to notice them.

"At what hour are the tables opened?" asked I, as if for information.

"At noon, Monsieur le Comte," said one of the Croupiers, folding up his paper, and producing the keys of the strong box; "but, except these worthy people" — this he said with a most contemptuous air of compassion — "we have no players till four, or even five, of the afternoon."

"Come, then," said I, taking a seat, "I'll set the virtuous fashion of early hours. There go twenty Naps. for a beginning."

The dealer shuffled the cards. I cut them, and we begun. *We*, I say; because I was the only player, the little knot of humble folk gathering around me in mute astonishment, and wondering what Millionnaire they had before them. If I had not been too deeply immersed in the interest of the game, I should have experienced the very highest degree of entertainment from the remarks and comments of the bystanders, who all sympathised with me, and made common cause against the Bank.

Some of them were peasants, some, were small shopkeepers from distant towns — the Police regulations exclude all natives of Baden, it being the Grand Ducal policy only to pillage the foreigner — and one, a half-starved, decrepit old fellow, had been a Professor of something somewhere, and turned out of his University to starve for having broached some liberal doctrines in a lecture. He it was who watched me with most eager intensity, following every alternation of my game with a card and a pin. At the end of about an hour I was winner of something more than two hundred pounds, and I sat betting on, my habi-

tual stake of five, or sometimes ten, "Naps." each time.

"Get up and go away now," whispered the old man in my ear. "You have done enough for once — gained more in this brief hour than ever I did in any two years of hard labour."

"At what trade did you work?" asked I, without raising my head from my game.

"My faculty was the 'Pandects,'" replied he, gravely; "but I lectured in private, on History, Philology, and Chemistry."

Shocked at the rudeness of my question to one in his station, I muttered some half-intelligible excuse; but he did not seem to suspect any occasion for apology — never recognising that he who laboured with head could arrogate over him who toiled with his hands.

"There, I told you so," broke he in suddenly. "You will lose all back again. You play rashly. The runs of the game have been 'triplets,' and *you* bet on, to the fourth time of passing."

"So, then, you understand it!" said I, smiling, and still making my stake as before.

"Let the deal pass — don't bet now," whispered he, eagerly.

"Herr Ephraim, I have warned you already," cried the Croupier, "that if you persist in disturbing the gentlemen who play here, you will be removed by the Police."

The word Police — so dreadful to all German ears — made the old man tremble from head to foot; and he bowed twice or thrice in hurried submission, and protested that he would be more cautious in future.

"You certainly do not exhibit such signs of good fortune on your own person," said the Croupier, "that should entitle you to advise and counsel others."

"Quite true, Herr Croupier," assented he, with an attempt to smile.

"Besides that, if you reckon upon the Count's good-nature to give you a trifle when the game is over, you'll certainly merit it better by silence and respect now."

The old man's face became deep scarlet, and then as suddenly pale. He made an effort to say something, but though his hands gesticulated, and his lips moved, no sounds were audible, and with a faint sigh he tottered back and leaned against the wall. I sprang up and placed him in a chair, and, seeing that he was overcome by weakness, I called for wine, and hastily poured a glassful down his throat. I could not induce him to take a second, and he seemed, while expressing his gratitude, to be impatient to get away and leave the place.

"Shall I see you home, Herr Ephraim?" said I; "will you allow me to accompany you?"

"On no account, Herr Graf," said he, giving me the title he had heard the Croupier address me by. "I can go alone; I am quite able, and — I prefer it."

"But you are too weak, far too weak to venture by yourself — is he not so?" said I, turning to the Croupier to corroborate my words. A strangely significant raising of the eyebrow — a sort of — I know not what — meaning — was all the reply he made me; and half ashamed of the possibility of being made the dupe of some practised impostor, I drew nigh the table for an explanation.

"What is it? what do you mean?" asked I, eagerly. A shrug of the shoulders, and a look of pity, was his answer.

"Is he a hypocrite? — is he a cheat?" asked I.

"Perhaps not exactly *that*," said he, shuffling the cards.

"A drunkard — does he drink?" then asked I.

"I have never heard so," said he.

"Then what has he done? — what is he?" cried I, impatiently.

He made a sign for me to come close, and then whispered in my ear what I have just told you, only with a voice full of holy horror at the crime of a man who had dared to have an opinion not in accordance with that of a Police Prefect! That he — a man of hard study and deep reading — should venture to draw other lessons from history than those taught at drum-heads by corporals and petty officers!

"Is that all? — is that all?" asked I, indignantly.

"All! all!" exclaimed he; "do you want more?"

"Why, these things may possibly interest Police spies, but they have no imaginable concern for me."

"That is precisely what they have, Sir," said he, hastily, and in a still more cautious tone. "You could not show that miserable man a kindness without its attracting the attention of the authorities. They never could be brought to believe mere humanity was the motive, and they would seek for some explanation more akin to their daily habits. As an Englishman, I know your custom is to treat these things haughtily, and make every personal insult of this kind a national question; but the inconvenience of this course will track you over the whole Continent. Your passport

will be demanded, here — permission refused you to remain, there. At one town your luggage will be scrutinised — at another, your letters opened. I conclude you come abroad to enjoy yourself. Is this the way to do it? At all events he is gone now," added he, looking down the room, "and let's think no more of him. *Messieurs, faites votre jeu,*" and once more rung out the burden of that monotonous injunction to ruin and beggary!

I wasn't exactly in the mood for high play at the moment; on the contrary, my thoughts were with poor Ephraim and his sorrows; but, for very pride sake, I was obliged to seem indifferent and at ease. For I must tell you, Bob, this cold, impassive bearing is the high breeding of the play-table, and to transgress it, even for an instant, is a gross breach of good manners. I have told you my mind was pre-occupied; the results were soon manifest in my play. Every "coup" was ill-timed. I was always on the wrong colour, and lost without intermission.

"This is not your 'beau-moment,' Monsieur le Comte," said the Croupier to me, as he raked in a stake I had suffered to quadruple itself by remaining. "I should almost say, wait for another time!"

"Had you said so half an hour ago," replied I, bitterly, "the counsel might have been worth heeding. There goes the last of twenty thousand francs." And there it did go, Bob! swept in by the same remorseless hand that gathered all I possessed.

I lingered for a few moments, half stunned. I felt like one that requires some seconds to recover from the effects of a severe blow, but who feels conscious that with time he shall rally and be himself again.

After that I strolled out into the open air, lighted my cigar, and turned off into a steep path that led up the mountain side, under the cover of a dense pine forest. I walked for hours, without noticing the way at either side of me, and it was only when, overcome with thirst, I stooped to drink at a little fountain, that I perceived I had crossed over the crest of the mountain, and gained a little glen at its foot, watered by what I guessed must be a capital fishing-stream. Indeed, I had not long to speculate on this point, for, a few hundred yards off, I beheld a man standing knee-deep in the water, over which he threw his line, with that easy motion of the wrist that bespeaks the angler.

I must tell you that the sight of a fly-fisher is so far interesting abroad, that it is only practised by the English; and although, Heaven knows, there is no scarcity of them in town and cities, the moment you wander in the least out of the beaten, frequented track of travel, you rejoice to see your countryman. I made towards him, therefore, at once, to ask what sport he had, and came up just as he had landed a good sized fish.

"I see, Sir," said I, "that the fish are not so strong as in our waters. You'd have given that fellow twenty minutes more play, had he been in a Highland tarn."

"Or in that brisk little river at Dodsborough," replied he, laughing; and turning round at the same time to salute me, I perceived that it was Captain Morris. You may remember him being quartered at Bruff, about two years ago, and having had some altercation with my Governor on some magisterial topics. He was never much to my taste. I thought him somewhat of a

military prig, very stiff and stand off, but whether it was the shooting-jacket *vice* the red coat, or change of place and scene, I know not, but now, he seemed far more companionable than I could have thought him. He was a capital angler too, and spoke of shooting and deer-stalking like one passionately fond of them. I felt half ashamed at first, when he asked me my opinion of the trout streams in the neighbourhood, and it was only as we warmed up, that I owned to the kind of life I had been leading at Baden, and the consequences it had entailed.

"Fortunately for me, in one sense," said he, laughing, "I have always been too poor a man to play at anything; and Chess, which excludes all idea of money, is the only game I know. But of this I am quite sure, that the worst of gambling is neither the time nor the money lost upon it; it is the simple fact that, if you ever win, from that moment forth you are unfitted to the pursuits by which men earn their livelihood. The slow, careworn paths of daily industry become insufferable to him who can compass a year's labour by the turn of a die. Enrich yourself but once — only once — at the play-table, and try then what it is to follow any career of patient toil."

He had seen, he said, many examples of this in his own regiment; some of the very finest fellows had been ruined by play, for, as he remarked, "It is strange enough, there are few vices so debasing, and yet the natures and temperaments most open to the seduction of the gaming-table, are very far from being those originally degraded." I suppose that his tone of conversation chimed in well with my thoughts at the moment, for I listened to all he said with deep interest,

and willingly accepted his invitation to eat some of his morning's sport at a little cottage, where he lived, hard by. He had taken it for the season, and was staying there with his mother, a charming old lady, who welcomed me with great cordiality.

I dined and passed the evening with them. I don't remember when I spent one so much to my satisfaction, for there was something more than courtesy — something beyond mere politeness in their manner towards me; and I could observe in any chance allusion to the girls, there was a degree of real interest that almost savoured of friendship. There was but one point on which I did not thoroughly go with Morris, and that was about Tiverton. On that I found him full of the commonest and most vulgar prejudices. He owned that there was no acquaintanceship between them, and therefore I was able to attribute much, if not all, of his impressions to erroneous information. Now I know George intimately — nobody can know him better. He is what they call in the world "a Loose-fish." He's not overburdened with strict notions, or rigid principles; he'd tell you himself, that to be encumbered with either would be like entering for a rowing-match in a strait waistcoat; but he is a fellow to share his last shilling with a friend — thoroughly generous and free-hearted. These are qualities, however, that men like Morris hold cheap. They seem to argue that nobody stands in need of such attributes. I differ with them there, totally. My notion is, that shipwreck is so common a thing in life, it is always pleasant to think that a friend can throw you a spare hen-coop when you're sinking.

We chatted till the night closed in, and then, as

the moon got up, Morris strolled with me to within a mile of Baden.

"There!" said he, pointing to the little village, now all spangled with its starry lights — "there lies the fatal spot that has blighted many a hope, and made many a heart a ruin! I wish you were miles away from it!"

"It cannot injure me much now," said I, laughing; "I am as regularly 'cleaned out' as a poor old Professor I met there this morning, Herr Ephraim."

"Not Ephraim Gauss?" asked he; "did you meet him?"

"If that be his name, a small, mean-looking man, with a white beard —"

"One of the first men in Germany — the greatest Civilian — the most learned Orientalist — and a man of almost universal attainment in science — tell me of him."

I told him the little incident I have already related to you, and mentioned the caution given me by the Croupier.

"Which is not the less valuable," broke he in, "because he who gave it is himself a paid Spy of the Police."

I started, and he went on.

"Yes, it is perfectly true; and the advice he gave you was both good and well intended. These men who act as the Croupiers are always in the pay of the Police. Their position affords them the very best and safest means of obtaining information; they see everybody, and they hear an immensity of gossip. Still, it is not their interest that the English, who form the great majority of play-victims, should be excluded from

places of gambling resort. With them, they should lose a great part of their income; for this reason he gave you that warning, and it is by no means to be despised or undervalued."

At length we parted, he, to return over the mountain to his cottage, and I, to continue my way to the Hotel.

"At least promise me one thing," said he, as he shook my hand; "you'll not venture down yonder to-night;" and he pointed to the great building where the play went forward, now brilliant in all its illumination.

"That's easily done," said I, laughing, "if you mean as regards play."

"It is as regards play, I say it," replied he; "for the rest, I suppose you'll not incur much hazard."

"I say that the pledge costs little sacrifice; I have no money to wager."

"All the better, at least for the present. My advice to you would be, take your rod, or, if you haven't one, take one of mine, and set out for a week or ten days up the valley of the 'Moorg.' You'll have plenty of fishing, pretty scenery, and, above all, quiet and tranquillity to compose your mind and recover your faculties after all this fevered excitement."

He continued to urge this plan upon me with considerable show of reason, and such success, that as I shook his hand for the last time it was in a promise to carry out the scheme. He'd have gone with me himself, he said, but that he could not leave his mother, even for a few days; and, indeed, this I scarcely regretted, because, to own the honest fact, my dear Bob, I felt that there was a terrible gulf between us in fifty

matters of thought and opinion; and, what was worse, I saw that he was more often in the right than myself. Now, wise notions of life, prudent resolves, and sage aphorisms, are certain to come some time or other to everybody; but I'd as soon think of "getting up" wrinkles and crows' feet as of assuming them, at one-and-twenty. I know at least that's Tiverton's theory, and he, it can't be denied, does understand the world as well as most men. Not that I do not like Morris; on the contrary, I am sure he is an excellent fellow, and worthy of all respect, but somehow he doesn't "go along," Bob; he's — as we used to say of a clumsy horse in heavy ground — "he's sticky." But I'm not going to abuse him, and particularly at the moment when I am indebted to his friendship.

When I reached the Hotel I was so full of my plan that I sent for the landlord, and asked him to convert all my goods and chattels, live and dead, into ready cash. After a brief and rather hot discussion the scoundrel agreed to give me two hundred "Naps." for what would have been cheap at twelve. No matter, thought I, I'll make an end of Baden, and if I ever set foot in it again —

"Come, out with the cash, Master Müller," cried I, impatient to be off; "I'm sick of this place, and hope never to set eyes on't more!"

"Ah, the 'Herr Graf' is going away then?" said he, in some surprise. "And the ladies, are they, too, about to leave?"

"I know nothing about their intentions, nor have you any business to make the inquiry," replied I; "pay this money, and make an end of it."

He muttered something about doing the thing re-

gularly, not having "so much gold by him," and so on, ending with a promise that in half an hour I should have the cash sent to my room.

I accordingly hurried up-stairs to put away my traps. My mother and the girls had already gone out for the evening, so that I wrote a few lines to say that I was off for a week's fishing, but would be back by Wednesday. I had just finished my short despatch, when the landlord entered with a slip of paper in one hand and a canvas bag of money in the other.

"This is the inventory of the goods, Herr Graf, which you will please assign over to me, by affixing your signature."

I wrote it at once.

"This is my little account for your expenses at the Hotel," said he, presenting a hateful-looking strip of a foot and a half long.

"Another time — no leisure for looking over that now!" said I, angrily.

"Whenever you please, Herr Graf," said he, with the same imperturbable manner. "You will find it all correct, I'm sure. This is the balance!" And opening the bag he poured forth some gold and silver, which, when counted, made up twenty-seven Napoleons, fourteen francs.

"And what's this?" cried I, almost boiling over with rage.

"Your balance, Herr Graf. All that is coming to you. If you will please to look here —"

"Give me up that inventory — that bill of sale," cried I, perfectly wild with passion.

He only gave a grim smile, while, by a significant gesture, he showed that the paper in question was in

his breeches pocket. For a second, Bob, I was so thoroughly beside myself with passion, that I determined to regain possession of it by force. To this end I went to the door, and locked it; but by the time I returned to him, I found that he had thrown up the window and addressed some words to the people in the court-yard. This brought me to my senses, so I counted over my twenty-seven Naps., placed the bill on the chimney-piece, unlocked the door, and told him to go; an injunction which, I assure you, he obeyed with such alacrity, that had I been disposed to assist his exit I could not have been in time to do it.

For both our sakes I'll not recall the state of mind in which this scene left me. As to going an excursion with such a sum, or rather with what would have remained of it, after paying waiters, porters, and such like, it was too absurd to think of, so that I coolly put it in my pocket, walked over to the Rooms, threw it on the green cloth of the gaming-table — and — lost it! There ends the episode of my last fortnight's existence — as dreary and disreputable a one as need be. As to how I have passed the last four days I'm not quite so clear! I have walked some twenty-five or thirty miles in each, dining at little wayside inns, and returning late at night to Baden.

Passing through picturesque glens, and along mountain ridges of boldest outline, I have marked little. I remember still less. Still, the Play-fever is abating. I can sleep without dreaming of the Croupier's chant, and I awake without starting at an imaginary loss! I feel as though great bodily exertion and fatigue would ultimately antagonise the excessive

tension of nerves too long and too painfully on the stretch, and I am steadily pursuing this system for a cure.

When I come home — after midnight — I add some pages to this long epistle, which I sometimes doubt if I shall ever have courage to send you! for there is this poignant misery about one's play misfortunes, you never can expect a friend's sympathy, no matter how severe your sufferings be. The losses at play are thoroughly selfish ills — they appeal to nothing for consolation!

You will have remarked how I have avoided all mention of the family in this epistle. The truth is, I scarcely ever see my Mother or Mary Anne. Caroline occasionally comes to me before I'm up of a morning; but it is to sorrow over domestic griefs of one kind or other. My Father is still away, and, strangely too, we do not hear from him; and, in fact, we are a most ill-ordered, broken-up household, each going his own road, and that being — in almost every case, I fear — a bad one!

This recital — if it be ever destined to come to hand — may possibly tend to reconcile you to home life, and the want of those advantages which you are so thoroughly convinced 'pertain to foreign travel. I know that in my present mood I am very far from being an impartial witness, and I am also aware that I am open to the reproach of not having cultivated those arts which give to Continental residence its peculiar value; but let me tell you, Bob, the ignorance with which I left home — the utter neglect of education in youth — left me unable to derive profit from what lay so seemingly accessible. You do not plate

over cast-iron, and the thin lacker of gold or silver would never even hide the base metal beneath. I haven't courage to go over and see Morris; and here I live, perfectly isolated and companionless.

Tiverton writes me word that he'll be back in a few days. He went over to speak on the Jew Bill. He says that his liberal speech on that measure "stood to him" very handsomely in Lombard-street. He has forwarded the report of his oration, but I haven't read it. His chief argument in favour of admitting them into Parliament is, "There are so few of them." It's very like the Lady's plea of the child being a little one. However, I don't think it signifies much one way or t'other; but it seems strange to exclude men from legislation who claim for their ancestor the first Law-Giver.

I shall be all eagerness to hear what success you have had for the scholarship. You are a happy fellow to have heart and energy for an honourable ambition; and that you may have "Luck" — for that is requisite, too — is the sincere wish of your attached friend,

JAMES DODD.

LETTER VII.

Caroline Dodd to Miss Cox, at Miss Mincing's Academy, Black Rock,
Ireland.

"The Moorg Thal."

MY DEAR MISS COX,

How happy would you be if only seated in the spot where I now write these lines! I am at an open window, the sill of which is a great rock, all covered with red-brown moss, and beneath again, at some

thirty feet lower, runs the clear stream of the Moorg river. Two gigantic mountains, clad in pine-forests to the summits, enclose the valley, the view of which, however, extends to full two miles, showing little peeps of farm-houses and mills along the river's bank, and high upon a great bold crag, the Ducal castle of Eberstein. The day is hot but not sultry, for a light summer breeze is playing over the water, and, high up, the clouds move slowly on, now casting broad masses of mellow shadow over the deep-tinted forest.

The stream here falls over some masses of rock with a pleasant gushing music, that harmonises well with the songs of the peasant-girls, who are what we should in Ireland call "beetling" their clothes in the water. On the opposite bank some mowers are seated at their dinner, under the shadow of a leafy horse-chestnut tree, and, far away in the distance, a waggon of the newly-cut hay is traversing the river; the horses stop to drink, and the merry children are screaming their laughter from the top of the load. I hear them even here!

That you may learn where I am, and how I have come hither, let me tell you that I am on a visit with Mrs. Morris, the mother of Captain M., at a little cottage they have taken for the season, about twelve miles from Baden, in a valley called the Moorg Thal. If its situation be the very perfection of picturesque choice, it contains within, quite enough of accommodation for those who occupy it. The furniture, too, most simple though it be, is of that nice old walnut-wood, so bright and mellow-looking; and our little drawing-room is even handsomely ornamented by a richly carved cabinet and a centre table, the support

of which is a grotesque dwarf with four heads. Then we have a piano, a reasonably well-filled book-shelf, and a painter's easel, to which I turn at intervals, as I write, to give a passing touch of light to those trees now waving in the summer's wind, and which I destine, when finished, for my dear, dear Governess. All the externals of rural life in Germany are highly picturesque — I might almost call them poetic. The cottages, the costume, the little phrases in use amongst the people, their devotional offices, and, above all, their music, make up an ideal of country life such as I scarcely conceived possible to exist.

There is, too, I am told — for my imperfect knowledge of the language does not permit me to state the fact of myself — an amount of information amongst the people seldom found in a similar class throughout the rest of Europe. I do not mean the peasantry here, but the dwellers in the small villages — those, for instance, who follow handicrafts and small trades, and who are usually great readers, and very acute thinkers. Denied almost entirely all access to that daily literature of newspapers on which our people feed, they fall back upon a very different class of writing, and are conversant with the works of their great prose and verse writers. Their thoughts are thus idealised to a degree; they themselves become assuredly less work-a-day and practical, but their hopes, their aspirations and their ambitions, take a higher flight than we could ever think possible from such humble resting-places. Mrs. Morris, who knew Germany many years ago, tells me that those fatal years of '48 and '49 have done them great injury. Suddenly called upon to act, in events and contingencies of which they derived all

their knowledge from some parallels in remote history, they rushed into the excesses of a mediæval period, as the natural consequences of the position; and all the atrocities of bygone centuries were re-enacted by a people who are unquestionably the most docile and law-obeying of the whole Continent. They are now calming down again, and there is every reason to think that if unshaken by troubles from without or within, that Germany will again be the happy land it used to be.

Forgive me, my dear Miss Cox, if I grow tiresome to you, by a theme which now fills all my thoughts, and occupies so much of our daily talking. Captain M. has gone to England on some important matter of business, and the old lady is my only companion.

Oh, how you would like her! and how capable you would be of appreciating traits and features of her mind, of which I, in my insufficiency, can but dimly catch the meaning. She is within a year or two of eighty, and yet with a freshness of heart and a brightness of intellect that would shame one of *my* age!

The mellow gaiety of heart that, surviving all the trials of life, lives on to remote age, hopeful in the midst of disappointments, trusting even when betrayed, is the most captivating trait that can adorn our poor nature. The spirit that can extract its pleasant memories from the past, forgetting all their bitterness, is truly a happy one. This she seems to do, in all gratitude for what blessings remain to her, after a life not devoid of misfortune. She is devotedly attached to her son, who, in return, adores her. Probably no

picture of domestic affection is more touching than that subsisting between a man already past youth and his aged and widowed mother. The little tender attentions — the watchful kindnesses on both sides — those graceful concessions which each knows how and when to make of their own comfort — and, above all, that blending of tastes by which at last each learns to adopt some of the other's likings, and, even in prejudices, to become more companionable.

To me, the happiness of my present life is greater than I can describe to you. The peaceful quietude of an existence on which no shocks obtrude is unspeakably delightful. If the weather forbid us to venture abroad, which on fine days we do for hours together, our home resources are numerous. The little cares of a household, amusing as they are, associated with so many little peculiar traits of nationality, help the morning to pass; after which I draw, or write, or play, or read aloud, mostly German, to the old lady. Whatever my occupation, be it at the easel, the desk, or the pianoforte, her criticisms are always good and just; for, strange to say, even on subjects of which she professes to know nothing, there is an instinctive appreciation of the right; and this would seem to result from an intense study, and deep love of nature. She herself was the first to show me, that this was a charm which the Bible possessed in the most remarkable manner, and which even, as literature, gave it the most uncommon value in the eyes of the humblest classes, who are from the very accidents of fortune the deep students of nature. The language whose illustrations are taken from objects and incidents that every peasant can confirm, has a direct appeal to a

lowly heart; and there is a species of flattery to his intelligence in the fact, that inspiration could not typify more strongly its conception than by analogies open to the lowliest son of labour.

After this, she places Shakespeare, whose actual knowledge is miraculous, and whose immortality is based upon that very fact, since the true will be true to all ages and people; and, however men's minds may differ about the forms of expression, the Fact will remain imperishable. According to her theory, Shakespeare understood human nature as learned men do an exact science — where certain results must follow certain premises and combinations inevitably and of necessity. How otherwise explain that intimate acquaintance with the habits and modes of thought of classes of which he never made one? How account for the delineation of kingly feelings by him who scarcely saw the steps of a throne? "And yet," said Mrs. M., "Louis Philippe himself told me, that Shakespeare's Kings were as true as his Lovers. His Majesty once amused me much," said she, "by alluding to a passage in 'Hamlet,' which assuredly would never have occurred to me to notice. It is where the King and Queen are dismissing their attendants from further waiting. His Majesty says, 'Thanks Rosenkrantz and gentle Guildenstern;' on which the Queen adds, 'Thanks Guildenstern and gentle Rosenkrantz.' 'Now,' said Louis Philippe, 'one almost should have been a Queen to know that it was needful to balance the seeming preference of the Royal epithet, by inverting the phrase.'"

While I ramble on thus, I may seem to be forgetting the subjects on which more properly I ought

to dwell — home and family. Our pursuit of greatness still continues, my dear Miss Cox. We are determined to be fine people; and, I suppose, after all, that our shortcomings and disappointments are not greater than usually fall to the lot of those who aspire to what is beyond or above them. In England the gradations of rank are as fixed as the degrees of a service; and we, being who and what we are, could no more pretend to something else than could a Subaltern pass off for a Colonel to his own regiment. Here, however, there is a general scramble for position, and each seems to have the same privilege to call himself what he likes, that he exercises over the mere spelling of his name. I judge this to be the case from the anecdotes I have heard in society about the Count this, and the Baron that. Since Papa's absence in the interior of Germany, whither he accompanied Mrs. Gore Hampton, to visit, I believe, some crowned head of her acquaintance, Mamma has pursued a kind of royal progress towards greatness. Our style of living has been most expensive — I might almost call it splendid. We have servants, horses, equipage — everything, in fact, that appertains to a certain station, but one, and that one thing unfortunately is the grand requisite of all — the air that belongs to it. The truth is, Miss Cox, as the old Lawyer one day said at dinner to Papa, "You prove too much, Mr. Dodd." That is exactly what Mamma is doing. She dresses magnificently for small occasions; she insists too eagerly upon what she deems her due; and she is far too exclusive with respect to those who seek her acquaintanceship. Would you believe it, that though I am permitted to accept the

kind hospitality which I at this moment enjoy, it is upon the condition that neither Mamma nor Mary Anne are to "be dragged into the mire of low intimacies;" that Mrs. Morris is to be "Cary's friend." Proud am I, indeed, if she will deign to consider me such!

I must acknowledge that Mamma's "Wednesdays" collected all that was high and distinguished at Baden. We had the old Kurfürst of something, with a long white mustache, and thirty orders; an Arch-Duchess with a hump-back, and a mediatised Prince with one eye. There were Generals, Marshals, Ministers, Envoys, and Plenipos without end — "your Highness" and "your Excellency" were household words round our tea-table. But I often asked myself, "Are not these great folk paying off in falsehood the imposition we are practising upon *them*? Are they not laughing at the 'Dodds,' and their thousand solecisms in good breeding?" These would be very unworthy suspicions of mine if I did not feel convinced they were well-founded; but more than once have I overheard chance words and phrases that have suffused my cheeks with "shame-red," as the Germans call it, for an hour after. Is it not an indignity to accept hospitality, and requite it by ridicule? Is it not base to receive attentions, and repay them in scorn?

Whether it is from feeling as I do on the subject or not, I cannot say, but James rarely or never appears at Mamma's receptions. He is among what is called "a fast set;" but I always incline to think that his nature is not corrupted, though doubtless sullied, by the tone of society around us.

You ask me about Mary Anne's appearance, and here I can speak without reserve or qualification. She is, indeed, the handsomest girl I ever saw; tall and well-proportioned, and with a carriage and a style about her that might grace a Princess. A critic, inclined to severity, might say there was perhaps a slight tendency to haughtiness in the expression of the features, especially the mouth; the head, too, is a little, a very little, too much thrown back; but somehow these might be defects in another, and yet, in her, they seem to give a peculiar stamp and character to her beauty. All her gestures are grace itself, and her curtsy, save that it is a little too low, perfect. She speaks French and German fluently, and knows the precise title of some hundred acquaintances, every one of whom would be distracted if defrauded in the smallest coin of his rank. I need not say how superior all these gifts make her to your humble and unlettered correspondent. Yes, my dear Miss Cox, the French "irregulars" are the same puzzle to me they used to be, and my mind will no more carry me on to the verb at the end of the German sentence than will my feet bear me over fifty miles a day. I am the stupid Caroline of long ago, and what renders the case so hopeless is, with the best of dispositions to be otherwise!

I am, however, improved in my painting, particularly in my use of colour. I begin at last to recognise the merits of harmony in tint, and see how Nature herself always contrives to be correct. I hope you will like the little sketch that accompanies this; the rock in the foreground is the spot on which I sit at every sunset. Would that I had you beside me there, to counsel, to guide, and to correct me!

When Captain Morris returns, I shall leave this, as Mrs. M. will not require my companionship any longer, although she is already planning twenty things we are to do, then.

Pray, therefore, write to me, as before, to Baden; and with my most affectionate regards to all who may remember me, and my dearest love to yourself,

Believe me, yours ever,

CAROLINE DODD.

LETTER VIII.

Miss Mary Anne Dodd to Miss Doolan, of Ballydoolan.

Baden.

MY DEAREST KITTY,

It *was* our name you saw in the *Morning Post*! We are "The Dodd M'Carthy's." It was no use deferring the decision for Papa's return; and, as I observed to Mamma, circumstances are often stronger than ourselves; for, in all likelihood, Louis Napoleon would not have declared the Empire so soon if it were not for the "Rouge," or the Orleanists, or the others. Events, in fact, pressed us from behind — go forward we must; and so, like the distinguished authority I have mentioned, we accepted greatness, in the shape of our present designation.

We took the great step on Monday evening last, and issued one hundred and thirty-eight cards for our Wednesday at home, as Madame Dodd M'Carthy. Of course, I conclude the new title was amply discussed and criticised; but, as James remarked, the "Coup d'état" succeeded perfectly. He sent me three different bulletins during the day from "the Rooms"

where he was engaged at play. The first was briefly — “Great excitement, and much curiosity as to the reasons. Causes assigned — vague, various, and contradictory. Strict silence on *my* part.” The second ran — “Funds rising rapidly — confidence restored.” The third was — “Victory — opposition crushed, annihilated — Dynasty secure. Send a card at once to the Crown Prince of Dalmatia, at the ‘Lion.’ He is just come.”

Mamma’s nervous tremors during this eventful day were dreadful. Nothing sustained her but a high consciousness, and some excellent Curaçoa. Every cry in the street, every chance commotion, the slightest assemblage beneath our windows — she took for popular demonstrations. You know, my dearest Kitty, we live in really eventful times, and nobody can answer for how the mere populace will receive any attempts to recover ancient feudal privileges. I own to you frankly, the attempt was a bold one. We, so to say, stemmed the foamy torrent of Democracy at its highest flood; but the moment was also propitious. Now or never was the time for Nobility to raise its head again; and *we*, I am proud to say, have given the initiative to astonished Europe.

From the hour that we took the great step, Kitty, I felt my heart rise with the occasion. My spirit seemed to say, “Swell to the magnitude of those grand proportions around you;” and I really felt myself, as it were, disenthralled from the narrow limits of a mere Dodd, and expanding to the wide realms of a M’Carthy! If you only knew the sufferings and heartburnings that plebeian appellation has cost us! The hateful monosyllable seemed to drop down like a shell in the

midst of a company; and often has it needed a fortnight's dinners and evening parties, in a new place, to overcome the horrid impression caused by the name of Dodd!

Now, as it stands at present, it serves to give vigour and energy to the name. — Dodd M'Carthy is like Gorman O'Moore, Grogan O'Dwyer, or any other of the great patronymics of ancient Ireland.

From the deep interest caused by this decisive step, I was obliged at once to turn to the details of our great reception to be held on the Wednesday following, for it was necessary that in splendour and distinction it should eclipse all that had preceded it. Happily for us, dearest, Caroline was absent as well as Papa; she had gone to spend a week with a tiresome old lady some miles away, and we were therefore relieved from the annoyance of that vexatious restraint imposed by the mere presence of those whose thoughts and ideas are never yours. I have already told you that she has taken up a completely mistaken line, and utterly destroyed any natural advantages she possessed. I told her so myself over and over; I reasoned and argued the question deliberately. "I see," said I, "your tastes are not those of high and fashionable society. You do not feel the instinctive fascination that comes of being admired by the distinguished classes. Your ambitions do not soar to those aristocratic regions whose atmosphere breathes of royalty. Be it so: there is another path open to you — the sentimental and the romantic. Your hair suits it, your complexion, your figure, your style generally, will easily adapt themselves to the character. If not a part that attracts general admiration, it is one which

never fails, in every society, to secure some favourable notice; and elder sons, educated either 'at home or in clergymen's families,' are constantly captured by its fascination." This, I must remark to you, Kitty, is perfectly true, and it is of great consequence frequently to have a woman that suits shy men, and saves them the much-dreaded exhibition of themselves by talking aloud. I told her all this, and I even condescended to use arguments derived from her own narrow views of life, by showing that it is a style requiring little expense in the way of dress: ringlets and a white muslin "peignoir" of a morning, a broad-leaved straw-hat for the promenade, something, in short, of the very simplest kind, and no ornaments. No! my dearest Kitty, it was of no use! She is one of those self-opinionated girls that reason never appeals to. She coolly replied to me, that all this would be unreal and unnatural — "a mere piece of acting," as she said, and consequently unworthy of her, and unbecoming. I repeat the very words of her reply, to show you the great benefits she has derived from foreign travel! Why, dearest Kitty, nobody is real — nobody pretends to be real, abroad; if they were to do so, they'd be shunned like wild beasts. What is it, I ask, that constitutes the very essence of high breeding? Conventional usages, forms of expression, courtesies, attentions, flatteries, and observances — all simulated, all put on, to please and captivate. Reject this theory, and instead of society, you have a mob; instead of a *salon*, you have a wild beast "menagerie." Caroline says she is Irish; she might as well say she was Cochin-Chinese. Nobody can recognise any trait in that nationality but its uniform "savagery," for I must

tell you, Kitty, that Ireland itself — though politically deplored, pitied, and wept over, abroad — is encumbered by geographical doubts and difficulties like the North-West Passage. Many suppose it to be a town in the West of England; others fancy it a barren tract along the coast; and a few, whose sympathies are more acute for suffering nations, fancy it to be a species of penal settlement in an unknown latitude.

If Caroline even developed the character — if she had, as the French say, *créé la rôle* of an Irish girl, what with eccentricities of dress, manner, and Moore's melodies, something might be made of it. It admits of all those extravagancies that are occasionally admired, and any amount of liberty with the male sex. Cary's reading of the part was very different; it was neither poetic nor pictorial; in fact, it was a mere vulgar piece of commonplace devotion to home and its tiresome associations, and a clinging attachment to whatever recalled memories of our former obscurity — these "national traits" being eked out with a most insolent contempt for the foreigner, and a compassionate sorrow for the patience with which *we* endured him.

Pardon me, my dearest friend, if I weary you with this unpleasant theme, but I wish to satisfy your mind, that if my sisterly affection be strong, it still does not tyrannise over my reason, and that increased powers of judgment, if they elevate the understanding, are frequently exercised at the cost of our tenderest feelings.

To come back to the point whence I started, "our Wednesday" — and this, by the way, enables me to answer some of the questions in your last. You ask

about my admirers; you shall have the catalogue as lately revised and corrected, though I scarcely flatter myself that the names will admit of vocal repetition. First, then, there is the Neapolitan Prince Sierra d'Aquila Nero, whom I already mentioned to you in one of my letters from Brussels. In my then innocence of the Continent I thought him charming, so impassioned, so poetical, and so perfumed. Now, Kitty, I find him an intolerable old bore; he is upwards of seventy, but so painted, patched, and plastered, as to pass off panoramically for five-and-forty. He affects all the habits and even the vices of young men. He keeps saddle-horses that he dare not ride, and hires a "chasse," though he never fires a gun; and lastly, issues from his hairdresser's shop at intervals with a wig of shortened proportions, coolly alleging that he has just had his hair cut! When he drives out of an evening the whole Allée reeks of "Bergamot," and the flutter of his handkerchief is a tornado in the spice islands. Need I say that *his* chance is at zero? Count Rastuchewitsky, a Russian Pole, comes next — at least in order of seniority; a short, stern-looking man, of about fifty, with a snow-white beard and mustache, with abrupt manners, and an unpleasant voice. I believe that he only pays me any attention because he sees the Prince do so, for he hates all Italians, and tries to thwart them in everything. The Count's great claim to distinction rests upon his father, or mother, I forget which, having helped to assassinate the Emperor Paul — a piece of chivalry that he dwells on unceasingly.

The Chevalier de Courcelles makes "No. Three," and thirty years ago he might have been very pre-

sentable, but he belongs to a school even older than his time. He is of the Richelieu order, and seems to be always in a terrible fright about the effect of his own powers of fascination: his constant effort being to show you that he really is not fond of making victims. There is a German Graf von Herrenhausen, a large, yellow-bearded, blear-eyed monster, with a frogged coat and a huge pipe stick projecting from the hind pocket, who kisses my hand whenever we meet, and leers at me from the whist-table — for, happily, he is past dancing — like a Ghoul in an Eastern tale. There are a vast number of others, one or two of whom I reserve for favourable mention hereafter; but these are the true “pretendants,” of which number, I believe, I might select that which pleases me best.

Amongst “home productions,” as you term them, I may mention the Honourable Sackville Cavendish — a thin, pale, white-eyebrowed babe of diplomacy, that smallest of Foreign-office infants yclept an “unpaid Attaché.” He has just emerged from the “Nursery” at Downing-street, and is really not strong enough to go alone. I have supported him in an occasional polka, and “hustled him,” as James called it, through a waltz, and have in turn received the meed of his admiration as expressed in the most lacklustre eyes that ever glittered out of a doll’s head; and, lastly, there is Mister Milo Blake O’Dwyer, who formerly — O’Connell regnante — represented the town of Tralee in Parliament, and who now, with altered fortunes, performs the duty of Foreign Correspondent to that great newspaper “THE SLEDGE HAMMER OF FREEDOM.”

Perhaps I’m not strictly correct in enrolling him amongst the number of my worshippers; with more

rigid justice, I believe he belongs to Mamma; at least he's in constant attendance upon her, and continually assures me, with upturned eyes and a smack of the lip, that she is a "gorgeous woman," and "wonderfully preserved!" This worthy individual is really a curiosity; since being in manner, exterior, knowledge, and fortune totally deficient of all those aids which achieve success in society, he has actually contrived, by the bare force of impudence, to move with, and be received by, persons in the very first ranks. Foreigners, I must tell you, Kitty, conceive the most ridiculous notions of England; one of the most popular of which is, that more than one-half of our government is carried on by newspaper writing, the Minister contributing his sentiments, one day, some individual of the public replying, the next. Now, the illustrious Milo takes every opportunity of propping up this fallacy, while he represents himself as the very bone and sinew of all English opinion on the Continent. To believe him, no foreign Prince or Potentate could raise a sixpence on loan till he subscribes the scheme. How many an appropriation of territory have his warnings arrested! From what cruelties has he saved the Poles! What a crisis did his pen achieve in the fortunes of Hungary! And then the bushels of diamond snuff-boxes that he has thrown from him with disgust, the "heaps of orders that he has rejected with proud scorn." As he says himself, "Haven't I more power than them all? When I send off my article to the *Sledge*, don't I see them trembling and shaking for what's coming? Aye," says I to myself, "haughty enough you look to-day, but won't I expose your Majesty, won't I lay bare the cruelties of your prisons

and the infamy of your spies! And your Eminence, too, how silky you are; but I know you well, and I've a copy of the last rescript you sent over to Ireland! Don't be afraid, my little darling; never mind the puppies that hissed you at Parma, I'll make your fortune in London. A word from me to Lumley, and it's as good as five thousands pounds in the Bank!"

It really gives me a great notion of the glut of genius that we possess in England, when you see a man whose qualifications are great in war and peace; whose knowledge ranges over the world of Politics, Religion, Literature, Fine Arts, and the Drama; who knows mankind to perfection, and understands statecraft to a miracle, with no higher nor prouder position than that of writing for the *Sledge*. It is but fair to own that he has been of great service to us, here. The hardest thing to find in the world is some person of pushing habits and impudent address, who will speak of you at all times and in all companies, doing for you, socially, what, in the world of trade, is accomplished by huge advertisements and red-lettered placards. Now, one really cannot stick up on the walls great announcements of "unrivalled attraction," the "positively last night but one" of Mrs. Dodd's great *soirées*, and so on, but you can come pretty nigh the same result by a little tact and management. A few insignificant commissions about camelias, a change of arrangement about the fiddles, entrusted to him, and Milo was prepared to go forth, trumpet in hand, for us, from day to dark. Woe to the luckless wight that hadn't got a card for our "Evening." The obligation Milo would place him under was a bond debt for life! Then he contrived to know everybody,

and though he made sad hash of their names, they only smiled at his blunders.

I have heard that a great English Minister one day confessed that the only exaction of office he never could thoroughly reconcile himself to, was the nature of those persons he was occasionally obliged to employ as subordinates. I suppose that without being leader of a Cabinet, everybody must have experienced something or other of this kind in life.

I think I hear you ask, "Where is the Ritter von Wolfenshäfer all this time? What has become of *him*?" you say. You really are very tiresome, dearest Kitty, with your little poisonous allusions to "old loves," former attachments, and so on. As to the Ritter, however, I heard from him yesterday; he cannot, it seems, come to Baden; his father is not on terms with the Grand Duke, and he strictly charges me not to mention their names to any one. His letter repeats the invitation to us all to spend some weeks at the "Schloss" — an arrangement which might, very possibly, suit our plans well, since, when the season ends here, it is still too early to go into winter quarters; and one is sorely puzzled what to do with the late autumn, which is as wearisome as the time one passes in the drawing-room before dinner. Of course we must await Pa's return, to reply to this invitation; and I incline to say we shall accept it. Why will you be so silly as to remind me of the follies of my childhood? Are there no naughtinesses of the nursery you can rake up to record? You know as well, if not better than myself, that the attentions you allude to could never have been seriously meant! nor could Doctor B. believe them such, if not totally

deficient in those qualities of good sense and judgment for which I always have given him credit. I will not say, that in the artless gaiety of infancy, I have not amused myself with the mock devotion he proffered; but you might as well reproach me with fickleness, for not taking a child's interest any longer in the nursery games that once delighted me, as for not sustaining my share in this absurd illusion!

I plainly perceive one thing, Kitty — the Gentleman in question has very little pride; but even *that*, in your eyes, may be an excellence, for you have discovered innumerable merits in his character under circumstances which, I am constrained to own, have failed to impress me with a suitable degree of interest. The subject is so very unpleasant, however, that I must beg it may never be re-opened between us; and if you really feel for him so acutely as you say, I can only suggest that you should hit upon some plan of consolation perfectly independent of any aid from your attached friend,

MARY ANNE.

LETTER IX.

Mary Anne Dodd to Miss Doolan, of Ballydoolan.

MY DEAREST KITTY,

ANOTHER delay, and more "last words!" I had thought that my poor epistle was already miles on the way towards you, wafted by the sighs of my heaving heart, but I, now, discover that Mr. Cavendish will not send off his bag to the Foreign Office before Saturday, as the Grand Duke wants to send over some Guinea-pigs to the Royal children, so that I shall

detain this till that day, and perhaps be able to tell you of a great "Pic-nic" we are planning to the Castle of Eberstein for Thursday next. It is one of the things everybody does here, and of course we must not omit it. James talks of the expense as terrific, which really comes with an ill grace from one who wagers fifty, or even sixty, Napoleons on a card! Besides, a "Pic-nic" is an association, and the whole cost cannot fall to the share of an individual. The Great Milo begs that we will leave everything to him, and I feel assured that it is the wisest course we can adopt, not to speak of the advantage of seeing the whole festivity glowingly described in the columns of the *Sledge*. The Princess Sloboffsky has just driven to the door, so I must conclude for the present.

I come back to say that the Pic-nic is fixed for Thursday, the number to be, by special request of the Princess, limited to forty — the list to be made out this evening. "Mammas" to go in open carriages — young ladies horse-back, or ass-back — men indiscriminately; no more at present decided on. I am wild with delight at the pleasure before us. Would you were one of us, dearest Kitty!

Thursday Morning.

Oh, Kitty, what a day. It might be December in London! The rain is swooping down the mountain sides, and the wind howling fearfully. It is now seven o'clock, and my maid, Augustine, has called me to get up and dress. Mamma has had two notes already, which, being in French, she is waiting for me to read and reply to. I'll hasten to see what they mean.

One of the "billets" is from the Duchesse de Sargance, merely asking the question, "Que faire?" The other is from the Princess Sloboffsky, who, in consideration "for all the trouble Mamma has been put to," deems it better to go at all events, and that we can dine at the Grand Ducal Schloss, instead of on the grass. This reads ominously in one sense, Kitty, and seems to imply that *we* are giving the entertainment ourselves; but I must keep this suspicion to myself, or we should have a terrible exposure. When an evil becomes inevitable, patient submission is the true philosophy.

Ten o'clock.

What an animated, I might almost call it a stormy, debate we have just had in the drawing-room. The assembled Lieges have been all discussing the proposed excursion; if that can be called discussion, where everybody screamed out his own opinion, and nobody listened to his neighbour. The two parties for and against going divided themselves into the two sexes — the men, being all for staying where we are, the ladies, as clamorously declaring for the road. Of course the "Ayes" had it, and we are now putting the whole house in requisition for cloaks, mantles, and Mackintoshes. The half-dozen men for whom no places can be made in coach or "calèche" are furious at having to ride. I half suspect that some attachments, whose fidelity has hitherto defied time and years, will yield, to-day, before the influence of mere water. The truth is, Kitty, Foreigners dread it in every shape. They mix a little of it, now and then, with their wine, and they rather like to see it in fountains and

“jets d'eau,” but there ends all the acquaintance they ever desire to maintain with the pure element.

I must confess that the aspect of the “outsiders” is suggestive of anything rather than amusement. They stand to be muffled and waterproofed like men who, having resigned themselves to an inevitable fate, have lost all interest in the preliminaries that conduct to it. They are, as it were, bound for the scaffold, and they have no care for the shape of the “hurdle” that is to draw them thither. The others, who have secured inside places, are overwhelmingly civil, and profuse in all the little attentions that cost nothing, nor exact any sacrifice. I have seen no small share of national character this morning, and if I had time could let you into some secrets about it.

The arrangement of the company, that is, who is to go with whom, is our next difficulty. There are such intricacies, of family history, such subtle questions of propriety to be solved, we'd not get away under a year were we to enter upon half of them. As a general rule, however, ladies ought not to be packed up in the same coach with the husbands from whom they have been for years separated, nor people with deadly feuds between them to be placed *vis-à-vis*. As to the attractive principles — the cohesionary elements — Kitty, are more puzzling still, since none but the parties themselves know where the bonds are simulated and where real.

Milo has taken a great part of this arrangement upon his own hands, and from what I can see, with his accustomed want of success in all matters of tact and delicacy. Of this, however, he is most beautifully unconscious, and goes about in the midst of muttered

execrations with the implicit belief of being a benefactor of the human race. I wish you could see the self-satisfied chuckle of his greasy laugh, or could hear his mumbled, "Maybe I don't know what ye'r after, my old lady. Haven't I put the little Count with the green spectacles next you; don't I understand the cross looks ye'r giving me. Ah, Mademoiselle, never fear me, I have him in my eye for you — a wink is enough for Milo Blake any day. Yes, my darling, I'm looking for him this minute." These and such like mutterings will show you the spirit of his ministering, and when I repeat that he makes nothing but blunders, you may picture to yourself the man. He has appointed himself on Mamma's staff, and as I go with the Princess and the Count Boldourouki, I shall see no more of him for a while.

It is quite clear, Kitty, that we are the entertainers, though how it came to be so, I cannot even guess. Some blunder, I suspect, of this detestable Milo; and James will do nothing whatever. He is still in bed, and, to all my entreaties to get up, merely says that he'll be with us at dinner. The hampers of proggerie will fill two carriages, and a charette with the Champagne in ice is already sent forward. Three cooks — for such, I am told, are three Gentlemen in black coats and white neckcloths — are to accompany us; and the whole preparations are evidently got up in the "very first style," and "totally regardless of expense."

Twelve o'clock.

Another dilemma. There is only one "Bus" in the town; and as none of the Band will sit outside in this

terrible weather, what is to be done? Milo proposes billeting them, singly, here and there, through the carriages; but the bare mention has excited a rebellion amongst the equestrians, who will not consent to be treated worse than the fiddlers! The Commissary of Police has just sent to know if we have obtained a Ministerial permission to "assemble in vast numbers and for objects unnamed." I have got one of the German Nobles to settle this difficulty, which, in Milo's hands — if he only heard of it — might become formidable.

Happily, he is now engaged "telling off" the Band, and selecting from the number such as we can find room to accommodate. The permission has been accorded, the carriages are drawing up, the guests are taking their seats, we are ready — we are off.

Saturday Morning.

DEAREST KITTY,

Mr. Cavendish has just sent me word that the Courier will start in half an hour, so that I have only time for a few lines. Gloomily as the day broke yesterday, its setting at evening was infinitely sadder and more sorrowful. Never did a prospect of pleasure prove more delusive; never did a scene of enjoyment terminate more miserably.

Tears of anguish, of passion, and of shame, blot my words as I write them. You must not ask me to describe the course of events, when my mind has but room for the sad catastrophe that closed them; but in a few brief lines I will endeavour to convey to you what occurred.

Our journey to Eberstein, from being all up hill

and over roads terribly cut up by weather, was a slow process. The procession, some of the riders remarked, had a most funeral look, winding along up the zig-zags of the mountain, and on a day which assuredly suggested few thoughts of pleasure. I can only answer for my own companions; but they, I am bound to say, were in the very worst of tempers the whole way, discussing the whole plot of the excursion with — considering Mamma's share in it — a far greater degree of candour than politeness. They ridiculed Pic-nics in general; pronounced them vulgar, tiresome, and usually "failures." They insinuated that they were the resources of people who felt more at ease in the semi-civilised scramble of a country party than amid the more correct courtesies of daily life! As to the "diner sur l'herbe" itself, it was a shocking travestie of a real dinner. Spiders and cock-roaches settled in your soup, blackbeetles bathed in your Champagne, wasps contested your fruit with you, and you were lucky if you didn't carry back a scorpion or a snake in your pocket. Then the company came in for its share of comment. So many people crept in that nobody knew, nobody acknowledged, and apparently nobody had invited. You always, they said, found that all your objectionable acquaintances dated from these parties. Lastly, they were excursions which no weather suited, no toilette became! If it were hot, the sufferings of sun-scorching and mosquitoes were insufferable. If it proved bad and rainy, they were in the sad situation of that very moment! As to dress, who could fix upon a costume to be becoming in the morning, graceful in the afternoon, and fresh and radiant at night. In a word, Kitty, they

said so much, and so forcibly, that nothing but great constraint upon my feelings saved me from asking, "Why, in Heaven's name, could they have consented to come upon an excursion, every detail of which was a sorrow, and every step a suffering?"

No other theme, however, divided attention with this calamitous one; and as we toiled languidly up the mountain side, you can fancy with what pleasant feelings the way was beguiled.

At last we reached the Castle; but fresh disappointment here awaited us. Although parties were admitted to see the Schloss and the grounds, they would not obtain leave to dine anywhere within the precincts. We begged hard for a room in the porter's lodge, the laundry, the stable, even the hayloft! but all without success. We at length capitulated for a moss-house, where the rain came filtered down through a network of foliage and birds' nests; but even this was refused. What was to be done? The army was now little short of mutiny; a violent debate was carried on from carriage windows; and strong partisans of particular opinions went slopping about, with tucked-up trousers and huge umbrellas, trying to enforce their own views! Some were for an equitable distribution of the eatables on the spot. "Food commissaries," as the Germans expressed it, being chosen, to allot the victuals to each coach, some were for a forcible entry into the Castle, and an occupation by dint of arms; others voted for a return to Baden; and lastly, a small section, which gradually grew in power and persuasiveness, suggested that, by descending the opposite side of the mountain, we should reach a little inn in the Moorg Thal, much frequented by fishermen,

and where we were sure to find shelter at least, if not something more. The "Anglers' Rest" was now adopted as our goal; and thither we started, with some slight tinge of renewed hope and pleasure.

Our journey *down* was nearly as slow as that *up* the mountain; for the steep descent required the greatest caution, with heavily-laden and jaded horses. It was, therefore, already dark when we reached the Anglers' Rest. All that I could see of this "Hostel," from the rain-streaked glasses of the carriage, was a small, one-storied house, built over the stream of a small but rapid river. Mountains, half wrapped in mists, and seeming to smoke with the steam of hot rain, environed the spot on all sides, which probably, in fine weather, would have been picturesque, and even pretty.

"We are destined to be unlucky to-day, Princess," said a young French Marquis, approaching our carriage. "This miserable 'Ginguette,' it seems, is full of people, who are by no means disposed to yield the place to us."

"Who are they — what are they?" asked she, in haughty astonishment at their contumacy.

"They are, I believe, some young tradesfolk, on, what is called in Germany the 'Wander-Jahre' — that travelling probation that Municipal Law dictates to native handicraft."

"But, surely, when they hear who we are —"

"Graf Adelberger has been eloquently explaining that to them the last ten minutes, and the Baron von Badenschwill has told them of his eighteen quarterings; but though they have consented to drink his health, they will not abdicate the territory."

Here was a pretty proof of what the years '48 and '49 had done for the Continent of Europe, and maybe Blum, Kossuth, Mazzini, and Co., didn't come in for their share! To think of creatures — shoe-makers, who could assure us they were, might be tailors — daring to proclaim that they preferred their own ease and comfort to that of carriages full of unknown but titled individuals.

"It's impossible!" "Incredible!" "Fabulous!" "Infamous!" "Monstrous!" were expressions screamed from carriage to carriage, while telegraphic signs of horror and amazement were exchanged from window to window. "Did they know who *we* were?" "Do they know who *I* am?" were the questions incessantly pouring forth. Alas! they had heard it all. There was not a claim we could prefer to greatness that they had not before them, and, alas! they remained inexorable!

Deputations of various nations went in, and came back baffled and unsuccessful. The "Burschen," as they were called, were at that very moment impatiently waiting for their own supper, and seemed to verify the adage of the ill-result of arguing with hungry men. Milder and more practicable counsels now began to prevail amongst us, and some even of the most conservative hinted at compromise and accommodation. What if we were to share with some of the vast abundance that we had with us? What if we tried bribery? The "Food Commissaries" assured us that, even after the most liberal allowance for our wants, we could feed a moderately-sized village.

The proposal was therefore framed, and two Germans of high rank persuaded — sorely against their

prejudices and inclination — to convey it to “Das Volk” — the populace. It seemed as though the memorable years I have referred to, had taught some curious lessons in popular force; for the demands of the masses indicated strength and power. They stipulated, first, that they should hold the kitchen; secondly, that the meats assigned them should be set before them uncut; and lastly, that none of our servants were to be quartered on the table. Here was the “Monarchy of the Middle Classes” proudly enunciated; and, I assure you, many excellent things were said by all of us — not only upon the past and the present, but on “what we were coming to!”

If I weary you with this detail, Kitty, it is that you may sympathise with me in the fatigue the long discussion inflicted. We were fully three-quarters of an hour at the door ere the treaty was concluded. Then came the descent from the carriages, the unpacking of the eatables, the unrolling of the life-mummies that were to consume them, which, wrapped up as they were in soaked drapery, was a long process. I shall not delay you with an account of the distribution of the proggery, but content myself with stating that the two deputies accredited by the “Trades” union to receive their share, acknowledged that we behaved not only well, but with munificence; since not only did we bestow upon them the grosser material of a meal, but many of the higher refinements of a great entertainment; in particular, a large game pasty, representing a feudal fortress, with a flag waving over it, on which the enthusiastic cook had inscribed the words, “Hoch Lebe die Dodd,” or “the Dodd for ever.” It was a vulgar dish, Kitty, and by

my own special diplomacy was it consigned to the second table.

At length we were seated at table, but only for new disappointment. Milo, in telling off the band, had made the irreparable blunder of leaving all the flute, clarionet, and horn players behind; and there we were, with kettle-drums, trombones, and ophocleides enough to have stunned a garrison. They could beat a "générale," it is true, but there ended their orchestral powers. This stupid mistake, however, gave room for laughter, and in spite of our annoyance, we laughed at it long and heartily.

I am spared the painful task of recording the catastrophe of our story, by a message from Mr. Cavenish, to say that the Courier is starting. Indeed, his carriage is now at the door, and I must say, Kitty, that the handsomest men in our Diplomacy are the Mercuries. They dress so becomingly, too — something between a Hussar and Lord Byron; their pelisses of rich furs, their slashed frocks, and Polish caps, harmonising beautifully with their mingled air of intrepidity and gentleness.

Mr. Dudley Vignerton, who takes this, is remarkably good-looking — something of George Canning, with a dash of Count D'Orsay. I wish, however, he would let me finish these few lines in peace, for he keeps on complimenting me about my hair, and my handwriting, and I don't know what besides. He offers, also, to bring me shoes from Paris, for really Germany is too bad!

He is a strange man, Kitty, and I regret not to see more of him; he looks at once so bland and so determined. He tells me that the adventurous nature

of the life he leads makes a man at once daring and enduring — about equal parts Lamb and Lion. Don't you wish to see him?

Yours, in great haste,

M. A. D.

LETTER X.

James Dodd to Robert Doolan, Esq., Trinity College, Dublin.

"The Fox," Lichtenthal.

MY DEAR BOB,

I PROMISED to give you the earliest intelligence of the Governor's return; and this is to inform you that the agreeable incident in question occurred on Wednesday last, accompanied, however, by circumstances which I must call "*atténuantes*," that is to say, considerably impairing the felicitous character of the event. We — that is, the Dodd Macarthy portion of the family, for so we had already constituted ourselves — had organised a most stunning Pic-nic; one of those entertainments which are the great facts of a season, just as certain battles are the grand incidents of a campaign: we had secured everything that Baden contained of company and *cuisine*, and we did not leave a turkey, a truffle, nor a titled individual in the whole village.

La Mère Dodd had in fact resolved on one of those great *Coups de Tête*, which, in the social as in the political world, are needed to terminate a difficult position, and as the journalists say in France, "legitimize the situation." How I love a phrase that permits one to escape the pettiness of a personal detail by some grand and sweeping generality!

The Pic-nic is to the fashionable world what a General Election is in that of politics. It is a brief orgie, in which each condescends to acquaintanceship, or even intimacy, without in the slightest degree pledging himself to future consequences. You, as it were, pass out of the conventional limits of ordinary life, and take a "day rule" for indiscretions. The natural consequence is, that people will come to you, in this way, that no efforts could seduce into your house; and the great Lady, who would scorn your attentions on a Turkey carpet, will suffer you to carve her chicken, and fill her champagne glass, when seated on the grass. "Oh! I don't know him. I saw him somewhere — on a Steamer, or at a Pic-nic, perhaps." This spoken, with a stare of ineffable unconcern, is the extent of the recognition accorded to you after. At first, when you call to mind the way you struggled to get her sherry, how you fought for the lobster, and descended to actual meanness for the mustard, you are disposed to fancy yourself the most injured, and her the most ingrate of mankind; but you soon learn to perceive that this is the law of these cases, and that you are not worse treated than your fellows.

I leave you to conjecture why we deemed a Pic-nic an essential stroke of policy. I assure you it was a question well and maturely discussed in our cabinet. We knew it to be a measure from which there was no retreating when once entered upon; we also knew that the Governor's return would utterly render such a course impossible. It was now or never with us. Would that it had been never! But to proceed. Everything, even from the start, promised badly; the day broke in torrents of rain; it was like one of those days

of Irish Pic-nic at the "Dargle," where a drowned family squat under a hedge to eat soaked sandwiches. We set out, in bad humour, determined to "take out our pleasure excursion" under difficulties; a proceeding about as sensible as that of a man who, having sprained his ankle on his way to a ball, still insists upon waltzing. At Eberstein, where we had purposed to dine, they would not admit us. It is a Royal residence, and although, usually, there was no permission necessary for parties wishing to pass the day there, an order from the Court had closed the Castle against all Pic-nic-aries; a fact not made more palatable to us by the information that it was the misconduct of some interesting individuals of the family of the Simkins, the Popkins, or the Perkins, which had provoked the edict in question. And here I must say, Bob — and I say it in deep sorrow — that we are either grossly calumniated abroad, or else very grievous faults attach to us, since every scratched picture, every noseless statue, every chipped relic, and every flawed marble, is sure of being assigned to the work of English fingers. I repeat, I have no means of knowing if the accusation be wrongful or not; at all events, I conclude it to be greatly exaggerated beyond truth. If scratching and mutilating, "the chalking and maiming acts" against works of art, be popular practices of travellers generally, it follows that as we English supply a very large majority of the earth's vagabonds, that a vast number of these offences must fall to our share; but I sincerely hope we do not deserve our wholesale reputation, nor possess any exclusive patent for barbarism. I argue the point as the Priest used to do at home about Catholics and Protestants,

when he triumphantly asked, "Why white-faced sheep eat more than black-faced?" and having puzzled us all, answered, "Because there are more of them!" And that's the reason the English commit more breaches of decorum than their neighbours. Rely upon it, Bob, the simple illustration is very widely applicable; and whenever you hear of our derelictions abroad, please to remember it.

As we could not gain admittance to Eberstein, it became a grand subject of debate what to do. The prudent said, "Go back." Is it not strange, Bob? but there is an almost stereotyped uniformity in wise counsellors, and that whenever a difficulty arises in Life, they all cry out, "Go back." I conclude that this is the whole secret of the Tory party, and that all the reputation they have acquired of "safe," "prudent," and so forth, has no other basis than this simple maxim. Upon the present occasion, "the Progresistas" carried the day — we went on!

A little wayside Inn — the resort of a few summer visitors — was to be our destination; but, when we arrived there, it was to find the house crammed with a most motley rabble, a set of those wondering artisans which, from some singular notion of her own upon the virtues of vagabondism, Germany sends forth broadcast over her whole land; the law requiring that each tradesman should travel for a year, or, in some states, two years, before he can obtain permission from the municipality of his own town to reside at home. Now, as these individuals are rarely or never persons of independent fortune, but rather of scanty and precarious means, the "Wander-Jahre," as the year of travel is called, is usually a series of events vibrating

between roguery and begging, and at all events little conducive to those habits of orderly, patient industry which, in England at least, are deemed the highest qualities of a labouring man.

Wherever you travel in Germany you are certain to find droves of these people on the road, their heavy knapsacks covered with an undressed calf-skin, and usually decorated at either extremity by a Wellington boot, "pendant," but not "proper," their long pipes and longer beards, their well-tuned voices — for they always sing — and, lastly, their unblushing appeals to your charity, proclaim them to be "Lehr-Junge," or apprentices. But you must not fall into the absurd mistake of one of our well-known English writers on Germany, who has called them travelling students, and thereupon moralised long and learnedly on the poverty of Life and the cheapness of Education in that country. Occasionally, it is true, a student of the very humblest class will associate himself with these "youths;" but even he will be the exception, and the University to which he belongs one of the very lowest in rank. I should ask your forgiveness for this long and wide digression, my dear Bob, were it not that I know that whenever I speak of matters which are new and unfamiliar to you, I am at least as interesting as by any purely personal history. You would like to hear a thousand traits of foreign life and manners, far better than I am capable of communicating them.

Our Inn, as I have said, was full of these "gents," and no persuasion of ours, no threats, nor any flatteries, could induce them to vacate the territory in our favour. In fact, they presumed to reason upon the case, on the absurd presumption that rain would wet

and wind chill them, and positively resisted all our assurances to the contrary.

We ended by a compromise; they gave us the parlour, and retired to the kitchen, we, purchasing the concession by sundry articles of consumption, such as fowls, ham, preserves, and a pasty, to be by them devoured as their own proper and peculiar prog. The selection, which was made by a special commission named by both sides, was rather an amusing process, though probably prolonged a little beyond the limits of ordinary patience. At length the treaty was concluded, the price paid, the territory evacuated, and we sat down ourselves to table, I will not say in the very happiest of humours, for throughout the whole of the negociation our pride and self-esteem were at each moment receiving the very rudest buffets, Princes, Dukes, Counts, and Barons as we were! It was a sore lesson we were acquiring; and, as a great man of our party remarked, "The canaille had apparently been taught little or nothing by the last two years." A fact not so difficult to entertain, when one remembers that those whose education is conducted by grape and musketry are seldom left to evidence the advantages of the system, and the survivors are the "naughty boys who have learned nothing."

Our first disappointment was rather a laughable one, though certes in itself a bore. In the hurry of leaving Baden, a selection of the town band of musicians was made, as we had not carriage-room for the whole; but by ill-luck it was the rejected we had taken, and there we were with drums, cymbals, trombones, and an ophocleide, but not a flute, flageolet, or a French horn! You may fancy the attempt to per-

form the overture to "William Tell" with such appliances. Crash after crash it went, drowned in our own uproarious laughter, or louder cries of horror and disgust. We had scarcely rallied, some, from the amusement, others, from the annoyance produced by this event, when a tremendous uproar outside the door attracted our attention. It sounded like an attempt being made to establish a forcible entry into our apartment, and vigorous resistance offered. So it proved, by the account of certain wounded and disabled who fell back to tell us of the affray. "The Trades" were in reality in open insurrection, and marching upon us, "headed," as the Trombone said, "by a stout, elderly man of savage appearance." To organise a resistance would have been impossible, with Countesses fainting on every side, Duchesses in hysterics. The men of our party, too, avowed that without an armoury of guns, pistols, and cutlasses, they were powerless. As to smashing up a chair, or seizing a table-leg, they had no idea of it; so that I saw myself the only combatant in a room full of people, who, by way of fitting me for my task, threw themselves around my neck and on my back in a fashion far more flattering than favourable.

By great exertions I wrested myself free from my "backers," and, bounding over the table with a formidable old tongs in my hand, I reached the door just as it gave way to the assaulting party, and came flat down off the hinges, discovering the forlorn hope of the enemy led on by — oh, shame and disgrace ineffable! — no other than my father himself! There he was, Bob, without his coat, with a large saucepan in one hand for a shield, and a kitchen cleaver in the

other. He vociferously cheered on his followers to the breach. I own to you that, what with his patched and poor attire, his long beard, and his mustaches, I scarcely knew him. His voice, however, there was no mistaking; and, at the first word he uttered, I grounded my arms in surrender.

It turned out that some infernal device in pastry had communicated to him the intelligence that it was Mrs. D. was the entertainer of the gorgeous company, the crumbs from whose sumptuous table he and his friends were then consuming. Maddened with the indignity of *his* position, and outraged at *her* extravagance, he tossed off two tumblers of sherry to give him courage, and cried out to his partisans "to charge!" I have often heard that no description can convey even the faintest notion of the horrors of a town taken by assault. I now believed it. For the same good reason, you will not expect of me to portray what I own to be beyond my pictorial powers. I can, it is true, give you the ingredients, as Lord Macartney did those of a plum-pudding to the Chinese cook, but you must yourself know how to mingle and combine them. Take thirty ladies of various ages, from sixteen to sixty, and of all nations of Europe, with gents to match; throw them into strong convulsions of fright, horror, fun, or laughter, amidst smashed crockery, broken glass, upset viands, and drinkables; beat them up with some ten or twelve travellers of unwashed appearance, neither civil of speech nor ceremonious in conduct; dash the mixture with Dodd Père in a state of frenzied passion, to which he gave short and *per saltim* utterance in such phrases as "Spitzbuben," "Coquins," "Canaille," "Scoundrels," "Gueux,"

"Blackguards" &c.; a vocabulary that, even without a laboured context, seemed sufficiently intelligible. The company took Lady Macbeth's hint; they didn't stand upon the order of their going, "they went at once." I do not believe that a party ever separated with greater despatch and less useless ceremony. A few of the "greatly overcome" were, indeed, led out between friends, "unconscious;" but the mass fled with a laudable precipitancy, leaving the field to my Father and the rest of the Dodd family — a group, I beg to say, that nothing but a painter could properly render. That it may one day be thought worthy of a fresco, let me record it.

Foreground, and principal figure, Dodd Père, seated Marius-like amidst the ruins, cravat in one hand, turban of a spoiled Countess inadvertently grasped in the other; countenance strongly marked with intense perplexity, a kind of universal doubt of everything; prevailing impression of the figure, power, but power weakened by incredulity.

Middle distance, Mary Anne Dodd, dishevelled and weeping, gracefully draped, and the attitude well chosen.

Extreme distance, Dodd Mère, seated on the floor, with a student's cap stuck on, over her own toque, evidently horror-struck and unconscious, as seen by the wild stare of her eyes, and the half open lips. Dodd Fils, dimly detected in the shadow of left foreground, mixing brandy-and-water.

There's the tableau; the smaller details are, a universal smashery, with occasional vestiges of that part of the creation consigned to hairdressers, tailors, and milliners, of which the ground displays various

curious specimens, in scalps, fronts, ringlets, and tufts, scraps of lace, tuckers, and trinkets, with skirts of coats, cravats, and a false calf! Had these been all that the company left behind them, Bob, it might have been bearable, but, alas! they had bequeathed to us other relics. Their contempt, their very lowest contempt! Even my Father's French was intelligible enough to show what he claimed, and what we could not deny him to be! You can fancy, therefore, the impression they must have conceived of us!

One of the worst features of this unlucky occurrence was, that it happened at Baden. Baden is, so to say, one of those great banking-houses at which a note is sure to be presented at some period or other of its circulation, and here we were now — declared a “forgery,” pronounced “not negociable!”

These were the bitter thoughts which each of us had now to revolve in secret, tormenting our several ingenuities to find a remedy for the evil. The Governor was apparently the first of us to rally, for he turned round at last to the table, cleared a small spot for his operations at a corner, helped himself to some of a game pie, and began to eat like one who had not relished such delicacies for some time back.

“May I give you a glass of Champagne, Sir?” said I, seeing that he was “going in” with an air of determination.

“With all my heart,” responded he; “but I think you might as well open a fresh bottle.” I did so, Bob, and followed it by another, of which I partook also.

“There are some excellent fellows out there in the kitchen,” said the Governor. “There’s a little lame tailor from Anspach, and an ivory-turner from the

town of Lindau, both as agreeable companions as ever I journeyed with. Take them out that pie, James, and let the waiter fetch them half a dozen bottles of this red wine. Pay Jacob — he's the tailor — four florins that I borrowed from him; and beg of Herman, a little Jewish rogue, with an Astracan cap, to keep my tobacco-bag, out of remembrance of me. Tell the assembled company that I'll see them all by-and-by, for, at present, I have some family affairs to look after. Be civil and courteous with them, James, they all have been so to me; and if you'll sit down at the table for half an hour, and converse with them, take my word for it, boy, you'll not rise to go away without being both wiser and humbler."

I set about my mission with a willing heart. I was glad to do anything which should give the Governor even a momentary satisfaction; and I was well pleased, also, to mark the calm, dispassionate tone of his language.

The "Lehr-Jungen" received me with a most respectful courtesy, in which, however, there was not the very slightest taint of subserviency or meanness. They showed me that they really felt kindly, and even affectionately, towards my father, who had been their companion for the last nine days on foot. They enjoyed in a high degree the dry humour which he possesses, and they relished his remarks on the country, and the people, through which they travelled, savouring as they did of a caustic shrewdness perfectly new to them. In fact, I soon saw that his frank temperament, enriched by that native quaintness every Irishman has his share of, had made him a prime favourite with

them, and they were equally disposed to be flattered by his acquaintanceship as attached to himself. I sat with them till past midnight. Indeed, when I heard that our family had ordered bedrooms, and retired for the night, I was not sorry to dissipate my cares, even in much humbler society than I had left home to foregather with.

It is not necessary I should make any confession to you of my unlettered ignorance, nor own how deplorably deficient I am in every branch of knowledge or acquirement. I was a stupid schoolboy, and an idle one, and the result is not very difficult to imagine; and yet, with all these disadvantages, I have a lazy man's craving for information, if I only could obtain it easily. I'd like to be cured, if the Doctor would only make the physic palatable. Now, will you believe me, Bob, when I say, that these poor travelling tradesfolk, patched and threadbare as they were, talked upon subjects of a very high character, and discussed them, too, with a shrewdness and propriety perfectly astonishing. I had been living in Germany for some six or eight months, and yet now, for the first time, did I hear mention made of the popular literature of the day — who were the writers most in vogue, and what modifications public taste was undergoing, and how the mystical and the imaginative were giving way before a practical common-sense and common-place spirit more adapted to the exigencies of our age. This, I must observe, they entirely ascribed to the influence of England, which they described as being paramount on the Continent since the Peace. Not alone that the vast hordes of our nation flooded every land of Europe, but that our mechanical arts,

our inventions, and our literature, pervaded every nook and crevice of the Continent.

As the Tailor said, "It is not alone that we conform to your notions in dress, and endeavour to make our coats loose and square-skirted, to look English, but there is an Anglo-mania in all things, even where we will not confess it. Our novelists, too, have followed the fashion, and instead of those dreamy conceptions, where the possible and impossible were always in conflict, we have now domestic stories, ay, even before we have domesticity itself."

I do not quote my friend Jacob for anything remarkable in the sentiment itself, though I believe it to be just and true, but to show the general tone of a conversation maintained for hours by a set of poor artisans, not one of whom would not be well contented could he earn a shilling a day.

Perhaps you will ask me, if, in their several trades, these fellows were the equals of our own? In all probability they were not. The likelihood is, they were greatly inferior, as in every detail of the useful and the practical Germany is far behind us; but it is strange to speculate on what such a people may, or might, become, if their institutions should ever conform to the development of their natural intelligence. This again is the Tailor's remark — and I could "cabbage" from him for hours together.

I thought a hundred times of *you*, Bob. How *you* would have enjoyed this strange fraternity. What amusement — not to say something better and higher — you would have extracted from them. What traits of native humour — what studies of character! As for *me*, much, by far the greater part, was lost upon

me for want of previous knowledge of the subjects they discussed. Of the kingdoms whose politics they canvassed, I scarcely knew the names; of the books, I had not even heard the titles! I have no doubt many of their opinions were incorrect; much of what they uttered might have been illogical or inaccurate; but making a wide allowance for this, I was struck by the general acuteness of their remarks, and the tone of moderation and forbearance that characterised all they said.

This brief intercourse has at least taught me one thing — which is not to look down with any depreciating pity on the troops of these wayfarers we pass on the road, still less to ridicule their absurd appearance, or make a jest of their varied costume. I now know that amidst those motley figures are men of shrewd intelligence and cultivated minds, content to follow the very humblest callings, and quite satisfied if their share of this world's good things never rise higher than black bread and a cup of sour wine. I should like greatly to see something more of the gipsy life they lead, and if ever the opportunity offer, shall certainly not suffer it to escape me.

We left the Inn of the Moorg Thal at daybreak, my Mother and Mary Anne in one carriage, the Governor and myself in a little open calèche. He spoke little, and seemed deep in thought all the way. From an occasional expression he dropped, I dreaded to surmise that he had resolved on returning to Ireland. One remark which he made of more than ordinary bitterness was, "If we go on as we are doing, we shall at length close every town of Europe against

us. We left Brussels in shame, and now we quit Baden in disgrace: the sooner this ends, the better."

We did not proceed the whole way to Baden, but stopped about a mile from it, at a village called Lichtenthal, where we found a comfortable Inn, with moderate charges. From this I was despatched to our Hotel, after nightfall, to arrange our affairs, settle our bill, fetch away our baggage, and make all necessary arrangements for departure.

I am free to own that I entered on my mission with no common sense of shame. I knew, of course, how our story had by this time become the table-talk of Baden, and how, from the Prince to the Courier, "the Dodds" were the only topic. Such notoriety as this is no boon, and I confess, Bob, that I believe I could have submitted my hand to the knife, with less shrinking of the spirit, than I raised it to pull the door-bell of the Hôtel de Russie.

When a man has to encounter any anticipated humiliation, he usually puts on an extra amount of offensive armour. I suppose mine, upon this occasion, must have been of unquestionable strength. None seemed willing to put it to the proof. The Host was humble — the Waiters cringing — the very Porter fawned on me! The Secretary — at your flash Hotels abroad they always have a Secretary, usually a Pole, who has an immense estate under sequestration somewhere — this dread functionary, who, in presenting you the bill, ever gives you to understand that he is quite prepared to afford you personal satisfaction for any item in the score — even he, I say, was bland, courteous, and gentle. I little knew at the moment to what circumstance I owed all this un-

expected politeness, and that this silky courtesy was a very different testimony from what I suspected; it being neither more nor less than the joyful astonishment of the household at seeing one of us again, and an amazement, rising to enthusiastic delight, at the bare possibility of our paying our bill! Already in their estimation the "Dodd family" had been pronounced swindlers, and various speculations were abroad as to the value of the several trunks, imperials, and valises we had left behind us.

My Mother, in her abject misery — you may imagine the amount of it from the circumstance — had given me her bank-book, with full liberty to deal with the balance in her favour. In fact, such was her dread of encountering one of our former acquaintances, that I verily believe she would have agreed to an exile to Siberia rather than pass one week more at Baden. Our bill was a swinging one. With all the external show of politeness, I plainly saw that they treated us just as Napoleon used to treat a conquered nation whose imputed misconduct had outlawed it! For *us* there was no appeal; *we* could not threaten the indignation of powerful friends — the terrors of fashionable exposure — not even the hackneyed expedient of a letter in the *Times*! Alas! we had ceased to be "reasonable and sufficient bail" for any statement.

Such charges never were seen before, I'd swear. Dinners and suppers figured as unimportant matters. It was the "extraordinaries" that ruined us; for your Hotel-keeper is obliged, for very shame's sake, to observe a semblance of decorum in his demands for recognised items. It is in the indefinable that he revels;

just as your Geographer indulges every caprice of his imagination when laying down the limits of land and water at the Pole!

It would not amuse, nor could it instruct you, were I to give the details of this iniquitous demand. I shall therefore spare you all, save the grand fact of the total, wherein something less than six weeks' living of four people, with as many servants, amounts to a fraction under three hundred pounds sterling! Meanwhile, the price of rooms, breakfasts, beds, &c., were all reasonable enough. It was "Eclairage," "Service," "Receptions Mardi," "Mercredi," and "Jeudi." These were the heavy artillery, to which all the rest was a light-dropping fire. This Bill settling is indeed an awful process; for when you rally from the first horror-stricken feelings that the sum total calls up, and are blandly asked by the smirking Secretary "To what is it that Monsieur objects?" you are totally powerless and prostrated. Your natural impulse would be to say, "To the whole of it — to that infamous row of figures at the bottom!"

In all probability, you never made a Hotel bill in your life. The wretches know this, and they feel the full force of your unhappy situation. Just fancy a surgeon saying, "What particular part of the operation do you dislike, Sir? It can't be the first incision; I made it in Cooper's method — one sweep of the knife. You surely have no complaint about the arteries — I took them up in eighteen seconds by a stop watch." "What do I care for all this?" you answer. "I know nothing about science, but I am fully open to the impression of pain." Nothing, however, kills me like the fellow saying, "If Monsieur

thinks the Lemonade too dear, we'll take off half a franc." Two-and-sixpence deducted from a Bill of three hundred pounds!

I went through all this, and more. I went through special appeal cases, from twenty subordinates, on peculiar infractions of broken heads, smashed crockery, and damaged furniture, which each assured me in turn "would be charged against *him*," if Monsieur had not the "honourable consideration" — that's the formula — to pay it. I satisfied some, I compromised with others; I resisted none. No, Bob. There was no "locus standi," as you would call it, for opposition. None of the Dodds could come into Court, and claim to be heard as witnesses.

This agreeable function concluded, I drove off to the Police Commissary about our passport. The "Authorities" had finished the duties of the day. The Bureau was closed. I asked where the "Authorities" lived, and was told the street and the number. I went there, but the "Authorities" were at their "Café." They liked "their dominoes and their beer;" and why should they not have their weaknesses!

I hastened to the Café; not one of those brilliantly decorated and lighted establishments where foreigners of all nations foregather, but a dim-looking, musty, sanded-floored, smoke-dried den, filled with a company to suit. There was that mysterious half light, and that low whispering sound which seemed to form a fit atmosphere for spies and eavesdroppers, of which, I need scarcely tell you, Government officials are composed.

By the guidance of the waiter, I reached the table where the Herr von Schureke was seated at his domi-

noes. He was a beetle-browed, scowling, ill-conditioned looking gent of about fifty, who had a trick of coughing a hard dry cough between every word he uttered.

"Ah," said he, after I explained the object of my visit, "you want your passport. You wish to leave Baden, and you come here to give your orders to the Polizey Beamten as if you were the Grand Duke!"

I deprecated this intention in my politest German; but he went on:

"Es geht nicht" — literally, "It's no go" — "my worthy friend. We are not the officials of England. We are Badeners. We are the functionaries of an Independent Sovereign. You can't bully us here, with your line-of-battle ships, your frigates, and bomb-boats."

"No. Gott bewahr!" echoed the company; "that will do elsewhere — but Baden is free!"

The enthusiasm the sentiment evoked brought all the guests from the several tables to swarm around us.

I assured the meeting that Cobden and Co. were not more pacifically-minded than I was; that as to anything like threat, menace, or insolence towards the Grand Duchy, it never came within thousands of miles of my thoughts; that I came to make the civilest of requests, in the very humblest of manner; and if, by ill-luck, the distinguished functionary I had the honour to address should not deem either the time opportune, or the place suitable —

"You'll make it an affair for your House of Commons," broke he in.

"Or your *Ti-mes* newspaper!" cried another, converting the title of the Thunderer into a strange dissyllable.

"Or your Secretary of State will tell us that you are a 'Civis Romanus,'" wheezed out a small man, that I heard was Archivist of something, somewhere.

"Britannia rule de waves, but do not rule de Grand Duchy," muttered a fourth, in English, to show that he was thoroughly imbued, not alone with our language, but the spirit of our Constitution.

"Really, Gentlemen," said I, "I am quite at a loss for any reason for this laudable outburst of nationality. I disclaim the very remotest idea of offending Baden, or anything belonging to it. I entertain no intention of converting my case into a question of international dispute. I simply wait my passport, and free permission to leave the Grand Duchy and all belonging to it."

This declaration was unanimously pronounced insolent, offensive, and insulting; and a vast number of unpleasant remarks poured down upon England and Englishmen, which, I need not tell you, are not worth repetition. The end of all was, that I lost temper too — the wonder is how I kept it so long — and ventured to hint that people of my country had sometimes the practice of righting themselves, when wronged, instead of tormenting their Government or pestering the *Times* newspaper; and that if they had any curiosity as to the *how*, I should be most happy to favour any one with the information that would follow me into the street.

There was a perfect Babel of angry vociferation as I said this; the meaning of which I might guess, though the words were unintelligible; and, as I issued forth into the street, expressions of angry indignation and insult were actually showered upon me. I reached

Lichtenthal late at night; the Governor was in bed, and I hastened to "report myself" to him. This done, I sat down to give you this full narration of our doings; and only regret that I must conclude without telling you anything of our future plans, of which I know actually nothing. I should have spared you the uninteresting scene with the authorities, if you had not asked me, in your last, "Whether the respect felt towards England by every foreign nation did not invest the travelling Englishman with many privileges and immunities unknown to others?" I have heard that such was once the case. I believe, indeed, there was a time that any absurdity or excess of John Bull would have been set down as mere eccentricity — a dash of that folly ascribable to our insular tastes and habits; but this is all changed now! Partly from our own conduct; in part from real, and sometimes merely imputed, acts of our rulers; and partly from the tone of our Press, which no foreigner can ever be brought to understand aright, we have got to be thought a set of spendthrift, wealthy, reckless misers, lavish and economical by turns, socially proud and exclusive, but politically red republican and levelling — tyrants in our families, and democrats in the world; in fact, a sort of living mass of contradictory qualities, not rendered more endurable by coarse tastes and rude manners! This, at least, Morris told me, and he is a shrewd observer, like many of those sleepy-eyed, quiet "coves" one meets with. Not that he reads individuals like Tiverton! No; George is unequalled in ready dissection of a man's motives, and will detect a dodge before another begins to suspect it. I wish he were back; I feel frequently so helpless without his counsel

and advice. The Turf is, surely, a wonderful school for sharpening a man's faculties, and it gives you the habit of connecting words with motives, and asking yourself, "What does so and so mean by that?" "What is he up to now?" That, at last, you decipher character, let its lines be written in the very faintest ink!

Our post leaves at daybreak, so that I shall just have time for this. When I write next, I'll answer — that is, if I can — all your questions about myself, what I mean to do, and when to begin it.

Not, indeed, that they are themes I like to touch upon, for somehow all the quiet pursuits of life look wonderfully slow and tiresome affairs in comparison with the panoramic effects of travel. The perpetual change of scene, actors, and incidents, supplies it in itself that amount of excitement which, under other circumstances, calls for so much exertion and effort. There is another thing, also, which has always given me great discouragement. It is, that the humbler walks of life require not only an amount of labour, but of actual ability, that are never called for in higher positions. Think of the work a fellow does as a Doctor or a Lawyer; and think of the brains, too, he has to bring to these careers, and then picture to yourself a man in a Government situation, some snug Colonial Governorship, or something at home — say, he's Secretary-at-War, or has something in the household. He writes his name at the foot of an occasional report or a despatch, and he puts on his blue ribbon, or his Grand Cross, as it may be, on birthdays. There's the whole of it! As Tiverton says, "One needs more blood and bone now-a-days for the hack stakes than

the Derby;" he means, of course, in allusion to real life, and not to the Turf! Don't fancy that I take in ill part any remarks you make upon my idleness, nor its probable consequences. We are old friends, Bob; but even were we not, I accept them as sincere evidence of true interest and regard, though I may not profit by them as I ought. The Dodds are an impracticable race, and in nothing more so than by fully appreciating all their faults, and yet never making an effort for their eradication.

Some people are civil enough to say how very Irish this is; but I think it is only so in half, inasmuch as our perceptions are sharp enough to show us, even in ourselves, those blemishes which your blear-eyed Saxon would never have discovered anywhere. Do you agree with me? Whether or not, my dear Bob, continue to esteem and believe me, ever your affectionate friend,

JAMES DODD.

Though I am totally innocent as to our future, it is better not to write till you hear again from me, for of course we shall leave this at once; but, where for? that's the question.

LETTER XI.

Kenny James Dodd to Mr. Purcell, of the Grange, Bruff.

MY DEAR TOM,

I AM not in a humour for letter-writing, nor, indeed, for anything else that I know of. I am sick, sore, and sorry — sick of the world, sore in my feet, and sorry of heart that I ever consented to come out upon this touring expedition, every step and mile of which is

marked by its own misery and misfortune. I got back — I won't say home, for it would be an abuse of the word — on Wednesday last. I travelled all the way on foot, with something less than one-and-fourpence English for my daily expenses, and arrived to find my wife entertaining, at a Pic-nic, all Baden and its vicinity, with pheasants and Champagne enough to feast the London Corporation, and an amount of cost and outlay that would have made Dodsborough brilliant during a whole Assizes.

I broke up the meeting, perhaps less ceremoniously than a Cabinet Council is dissolved at Osborne House, where the Ministers, after luncheon, embark — as the *Court Journal* tells — on board the *Fairy* to meet the express train for London. Valuable facts, that we never weary of reading! I routed them without even reading the Riot Act, and saw myself “master of the situation;” and a very pretty situation it was.

Now, Tom, when the best of two evils at a man's choice is to expose his family as vulgar pretenders and adventurers — to show them up to the fine world of their fashionable acquaintances as a humbug and a sham — let me tell you that the other side of the medal cannot have been very attractive. This was precisely the case here. “It is not pleasant,” said I to myself, “to bring all the scandal and slander of professional bad tongues upon an unfortunate family, but ruin is worse still!” There was the whole sum and substance of my calculation — “Ruin is worse still!” The Pic-nic cost above a hundred pounds — the Hotel expenses at Baden amount to three hundred more — there are bills to be paid at nearly every shop in the town — and here we are, economising as usual, at a

large Hotel, at, to say the least, the rate of some five or six pounds per day. That I am able to sit down and write these items, in a clear and legible hand, I take to be as fine an example of courage as ever was given to the world. Talk of men in a fire — an earthquake — a shipwreck — or even the “last collision on the South-Eastern” — I give the palm to the man who can be calm in the midst of duns, and be *collected* when his debts cannot be. To be credited when you can no longer pay — to drink Champagne when you haven’t small change for small beer, is enough to shake the boldest nerves; it is exactly like dancing on a tight rope, from which you know in your heart you must ultimately come down with a crash.

When one reads of any sudden calamity having befallen a man who has incurred voluntary peril, the natural question at once rises, “What did he want to do? What was he trying for?” Now, suppose this question to be addressed to the Dodd family, and that any one should ask, “What did we want to do?” I am sadly afraid, Tom, that we should be puzzled for the answer. I have no doubt that my wife would sustain a long and harassing cross-examination before the truth would come out. I am well aware of all the specious illusions she would evoke, and what sagacious notions she would scatter about education, accomplishments, modern languages, and maybe — mother like — great matches for the girls; but the truth would out, at last — we came abroad to be something — whatever it might be — that we couldn’t be at home; we changed our Theatre, that we might take a new line of parts. We wanted, in short, to be in a world that we never were in before, and we have had

our wish. I am not going to rail at fashionable life and high society. I am sure that, to those brought up in their ways, they are both pleasant and agreeable; but they never were our ways, and we were too old when we began to learn them. The grand world, to people like us, is like going up Mont Blanc — fatigue, peril, expense, injury to health, and ruin to pocket, just to have the barren satisfaction of saying, "I was up there last August — I was at the top, in June." "What did you get for your pains, Kenny Dodd? What did you see for all the trouble you had? Are you wiser?" "No." "Are you happier?" "No." "Are you better informed?" "No." "Are you pleasanter company for your old friends?" "No." "Are you richer?" "Upon my conscience, I am not! All I know is, that we were there, and that we came down again." Aye, Tom, there's the moral of the whole story — we came *down* again! Had we limited our ambition, when we came abroad, to things reasonably attainable — had we been satisfied to know and to associate with people like ourselves — had we sought out the advantages which certainly the Continent possesses in certain matters of taste and accomplishment, we might have got something at least for our money, and not paid too dearly for it. But, no; the great object with us seemed always to be, swimming for our lives in the great ocean of fashion. And, let me tell you a secret, Tom; this grovelling desire to be amongst a set that we have no pretension to, is essentially and entirely English. No foreigner, so far as I have seen, has the vulgar vice of what is called "Tuft-hunting." When I see my countrymen abroad, I am forcibly reminded of what I once witnessed at a

show of wild beasts. It was a big cage full of monkeys, that were eating their dinner at a long trough, but none of them would taste what was before himself, but was always eating out of his neighbour's dish. It gave them the oddest look in the world; but it is exactly what you see on the Continent; and I'll tell you what fosters this taste more strongly than all. Our titled classes at home are a close borough, that men like you and myself never trespass upon. We see a Lord as we see a Prize Bull at a cattle show, once and away in our lives; but here, the Aristocracy is plentiful — Barons, Counts, and even Princes, abound, and can be obtained at the "shortest notice, and sent to any part of the town." Think of the fascination of this; fancy the delight of a family like the Dodds, surrounded with Dukes and Marquises.

One of the very first things that strikes a man on coming abroad is the abundance of that kind of fruit that we only see at home in our hot-houses. Every ragged urchin is munching a peach or a melon, and picking the big grapes off a bunch that he speedily flings away. The astonishment of the Englishman is great, and he naturally thinks it all Paradise. But wait a bit. He soon discovers that the melon has no more flavour than mangel-worzel, and that the apricot tastes like a turnip radish. If they are plenty, they are totally deficient in every excellence of their kind; and it is just the same with the Aristocracy. The climate is favourable to them, and the same sun and soil rears Princes and ripens pine-apples; but they're not like our own, Tom; not a bit of it. Like the fruit, they are poor, sapless, tasteless productions, and the very utmost they do for you is to give you a down-

right indifference to the real article. I know how it reads in the newspapers, in a letter dated from some far-away land, on a Christmas-day — “As I write, my window is open; the garden is one sea of blossoms, and the perfume of the rose and the jasmine fill the room.” Just the same is the effect of those wonderful paragraphs of distinguished and illustrious guests at Mrs. Somebody’s soiree. They are the common products of the soil, and they do not rise to the rank of luxuries with even the poor! Don’t mistake me; I am not depreciating what is called high society, no more than I would condemn a particular climate. All that I would infer is, simply, that it does not suit *my* constitution. It’s a very common remark, how much more easily women conform to the habits and customs of a class above their own than men, and, so far as I have seen, the observation is a just one; but, let me tell you, Tom, the price they pay for this same plastic quality is more than the value of the article, for they lose all self-guidance and judgment by the change. Your quietly-disposed, domestic ones turn out gadders, your thrifty house-keepers grow lavish and wasteful, your safe and cautious talkers become evil speakers and slanderers. It is not that these are the characteristics of the new sect they have adopted, but that, like all converts, they always begin their imitation with the vices of the Faith they conform to, and by way of laying a good foundation they start from the bottom!

If I say these things in bitterness, it is because I feel them in sincerity. Poor old Giles Langrishe used to say that all the expenses of contested Elections, all the bribery and treating, all the cost of a Parliamen-

tary life, would never have embarrassed him, if it wasn't for his wife going to London. "It wasn't only what she spent," said he, "while there; but Molly brought Piccadilly back with her to the County Clare! She turned up her nose at all our old neighbours, because they didn't know the Prussian Ambassador, or Chevalier Somebody from the Brazils." The only man that could fit her in shoes lived in Bond-street, and as to getting her hair dressed, except by a French scoundrel that made wigs for the Aristocracy, it was clearly impossible. And I'll tell you another thing, Tom, our wives get a kind of smattering of political knowledge by this trip to town, that makes them unbearable. They hear no other talk all the morning than the cant of the House and the slang of the Lobby. It's a dodge of Sir James, or a sly trick of Lord John, that forms the gossip at breakfast; and all the little rogueries of political life, all the tactics of party are discussed before them, and when they take to that line of talk they become perfectly odious.

Haven't they their own topics. Isn't dancing, dress, the drama, enough for them, I ask? — without even speaking of divorce cases — that they won't leave bills, motions, and debates to their husbands? Whenever I see Mrs. Roney, of Bally Roney, or Mrs. Miles Mac Dermot, of Castle Brack, in the *Morning Post*, among the illustrious company at Lady Wheedleham's party, I say to myself, "I wish your neighbours joy of you when you go home again, that's all!"

And yet all this would have been better for me than this coming abroad! I might have been member for Bruff for half the cost of this unlucky expedition! And this was economy, forsooth! Do you know how

much we spent, hard cash, since March last? I am fairly ashamed to tell you, Tom; and though money lies mighty close to my heart, I don't regret the loss as much as I do that of many a good trait that we brought away with us, and have contrived to lose on the road. All this running about the world, this eternal change of place and people, imparts such an "Old Soldierism," if I may make the word, to a family, that they lose all that quiet charm of domesticity that forms the fascination of a home.

Fathers and mothers are worldly, as a matter of course. It comes upon them just like chronic rheumatism, or baldness, or any other infirmity of time and years, but it's hateful to see young people calculating and speculating; planning for this, and plotting for that. You ask, perhaps, "What has this to do with foreign travel?" and I say — "Everything." Your young Lady that has Polka'd at Paris, Galloped up the Rhine, Waltzed at Vienna, and Bolero'd at Madrid, has about as much resemblance to an English or Irish girl, brought up at home, as the show-off horse of a Circus has to a thorough-bred hunter. It's all training and teaching — very graceful, perhaps, and pretty to look at — but only fit for display, and worth nothing without lamps, sawdust, and spectators. Now, these things are not native to us, partly from climate, partly from old habit, prejudice, and natural inclination. We like to have a Home. Our fireside has a kind of religious estimation in our eyes, associated as it is with that family grouping that includes everything from two years and a half to eighty — from the pleasant prattle of infancy to the harmless murmurings of grandpapa. The foreigner — I don't care

of what nation, they are all alike — has no idea of this. His own house to him is only one remove above a prison. He has little light, and less fire; neither comfort nor companionship! For him, life means society, plenty of well-dressed people, handsome salons, wax-lights, movement, bustle, and confusion. The din of five hundred tongues, that only wag for scandal, and the sparkle of eyes, that are only brilliant for wickedness.

These foreigners are really wonderful people, so frivolous about all that is grave or serious, so sober-minded in every folly and absurdity; we never rightly understand them, and that is one reason why all our imitation of them is so ludicrous.

Have you ever seen a fellow in a Circus, Tom, whose feat was to jump from a horse's back through some half-dozen hoops a little bigger than his body? He has kept this performance for his finish, for it is his *chef d'œuvre*, and he wants to "sink in full glory resplendent." Somehow or other, though, he can't summon up pluck for the effort. Now the horse goes wrong leg — now it's the fault of the fellows that hold the hoops — now the pace is not fast enough; in fact, nothing goes right with him, and there he spins round and round, wishing with all his heart it was done and over. I'm pretty much in the same plight this moment, Tom, at least as regard hesitation and indecision; for while I have been rambling on about foreign life and manners, my mind was full of a very different theme; but from downright shame have I kept off it, for I'm tired of recording all our miseries and misfortunes. Here goes, however, for the spring; I can't defer it any longer.

Since I came back, I haven't exchanged ten words with Mrs. D. It is an armed truce between us, and each stands ready, and only waiting for the attack. If, however, I consign to oblivion all remembrance of *her* extravagance, the chance is that she is to keep blind to my infidelity! In a word, the Pic-nic and Mrs. G. H. are to be buried together. Of course the terms of our convention prevented my learning much of the family doings in my absence. Even had I moved for any papers or correspondence on the subject, I should have been met by a flat refusal; and, in fact, I was left, the way poor Curran used to say of himself, to pick up my facts from the opposite counsel's statement. I was not long destined to the bliss of ignorance. Such a hurricane of bills and accounts I never withstood before. James, however, by what arts of flattery I know not, succeeded in getting hold of his mother's Bank-book, and went out, a few evenings ago, and paid everything; and, that we might escape at once from this den of iniquity, went immediately to the Prefecture for our passport. The Commissary was at his Café, whither James followed him, and, somehow or other, an angry discussion got up between them, and they separated, after exchanging something that was not the compliments of the season.

I'm so used to rows and shindies, that I went fast asleep while he was telling me of it; but the following morning I was to have a jog to my memory that I didn't expect — no less than two Gensdarmes, with their carabines on their arms, having arrived to escort me to the "Bureau of the Police." I dressed accordingly, and set out alone; for although James might

have been useful in many ways, I was too much afraid of his rashness and hot temper, to take him. We arrived before the door was open, and spent twenty minutes in the street, surrounded by a mixed assemblage, who commented upon me, and my supposed crime, with great freedom and impartiality.

After another long wait in a dirty ante-room, I was ushered into a large chamber, where the great functionary was seated at a table covered with papers, and at a smaller one, close by, sat what I perceived to be his clerk, or private secretary. Of course I imagined it was for something that James had said the previous evening, that I was thus arraigned, and though I thought it was like reading the passage in the Decalogue backwards, to make the father suffer for the children, I resolved to be patient and submissive throughout.

"Your name?" said the Commissary, bluntly, but never offering me a seat, nor even noticing my "Good morning."

"Dodd," said I, as shortly.

"Christian name?"

"Kenny James."

"Where born?"

"At Bruff, in Ireland."

"How old?"

"Upwards of fifty — not certain for a year, more or less."

"Religion?"

"Catholic."

"Married or single?"

"Married."

"With children — how many?"

"Three — a boy and two girls."

"Do you follow any trade or profession?"

"No."

"Living upon private means?"

"Yes."

These, and a vast number of similar queries — they filled five sheets of long post — followed, touching where we came from, how we had travelled, our object in the journey, and twenty things of the like kind, till I begun to feel that the examination in itself was not a small penalty for a light transgression. At last, after a close scrutiny into all my family matters, my money resources, and my habits, he entered upon another chapter, which I own I thought was pushing the matter rather far, by saying:

"Apparently, Herr Dodd, you are one of those who think that the Monarchies of Europe are obsolete systems of Government, ill suited to the spirit and requirements of the age. Is it not so?"

If I had only a moment's time for reflection, I should have said, "What is it to you how I think on these subjects? I don't belong to your country, and will render no account of my private sentiments to you;" but unfortunately a discussion on politics is always "nuts" to me — I can't resist it — and in I went, with that kind of specious generality, that lays down a broad and wide foundation for any edifice you like afterwards to rear.

"Kings," said I, "are pretty much like other men — good, bad, or indifferent, and, like other men, they are not bettered by being left to the sway of their own unbridled passions and tempers. Wherever,

therefore, there is no Constitution to bind them, the chances are, that they make ducks and drakes of their subjects."

I must tell you, Tom, that we conducted our interview in English, which the Commissary spoke fluently.

"The divine right of Kings, then, you utterly overlook?"

"I deny it — I laugh it to scorn," said I. "Look at the fellows we see on thrones — one is a creature fit for Bedlam; another ought to be in Norfolk Island. If they possessed any of this divine right you talk of, should we have seen them scuttling away as they did the other day, because there was a row in their capitals?"

"That will do — quite enough," said he, stopping me short. "Your sentiments are sufficiently clear and explicit. You are a worthy disciple of your friend Gauss."

"I never heard of him till now," said I.

"Nor of Isaac Henkenstrom? — nor Reichard Blitzler? — nor Johann von Darg?"

"Not one of them."

"This you swear?"

"This I swear," said I, firmly; but the words were not well out, when the door was opened at a signal made by the Commissary, and an old man, with a very white beard, and in shabby black, was led forward.

"Do you know the Herr Professor now?" asked the Commissary of me.

"No," said I, stoutly — "never saw him before."

"Bring in the others," said he; and, to my astonishment, came forward three of the young fellows I had travelled with on foot from Saxony, but whose names I had not heard, or, if heard, had forgotten.

"Are these men known to you?" asked the Prefect, with a sneer.

"Yes," said I; "we travelled in company for some days."

"Ah! you acknowledge them at last?" said he, "although you swore you had never seen them."

"Are you so stupid," said I, "as not to distinguish between a man's knowledge of an individual and his remembrance of a name?"

"You yourself might be a puzzle in that respect," replied he, not heeding my taunt. "You assumed one appellation at Bonn, another at Ems, and your family are living under a third here."

"I deny it!" cried I, indignantly.

"Here's the proof," said he. "Is this your wife's handwriting? 'Mrs. Dodd M'Carthy requests the favour of having two Gensdarmes stationed at the Hotel on each Wednesday evening, to keep order in the line of carriages at her receptions.' Is that authentic?"

What a shell exploded beneath me, as I saw that I was tracked by the spies of the Police from town to village, up the Rhine, and half across Germany. The three youths with whom I was confronted were already condemned to prison. One had a tobacco-bag, with a picture of Blum on it; the other was detected with a case-knife, whose blade exceeded the regulation length by half an inch; and the third was

heard to say, "Germany for ever," as he tossed off a tumbler of beer; and I was the associate and trusted comrade of this combined Socialism and Democracy. It came out, that amongst our fraternity of the road there had been a paid spy of the Police, who kept a regular journal of all our wayside conversation; and from the singularity of an Englishman's presence in such a party, it was inferred that his object was to spread those infamous doctrines by which it is now well known England sustains her position in Europe.

The absurdity I could laugh at, but there were some things in the matter not to be treated lightly. With my name at Ems they had no possible concern. Ems was in Nassau, not Baden. What could have persuaded my wife to call herself Dodd M'Carthy? We were always Dodd; we never had any other name. I couldn't explain this, nor even give it a colouring; but I grew angry, Tom, vexed and irritated by the pestering impertinence of this pumping scoundrel. I said a vast number of things which had been better unsaid. I gave a great deal of good advice, too, about legislation generally, that I might have known would not have been accepted; and, in fact, I was what would be called generally indiscreet; the more, since all my remarks were committed to paper as fast as I made them, the whole being courteously submitted to me for signature, as if I had been purposely making a confession of my political belief.

"Give me my passport," cried I, at last, "and let me quit your little rascally territory of spies and sharpers. I promise you sacredly I'll never put foot in it again."

"Not so fast, my worthy friend," said he. "We must first know under which of your aliases you are to travel; meanwhile, we shall take the liberty of committing you to prison as Herr Dodd!"

"To prison! — for what crime?" cried I, nearly choking with passion.

"You'll hear it all time enough," was the only response, as, ringing his bell, he summoned the Gendarmes, who, advancing one to either side of me, led me away, like a common malefactor.

The Prison is a kind of Bridewell, over a livery-stable, and only meant as a "Station" before being forwarded to the larger establishment at Carlsruhe. I suppose, had they wished it, they could not have accorded me any place of separate confinement; for there was but scanty space, and many occupants. As it was, my lot was to be put in the same cell with two fellows just apprehended for a murder, and who obligingly entered into a full narrative of their crime, believing that *my* revelations would be equally interesting. I lost no time in writing a note to James, and another to our English Chargé d'Affaires, a young Attaché, I believe, of the Legation at Stuttgart.

James and the sucking Diplomatist were both out, so that I had no answer from either till evening. During this interval I had much meditation over the state of politics in Germany, and the probable future of that country, of which I shall take another occasion to tell you.

At six o'clock came the following, enclosed in a very large envelope, and sealed with a very spacious impression of the English Arms:

"The undersigned Attaché of H. B. M.'s Legation at the Court of Stuttgart has the honour to acknowledge receipt of Mr. Kenny J. Dodd's communication of this morning's date, and will lay it under the consideration of H. B. M.'s Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs."

This was pleasant, forsooth! And was I to remain in gaol till the despatch had reached London, a deliberation formed on it, and an answer returned? I was boiling over with rage at this thought, when James entered. He had just been with our illustrious Chargé d'Affaires, who received him with that diplomatic reserve so peculiar amongst the small fry of the Foreign Office. At the same time, James saw a lurking satisfaction in his manner at the thought of having got up a case of international dispute, which might have his name mentioned in the House, and possibly a despatch with his signature printed in a Blue Book. He was dying for an opportunity of distinguishing himself, and Baden offered nothing to his ambition; and all his fear was, that the Authorities might liberate me too soon. James perceived all this — for the lad is not wanting in shrewdness, and this continental life, if it has not bettered his morals, has certainly sharpened his wit; but all his arguments were unavailing, and all his reasonings useless. The despatch was already begun, and it was too good a grievance to let slip unprofitably.

James next called on a friend of his, a certain Mr. Milo Blake O'Dwyer, who is the correspondent of a great London paper called the SLEDGE HAMMER OF FREEDOM; but instead of advice and guidance, the worthy newsgatherer was taking down all the particu-

lars for a grand letter to his journal; and he, too, it was plain to see, wished that some outrageous treatment of me by the Authorities would make his communication the great event of that day's post in London. "I wish they'd put him in irons — in heavy irons," said he. "Are you sure that his cell is not eight feet below the surface of the earth? Be particular, I beg of you, about the depth. You saw how Gladstone destroyed that elegant case of Poerio, all for want of a little accuracy in his measurements; for, I must observe to you, in all our 'correspondence,' names, dates, and distances, require to be true as the Bible. Facts admit of varnishing. They can be always stretched a little, this way or that. Now, for instance, we'll call the conduct of the Authorities in this case brutal, cowardly, and disgraceful. We'll appeal to the universally acknowledged right of Englishmen to do everything everywhere, and we'll wind up with a grand peroration about Despotism and the glorious privileges of the British Constitution."

The fellow chuckled over my case with unfeigned satisfaction. He wouldn't listen to the real, plain facts of the matter at all. They were poor, meagre, and insignificant in themselves, till they had acquired the touch of genius to illustrate them; and though I was a gem, as he owned, yet, like the Koo-i-noor, I was nothing, without cutting. He appears, besides, to think that he has a kind of vested interest in me, now that my case is to figure in his newspaper, and he contradicts my own statements flatly, wherever they don't suit him.

I have just despatched James to assure him that I don't care a rush about the sympathy of the whole

British public; that I have no taste for Martyrdom; and that, as to expending any hopes in redress from our Foreign Office, I'd as soon make an investment in Poyais Scrip, or Irish Canal Debentures. I trust that he will be induced to leave me alone, and neither make me matter for the Press nor a speech in Parliament.

These reporters, or correspondents, or whatever they call them, are, in my mind, the greatest disturbers of the Peace of Europe. The moment they assert anything, they set about looking for proofs of it; and they don't know how to praise themselves enough, whenever they are driven to confess that they were in the wrong; and then, if you mind, Tom, it is not to the Public they excuse themselves — not a bit of it; it's the King of Naples, or the Emperor of Russia, or the Bey of Tiflis, that "they sincerely hope will not be offended by statements made after mature reflection and painful consideration of the topic." They throw out sly hints of all the Royal attentions that have been bestowed upon them, and the intimate habits they have enjoyed of confidence with the Queen of this, and the Crown Prince of that. Vulgar rascallions! they have never seen more of Royalty than what a Church or an Opera admits; and though Majesty now and then may feel the sting, take my word for it, he never notices the mosquito.

If you, then, see me in print — and be on the look out — just write a letter in my name from Dodsborough, to say that I am well and hearty on my paternal acres, and know nothing of Politics, Police, or Reporters, and would rather the Government would

reduce the County Cess than persecute every Grand Duke in Europe.

I will write again to-morrow. Yours ever,
K. I. DODD.

LETTER XII.

Kenny James Dodd to Thomas Purcell, Esq., of the Grange, Bruff.

“The Fox.”

MY DEAR TOM,

HOWEVER Morris managed it I know not, but an order came for my liberation that same evening, with the assurance that my passport was to be made out for wherever I pleased to name, and the Prefect was to express to me his regrets and apologies for an inadvertence which he deeply deplored.

It seemed that, but for diplomacy, I'd not have been detained half an hour; but our worthy representative of Great Britain had asked for copies of all the charges against me, so formally, had requested the names, ages, and station in life of the several witnesses, so circumstantially, and had, in fact, imparted such a mock importance to a Police impertinence, that the Grand Ducal authorities began to suspect that they had caught a first-rate revolutionist, with a whole trunk full of Kossuth and Mazzini correspondence. This comes of setting school-boys to write despatches! The greedy appetite for notoriety — to be up and doing — to be before the world in some public capacity — of these juveniles, brings England into more trouble, and Englishmen into more embarrassment, than you could believe. If they'd be satisfied with recording Royal dinner-parties and Court scandal — who got the Order

of the Guinea-pig, and who is to receive the "Tortoise," they couldn't do much harm; but the moment they get hold of an international grievance, and quote Puffendorf, we have no peace on the Continent for six months after.

"You wish to leave Baden," said Morris; "where will you go?"

"I have not the slightest notion," said I. "I'm waiting for letters from Ireland — yours, my dear Tom, the chief of them — and therefore it must be somewhere in the vicinity."

"Go over to Rastadt, then," said he, "and amuse yourself with the fortifications: they are now in course of construction, and when completed will be some of the strongest in Europe. I'll give you a letter to the Commandant, who will show all that can interest you, and explain everything that you may wish to know." Rastadt is only twenty miles away; it is, however, in all that regards intercourse with Baden, fully two hundred distant. It is cheap, rarely visited by strangers, has no "fashionables," and, in fact, just the kind of model prison residence that I was wishing for to discipline the family, and get them once more "in hand."

Thither, therefore, we remove to-morrow morning, if nothing unforeseen should occur in the interim. Morris, as you may observe, behaved most kindly in this affair; and, indeed, showed a strong interest in James, from certain remarks the boy himself has let drop; but he seems cold, Tom; one of those excellent fellows that are always doing the right thing for its own sake, and not for yours. I don't want to disparage principle, no more than I do a great balance

at Coutts's, or anything else that I don't possess myself; but I mean to say that, somehow or other, one likes to feel that it is to yourself, as an individual — to your own proper identity — a service is rendered, and not to a mere fraction of that great biped race that wear cloth clothes and eat cooked victuals.

That's the way with the English, however, all over the globe, and I have often felt more grateful to an Irishman for helping me on with my surtout, than I have to John Bull for a real downright piece of service. I suppose the fault is more mine than his; but the fact is true, and so I give it to you. I suppose, besides, that an impartial observer of both of us would say, that we make too much of every favour, and the Englishman too little; we exact all the obligation of a debt for it, they treat the whole thing lightly, as if the service rendered, and those to whom it was done, were not worthy of further consideration. However we strike the balance between us, Tom — in our favour or against us — I own to you, I like our own way best; and though nothing could be more truly kind and considerate than Morris, it was quite a relief to me when he gave me his cold shake hands, and said "Good-by!"

And so will it ever be, so long as human actions are swayed by human emotions. The man who recognises your feelings — who regards you with some touch of sympathy — is more your friend than the benevolent machine who bestowed upon you his mechanical philanthropy.

"The Golden Ox," Rastadt.

We left Lichtenthal like a thief in the night; and here we are now in the Golden Ox at Rastadt, which, I own to you, seems a most comfortable house. James

and I — for we are now *two* parties domestically, Mrs. D. and Mary Anne living very much to themselves, and Cary still on a visit with Morris's mother — had a most excellent breakfast of fresh trout, a roast partridge, a venison steak with capers — a capital dish — and chocolate, with abundance of good white wine of the place, and on calling for the bill, out of curiosity, I see we are charged something under a florin for two of us — about tenpence each. Tom, this will do. You may therefore look upon me as a citizen of Rastadt for the next month to come. I have kept my letter by me hitherto, to give you a bulletin of this place before closing it, and I have still some short time at my disposal before the post leaves.

I'm not sure though I'd exactly recommend this town to a patient labouring under nervous headaches, or to a university man reading for honours. Indeed, up to this — I suppose I'll get used to it later on — the din has so addled me, that I have often to stand two minutes reflecting over what I had to say, and then own that I have forgotten it. We are — that is, the Ox is — in the quietest spot in the town, and yet close under my bedroom there are, from early morning till dusk, twelve drummers at practice, with a head drummer to teach them. In the green, before the door, two companies of recruits are at drill. The foot artillery limbers and unlimbers all day in the "Platz" close by, and what should be our garden is a riding-school for the cadets. These several educational establishments have their peculiar tumult, which accompany me through my sleep; and for all the requirements of quiet and reflection, I might as well have taken up my abode in a kettle-drum. Liege was a Trappist

Monastery in comparison! As it is, the routine tramp of feet has made me conform to the step, and I march "quick" or "orderly," exactly as the fellows are doing it outside. I swallow my soup to the sound of a trumpet, and take off my clothes to the roll of the drum. James is in ecstasy with it all; I never saw him enjoy himself so much. He is out looking at them the entire day, and I'm greatly mistaken but Mary Anne passes a large portion of her time at the green "jalousie" that opens over the riding-school.

I am always asking myself — that is, whenever I can summon composure even for so much — what do the Germans want with all these soldiers? Surely they're not going to invade France, nor Russia; and yet their armies are maintained in a strength that might imply it! As to any occasion for them at home in their own land, its downright balderdash to talk of it! Do you know, Tom, that whenever I think of Germany and her rulers, I am strongly reminded of poor old Doctor Drake, that lived at Dronestown, and the flea-bitten mare he used to drive in his gig. She was forty if she was an hour; she was quiet and docile from the day she was foaled: all the whipping in the world couldn't shake her into five miles an hour, and yet the Doctor had her surrounded with every precaution and appliance that would have suited a regular runaway. There were safety-reins, and kicking-straps, and double traces without end — and all to restrain a poor old beast that only wanted to be let alone, and drag out her tiresome existence in the jog-trot she was used to! "Ah, you don't know her as well as I do," Drake would say; "she's a devil at heart, and if she didn't feel it was useless to resist, she'd smash every-

thing behind her. She looks quiet enough, but *that* doesn't impose upon *me*." These were the kind of reflections he indulged in, and I suppose they are about the same in use in the Cabinets of Austria, Prussia, and Bavaria. I was often malicious enough for a half wish that Drake should have a spicy devil in the shafts, just for once, to show him a trick or two; and in the same spirit, Tom, I cannot help saying, that I'd like to see John Bull "put to" in this fashion! Wouldn't he kick up — wouldn't he soon knock the whole concern to atoms! Ah, Tom, it's all alike, believe me; and whether you have to drive a Nag or a Nation, take my word for it, the kicking-straps are only efficacious when the beast hasn't a kick in him! At all events, such are not the popular notions here, and on they go building fortresses, strengthening garrisons, and reinforcing army corps, till at last the military will be more numerous than the nation, and every prisoner will have two gaolers to restrain him. "Who is to pay?" becomes the question; but indeed that is the very question that puzzles me now. Who pays for all this at present? Is it possible that a people will suffer itself to be taxed that it may be bullied? I'm unable to continue this theme, for there go the drums again — there are forty of them at it now! What's in the wind I can't guess. Oh, here's the explanation. It is the Herr Commandant — be sure you accent the last syllable — is come to pay me a visit, and the Guard has turned out to drum him up-stairs!

Four o'clock.

He is gone at last — I thought he never would — and I have only time to say that he has appointed to-

morrow after breakfast to show me the Fortress, and as I am too late for the post, I'll be able to add a line or two before this leaves me. Mary Anne has come to say that her Mother's head is distracted, and that she cannot endure the uproar of the place. My reply is: "Mine is exactly in the same way; but I can't go any farther — I've no money."

Mrs. D. "thinks she'll go mad!" If she means it in earnest, this is as cheap a place to do it in, as any I know. We are only to pay two pounds a week each, and I suppose whether we preserve our senses or not, makes no difference in the expense! This would sound very unfeelingly, Tom, but that you are well aware of Mrs. D.'s system, and that she gives notice of a motion without any intention of going to a debate, much less of pressing for a "division." Mary Anne is very urgent that I should see her Mother, but I am not quite equal to it yet. Maybe after visiting the Fortress to-morrow I'll be in a more martial mood; and now here's dinner, and a most savoury odour preludes it.

Tuesday.

This must go as it is, Tom — I'm dead beat! That old Veteran wouldn't let me off a casemate, nor a bomb-proof, and I have walked twenty miles this blessed morning! Nor is that all, but I have handled shot, lifted cannon-balls, adjusted mortars, and peeped out of embrasures, till my back is half broken with straining and fatigue. Just to judge from what I'm suffering, a siege must be a dreadful thing! He says he showed me everything; and, upon my conscience, I can well believe it! There was a great deal of it, too, that I saw in the dark, for there was no end of

galleries without a single loophole, and many of the passages seemed only four feet high; for, though a short man, I had to stoop! I ought to have a great deal to say about this place, if I could remember it, or if I could be sure it would interest you. It appears that Rastadt is built upon an entirely new principle, quite distinct from any hitherto in use. It must be attacked *en ricochet*, and not directly; a hint, I suppose, they stole from our common law, where they fire into *you*, by pretending to assail John Doe or Richard Roe. The Commandant sneered at the old system, but I'd rather trust myself in Gibraltar, notwithstanding all he said! It stands to reason, Tom, that if you are up in a window, you have a great advantage over a fellow down in the street. Now all these modern fortresses are what is called "*à fleur d'eau*," quite level, and not raised in the least over the attacking force! Put me up high, say I; if on a parapet, so much the better; and besides, Tom, nothing gives a man such coolness as to know that he is all as one as out of danger! Of course, I didn't make this remark to the Commandant, because in talking with military people it is good tact always to assume that being shot at is rather pleasant than otherwise; and so I have observed that they themselves generally make use of some jocular phrase or other to express being killed or wounded! "He was knocked over," "He got an ugly poke," being the more popular mode of recording what finished a man's existence, or made the remainder of it miserable!

Soldiering has always struck me as an insupportable line of life. I have no objection in the world to fight the man that has injured *me*, nor to give satis-

faction where I have been the offender! But to go patiently to work to learn how to destroy somebody that I never saw and never heard of, *does* seem absurd and unchristianlike altogether. You say, "He is the enemy of my country, and consequently mine." Let me see that; let me be sure of it. If he invades us, I know that he is an enemy; but if he is only occupied about his own affairs — if he is simply hunting out a nest of old squatters that he is tired of — if he is merely changing the sign of his house, and instead of the "Lily" prefers to live under the "Cock," or, maybe, "the Drone-bee," what have I to say to that? So long as he stays at home, and only "gets drunk on the premises," I have no right to meddle with him. It's all very well to say that nobody likes to have a disorderly house in his neighbourhood. Very true; but you oughtn't to go in and murder the residents to keep them quiet! — There's the mail gone by, and I have forgotten to send this off! It's a wonderful thing how living in Germany makes a man long-winded and tiresome. It must be the air, at least with me, or the cookery, for I am perfectly innocent of the language. The "mysterious gutturals," as Macaulay call them, will ever be mysteries to *me*! At all events, to prevent further indiscretions, I'll close this and seal it now. And so, with my sincere regards, believe me, dear Tom, ever yours,

KENNY I. DODD.

Address me "Golden Ox" — I mean at the sign of — Rastadt, for you're sure of finding me here for the next four weeks, at least.

LETTER XIII.

Mary Anne Dodd to Miss Doolan, of Ballydoolan.

“The Golden Ox,” Rastadt.

MY DEAREST KITTY,

I HAVE only time for a few and very hurried lines, written with trembling fingers and a heart audible in its palpitations! Yes, dearest, an eventful moment has arrived — the dread instant has come, on which my whole future destiny must depend. It was last night, just as I was making Papa’s tea, that a servant arrived on horseback at the Inn with a letter addressed to the Right Honourable and Reverend the Lord Dodd de Dodsborough. This, of course, could only mean Papa, and so he opened and read it, for it was in English, dearest, or at least in imitation of that language.

I refrain from quoting the precise expressions, lest in circumstances so serious a smile of passing levity should cross those dear features, now all tension with anxiety for your own Mary Anne. The letter was from Adolf von Wolfenschäfer, making me an offer of his hand, title, and fortune! I swooned away when I heard it, and only recovered to hear Papa still spelling out the strange phraseology of the letter.

I wish he had not written in English, Kitty. It is provoking that an event so naturally serious in itself should be alloyed with the dross of grammatical absurdities; besides that, really, our tongue does not lend itself to those delicate and half-vanishing allusions to future bliss so germane to such a proposal. Papa, and James, too, I must say, evinced a want of regard to my feelings, and an absence of that fine sympathy which I should have looked for at a mo-

ment like this. They actually screamed with laughter, Kitty, at little lapses of orthography, when the subject might reasonably have imposed far different emotions.

"Why, it's a proposal of marriage!" exclaimed Papa, "and I thought it a summons from the Police."

"Egad, so it is," cried James. "It's an offer to you, Mary Anne. 'The Baron Adolf von Wolfenschäfer, Freiherr von Schweinbraten and Ritter of the Order of the Cock of Tubingen, maketh hereby, and not the less, that with future-coming-time-to-be-proved-and-experienced affection; the profound humility of an offer of himself, with all his to be named and enumerated belongings, both in effects and majorats, to the lovely and very beautiful Miss, the first daughter of the Venerable and very Honourable the Lord Dodd de Dodsborough.'"

"Pray stop, James," said I; "this is scarcely a fitting matter for coarse jesting, nor is my heart to be made the theme for indelicate banter."

"This letter is a gem," said he, and went on: "The so-named A. von W., overflowing with a mild but in-heaven-soaring and never-to-earth-descending love, expecteth, in all the pendulating anxieties of a never-at-any-moment-to-be-distrusted devotion —"

"Papa, I really beg and request that I may not be trifled with in this unfeeling manner. The Baron's intentions are sufficiently clear and explicit, nor are we now engaged in the work of correcting his English epistolary style."

This I said haughtily, Kitty; and Mister James at last thought proper to recover some respect for my feelings.

"Why, I never suspected you could take the thing seriously, dear Mary Anne," said he. "If I only thought —"

"And pray, why not, James? I'm sure the Baron's ancient birth — his rank, his fortune — his position, in fact —"

"Of all of which we know nothing," broke in Papa.

"But of which you may know everything," said I; "for here, at the postscript, is an invitation to us all to pass some weeks at the Schloss, in the Black Forest, his ancestral seat."

"Or, as he styles it," broke in James, impertinently, "'the very old castle, where for numerous centuries his high-blooded and on-lofty-eminence-standing ancestors did sit,' and where now 'his with-years-bestricken but not-the-less-on-that-account-sharp-with-intelligence-begifted parent Father do reside.'"

"Read that again, James," said Papa.

"Pray allow me, Sir," said I, taking the letter. "The invitation is a most hospitable request that we should go and pass some time at his Château, and name the earliest day our convenience will permit for the visit."

"He spoke of capital shooting there!" cried James. "He told me that the Auer-Hahn, a kind of black cock, abounds in that country."

"And I remember, too, that he mentioned some wonderful Steinberger — a cabinet wine, full two hundred years in wood!" chimed in Papa.

I wished, dearest Kitty, that they could have entertained the subject-matter of the letter without these "contingent remainders," and not mixed up my future fate with either wine or wild fowl; but they really

were so carried away by the pleasures so peculiarly adapted to their own feelings, that they at once said, and in a breath, too, "Write him word 'Yes,' by all means!"

"Do you mean for his offer of marriage, Papa?" asked I, with struggling indignation.

"By George, I had forgotten all about that," said he. "We must deliberate a bit. Your Mother, too, will expect to be consulted. Take the letter up-stairs to her; or, better still, just say that I want to speak to her myself."

As Papa and Mamma had not met, nor spoken together, since his return, I willingly embraced this opportunity of restoring them to intercourse with each other.

"Don't go away, Mary Anne," said James, as I was about to seek my own room, for I dreaded being left alone, and exposed to his unfeeling banter; "I want to speak to you." This he said with a tone of kindness and interest which at once decided me to remain. He wore a look of seriousness, Kitty, that I have seldom, if ever, seen in his features, and spoke in a tone that, to my ears, was new from him.

"Let me be your friend, Mary Anne," said he, "and the better to be so, let me talk to you in all frankness and sincerity. If I say one single word that can hurt your feelings, put it down to the true account — that I'd rather do even such than suffer you to take the most eventful step in all life without weighing every consequence of it. Answer me, then, two or three questions that I shall ask you, but as truly and unreservedly as though you were at confession."

I sat down beside him, and with my hand in his.

"Now, first of all, Mary Anne," said he, "do you love this Baron von Wolfenschäfer?"

Who ever could answer such a question in one word, Kitty? How seldom does it occur in life that all the circumstances of any man's position respond to the ambitious imaginings of a girl's heart! He may be handsome, and yet poor; he may be rich, and yet low born; intellectual, and yet his great gifts may be alloyed with infirmities of temper; he may be coldly-natured, secret, self-contained, uncommunicative — a hundred things that one does not like — and yet, with all these drawbacks, what the world calls an "excellent match."

I believe very few people marry the person they wish to marry. I fancy that such instances are the rarest things imaginable. It is a question of compensation throughout — you accept this, notwithstanding that — you put up with *that*, for the sake of this! Of course dearest, I am rejecting here all belief in the "greatest happiness principle" as a stupid fallacy, that only imposes upon elderly gentlemen when they marry their housekeeper. I speak of the considerations which weigh with a young girl who has moved in society, who knows its requirements, and can estimate all that contributes to what is called a "position."

This little digression of mine will give you to understand what was passing in my mind as James sat waiting for my reply.

"So then," said he, at last, "the question is not so easily answered as I suspected; and we will now pass to another one. Are your affections already engaged elsewhere?"

What could I say, Kitty, but "No! decidedly not." The embarrassment, however, so natural to an inquiry like this, made me blush and seem confused, and James, perceiving it, said:

"Poor fellow, it will be a sad blow to *him*, for I know he loved you."

I tried to look astonished, angry, unconscious — anything, in fact, which should convey displeasure and surprise together; but with that want of tact so essentially fraternal, he went on:

"It was almost the last thing he said to me at parting, 'Don't let her forget me!'"

"May I venture to inquire," said I, haughtily, "of whom you are speaking?"

Simple and inoffensive as the words were, Kitty, they threw him into an ungovernable passion; he stamped and stormed, and swore fearfully. He called me "a heartless Coquette," "an unfeeling Flirt," and a variety of epithets equally mellifluous and well merited.

I drew my embroidery-frame before me quite calmly under this torrent of abuse, and worked away at my pattern of the "Faithful Shepherd," singing to myself all the time.

"Are you really as devoid of feeling as this, Mary Anne?" asked he.

"My dear brother," said I, "don't you wish excessively for a commission in a regiment of Hussars or Lancers? Well, as your great merits have not been recognised at the Horse Guards, would you feel justified in refusing an appointment to the Rifle Brigade?"

"What has all this to say to what we are discussing?" cried he, angrily.

"Just everything," replied I; "but as you cannot make the application, you must excuse *me* if I decline the task also."

"And so you mean to be a Baroness?" said he, rudely.

I curtsied profoundly to him, and he flung out of the room with a bang that nearly brought the door down. In a moment after, Mamma was in my arms, overcome with tenderness and emotion.

"I have carried the day, my dearest child," said she. "We are to accept the invitation, at all events, and we set out to-morrow."

I have no time for more, Kitty, for all our preparations for departure have yet to be made. What fate awaits me I know not, nor can I even fancy what may be the future of your ever attached and devoted friend,

MARY ANNE DODD.

LETTER XIV.

Mrs. Dodd to Mrs. Mary Gallagher, Dodsborough.

"Schloss, Wolfenfels."

MY DEAR MOLLY,

It is only since we came to the elegant place, the hard name of which I have written at the top of this letter, that my feelings have subsided into the calm seriousness adapted to epistolary correspondence. From the day that K. I. returned, my life has been like the parallax of a fever! The man was never possessed of any refined or exalted sentiments; but the woman, this Mrs. G. H. — I couldn't write the name in full if you were to give me twenty pounds for it — made him far worse with self-conceit and vanity. If you knew

the way my time is passed, "taking it out of him," Molly, showing him how ridiculous he is, and why everybody is laughing at him, you'd pity me. As to gratitude, my dear, he hasn't a notion of it; and he feels no more thankful to me for what I've gone through, than if I was indulging him in all his nefarious propensities. It is a weary task; and the only wonder is how I'm able to go on with it.

"Haven't you done yet, Mrs. D.?" said he, the other morning. "Don't you think that you might grant me a little peace, now?"

"I wish to the Saints I had," said I; "it's bringing me to the grave, it is; but I have a duty to perform, and as long as my tongue can wag, I'll do it! When I'm gone, K. I.," said I — "when I'm gone, you'll not have to say, 'It was her fault — it was all her doing. Jemima never said this — she never told me that.'" I vow and declare to you here, Molly, that there isn't a thing a Woman could say to a Man, that I haven't said to him; and as I remarked yesterday, "If I haven't taken the self-conceit out of you, now, it is because it's grained in your nature" — I believe, indeed, I said, "in your filthy nature."

When we left Baden, we came to a place called Rastadt, a great fortification that they're making, as they tell me, to defend the Rhine; but, between ourselves, it's as far from the river as our house at Dodsborough is from Kelly's Mills. There, we stopped three weeks — I believe in the confident hope of K. I. that I couldn't survive the uproarious tumult. They were drilling, or training horses, or firing guns, or flogging recruits under our windows, from sunrise to sunset, and although at first the novelty was amusing,

you grew at last so tormented and teased with the noise, that your very brain ached from it.

"I wonder," said I, one night, "that you never thought of taking furnished apartments in Barrack-street! It ought to be to your taste."

"It's not unlikely, Ma'am, that I may end my days in that neighbourhood," said he, tartly, "for I believe it's very convenient to the Sheriff's prison."

"I was alluding to your military tastes," said I. "One might suppose you were meant for a great General."

"I might have claim to the character, Ma'am," said he, "if being always under fire signified anything — always exposed to attack."

"Oh, but," said I, you forget; "she has retired her forces" — I meant Mrs. G., Molly — "she took pity on your poor unprotected situation!"

"Look now, Mrs. D.," said he, with a blow of his fist on the table, "if there's another word — one syllable more on this matter, may I never sign my name K. I. again, if I don't walk you back, every one of you, to Dodsborough. It was an evil hour that saw us leave it, but it won't be a joyous one that brings us back again."

When he grows so brutal as that, Molly, I never utter a word. 'T isn't to-day nor yesterday that I learned to be a martyr; so that all I did was to wait a minute or two, and then go off in strong hysterics; and, indeed, I don't know anything that provokes him more.

I give you this as a slight sample of the way we lived, with occasional diversions on the subject of expense, the extravagance of James, his idleness, and

so forth; pleasant topics, and amusing for a family circle. Indeed, Molly, I'm ashamed to own that my natural spirit was beginning to break down under it. I felt that all the blood of the M'Carthys was weak to resist such inhuman cruelty; and whether it was the climate, or what, I don't know, but crying didn't give me the same relief it used. I suppose the fact is, that one exhausts the natural resources of their constitution; but I think I'm not so old but that a good hearty cry ought to be a comfort to me."

This is how affairs was, when, about a week ago, came a servant on horseback with a letter for K. I. I was sitting up at my window, with the blinds down, when I saw the man get off and enter the Inn, and the first thought that struck me was, that it was Mrs. G. herself sent him. "I've caught you," says I to myself; and throwing on my dressing-gown I slipped down stairs. It was K. I. and James were together talking, so I just waited a second at the door to listen. "If I had a voice in the family" — it was K. I. said this — "if I had a voice in the family," said he, "I'd refuse. These kind of things always turn out ill — people calculate so much upon affection; but the truth is, marrying for love is like buying a pair of russia-duck trousers to wear through the year. They'll do beautifully in summer, and even an odd day in the autumn; but in the cold and rainy season they'll be downright ridiculous."

"Still," said James, "the offer sounds like a great one."

"All glitter, maybe. I distrust them all, James. At any rate, say nothing about it to your Mother till I think it over a bit."

"And why not say anything to his Mother?" says I, bouncing into the room. "Am I nobody in the family?"

"Bedad you are!" said K. I., with a heavy sigh.

"Haven't I an opinion of my own — eh?"

"That you have!" said he.

"And don't I stand to it, too — eh, Kenny James?"

"Your worst enemy couldn't deny it!" said he, shaking his head.

"Then what's all this about?" said I, snatching the letter out of his hands. But though I tried with my double eye-glass, Molly, it was no use, for the writing was in a German hand, not to say anything of the language.

"Well, Ma'am," said K. I., with a grin, "I hope the contents are pleasing to you?" And before I could fly out at him, James broke in: "It's a proposal for Mary Anne, Mother. The young Baron that we met at Bonn makes her an offer of his hand and fortune, and invites us all to his castle in the Black Forest, as a preliminary step."

"Isn't that to your taste, Mrs. D.?" said K. I., with another grin. "High connexion — nobility — great family — eh?"

"I don't think," said I, "that, considering the step I took myself in life, anybody can reproach me with prejudices of that kind." The step I took! Molly, I said the words with a sneer that made him purple.

"What's his fortune, James?" said I.

"Heaven knows! but he must have a stunning income. This Castle of Wolfenfels is in all the print-

shops of the town. It's a thing as large as Windsor, and surrounded by miles of forest."

"My poor child," said I, "I always knew where you'd be at last; and it's only two nights ago I had a dream of taking grease out of my yellow satin. I thought I was rubbing and scrubbing at it with all my might."

"And what did that portend, Ma'am?" said K. I., with his usual sneer.

"Can't you guess?" said I. "Mightn't it mean an effort to get rid of the stain of a low connexion?" Wasn't that a home thrust, Molly? Faith, he felt it so!

"Mrs. D.," said he, gravely, and as if after profound thought, "this is a question of our child's happiness for life-long, and if we are to discuss it at all, let it be without any admixture of attack or recrimination."

"Who began it?" said I.

"You did, my dear," said he.

"I didn't," said I; "and I'm not, 'your dear.' Oh, you needn't sigh that way; your case isn't half so bad as you think it, but, like all men, you fancy yourself cruelly treated whenever the slightest bar is placed to your bad passions. You argue as if wickedness was good for your constitution."

"Have you done?" said he.

"Not yet," said I, taking a chair in front of him.

"When you have, then," said he, "call me, for I'll go out and sit on the stairs." But I put my back to the door, Molly, so that he had nothing for it but to resume his seat. "Let us move the order of the day, Mrs. D.," said he. "This business of Mary Anne.

My opinion of it is told in few words. These mixed marriages seldom succeed. Even with long previous intimacy, suitable fortune, and equality of station, there is that in a difference of nationality that opens a hundred discrepancies in taste — feeling —”

“Bother!” said I, “we have just as much when we come from the same stock.”

“Sometimes,” said he, sighing.

“Here’s what he says, Mother,” said James, and read out the letter, which I am bound to say, Molly, was a curiosity in its way, for though it had such a strange look, it turned out to be in English, or at least what the Baron thought was such. Happily there was no mistaking the meaning; and as I said to K. I., “At least there’s one thing in the Baron’s favour — there’s neither deceit nor subterfuge about him. He makes his proposal like a man!” And let me tell you, Molly, we live in an age when even that same is a virtue; for really, with the liberties that’s allowed, and the way girls goes on, there’s no saying what intentions men have at all!

Some Mothers make a point of never seeing anything; but that may be carried too far, particularly abroad, my dear. Others are for always being dragons, but that is sure to scare off the men; and as I say, what’s the use of birdlime if you’re always shouting and screaming!

My notion is, Molly, that a moderate degree of what the French call “surveillance” is the right thing — a manner that seems to say: “I’m looking at you; I’m not against innocent enjoyments, and so forth, but I won’t stand any nonsense, nor falling in love.” Many’s the time the right man is scared away by a

new flirtation, that meant nothing: "She's too gay for *me* — she has a look in her eye, or a toss of the head, or a — Heaven knows — I don't like."

"Does she care for him?" said K. I. "Does Mary Anne care for him? — that's the question."

"Of course she does," said I. "If a girl's affections are not engaged in some other quarter, she always cares for the man that proposes for her. Isn't he a good match?"

"He as much as says so himself."

"And a Baron?"

"Yes."

"And has an elegant place, with a park of miles round it?"

"So he says."

"Well, then, I'm sure I see nothing to prevent her being attached to him."

"At all events, let us speak to her," said he; and sent James up-stairs to fetch her down.

Short as the time was that he was away, it was enough for K. I. to get into one of his passions, just because I gave him the friendly caution that he ought to be delicate and guarded in the way he mentioned the matter to Mary Anne.

"Isn't she my daughter?" said he, with a stamp of his foot; and just for that, Molly, I wouldn't give him the satisfaction to say she is.

"I ask you," cried he again, "isn't she my daughter?"

Not a syllable would I answer him.

"Well, maybe she isn't," said he; "but my authority over her is all the same."

"Oh, you can be as cruel and tyrannical as you please," said I.

"Look now, Mrs. D. —," said he; but, fortunately, Molly, just at that moment James and his sister came in, and he stopped suddenly.

"Oh, dearest Papa," cried Mary Anne, falling at his feet, and hiding her face in her hands, "how can I leave you, and dear, dear Mamma."

"That's what we are going to talk over, my dear," said he, quite drily, and taking a pinch of snuff.

"Your Father is never overpowered by his commotions, my love," said I.

"To forsake my happy home!" sobbed Mary Anne, as if her heart was breaking. "Oh, what an agony to think of."

"To be sure it is," said K. I., in the same hard, husky voice; "but it's what we see done every day. Ask your Mother —"

"Don't ask me to justify it," said I. "*My* experiences go all the other way!"

"At any rate you ventured on the experiment," said he, with a grin.

Then, turning to Mary Anne, he went on:

"I see that James has informed you on this affair, and it only remains for me now to ask you what your own sentiments are —"

"Oh, my poor heart!" said she, pressing her hand to her side, "how can I divide its allegiance?"

"Don't try that, at all events," said he, "for though I never thought him a suitable match for you, my dear, if you really do feel an attachment to Peter Belton —"

"Of course I do not, Papa."

"Of course she does not — never did — never could," said I.

"So much the better," said he; "and now for this Baron von — I never can remember his name — do you think you could be happy with him? Or do you know enough of his temper, tastes, and disposition to answer that question?"

"I'm sure he is a most amiable person; he is exceedingly clever and accomplished —"

"I don't care a brass bodkin for all that," broke in K. I. "A man may be as wise as the bench of Bishops, and be a bad husband."

"Let *me* talk to Mary Anne," said I. It's only a female heart Molly, understands these cases; for men discuss them as if they were matters of reason! and with that I marched her off with me to my own room.

I needn't tell you all I said, nor what she replied to me; but this much I will say, a more sensible girl I never saw. She took in the whole of our situation at once. She perceived that there was no saying how long K. I. might be induced to remain abroad; it might be, perhaps, to-morrow, or next day, that he'd decide to go back to Ireland. What a position we'd be in, then! "I don't doubt," says she, "but if time were allowed me, I could do better than this. With the knowledge I have now of life, I feel very confident; but if we are to be marched off before the campaign begins, Mamma, how are we to win our laurels?" Them's her words, Molly, and they express her meaning beautifully.

We agreed at last that the best thing was to accept the invitation to the Castle, and when we saw

the place, and the way of living, we could then decide on the offer of marriage.

If I could only repeat to you the remarks Mary Anne made about this, you'd see what a girl she was, and what a wonderful degree of intelligence she possesses. Even on the point that K. I. himself raised a doubt — the difference of nationality and language — she summed up the whole question in a few words. Her observation was, that this very circumstance was rather an advantage than otherwise, "as offering a barrier against that over-intimacy and over-familiarity that is the bane of married life."

"The fact is, Mamma," said she, "people do not conform to each other. They make a show of doing so, and they become hypocrites — great or little ones, as their talents decide for them — but their real characters remain at bottom unchanged. Now, married to a foreigner, a woman need not even affect to assume his tastes and habits. She may always follow her own, and set them down, whatever they be, to the score of her peculiar nationality."

She is really, Molly, an astonishing girl, and in all that regards life and knowledge of mankind, I never met her equal. As to Caroline, she never could have made such a remark. The advantages of the Continent are clean thrown away on her; she knows no more of the world than the day we left Dodsborough. Indeed, I sometimes half regret that we didn't leave her behind with the Doolans; for I observe, that whenever foreign travel fails in inculcating new refinement and genteel notions, that it is sure to strengthen all old prejudices, and suggest a most absurd attachment to one's own country; and when that

happens to be Ireland, Molly, I need scarcely say how injurious the tendency is! It's very dreadful, my dear, but it's equally true, whenever anything is out of fashion, in bad taste, vulgar, or common, you're sure to hear it called Irish, though, maybe, it never crossed the Channel; and out of self-defence one is obliged to adopt the custom.

On one point Mary Anne and myself were both agreed. It is next to impossible for any one but a Banker's daughter, or in the Ballet, to get a husband in the Peerage at home. The nobility, with us, are either very cunning or very foolish. As to the gentry class, they never think of them at all. The consequence is, that a girl who wishes for a title must take a foreigner. Now, Molly, German nobility is mightily like German silver — it has only a look of the real article; but, if you can't afford the right thing, it is better than the vulgar metal!

Mary Anne has declared, over and over again, that nothing would induce her to be Mrs. Anybody. As she says, "Your whole life is passed in a struggle, if not heralded by a designation, even though it only be 'Madame.'" And sure nobody knows this better than I do. Hasn't the odious name weighed me down for years past?

"Take him, then, my dear child," said I — "take him, then, and may you have luck in your choice! It will be a consolation to me, in all my troubles and trials, to know that one of my girls at least sustains the honour of her mother's family. You'll be a Baroness at all events."

She pressed my hand affectionately, Molly, but said nothing. I saw that the poor dear child wasn't doing

it all, without some sacrifice or other; but I was too prudent to ask questions. There's nothing, in my opinion, does such mischief as the system of probing and poking into wounds of the affections; it's the sure way to keep them open, and prevent their healing; so that I kept on, never-minding, and only talked of "the Baron."

"It will kill the Davises," said she, at last; "they'll die of spite when they hear it."

"That they will," said I; "and they'll deny it to all the neighbours, till it's copied into the country papers out of the *Morning Post*. What will become of all their sneering remarks about going abroad now, I wonder! Faith, my dear, you might live long enough at Bruff without seeing a Baron."

"I think Mr. Peter, too, will at last perceive the outrageous absurdity of his pretensions," said she. "The Castle of Wolfenfels is not exactly like the village Dispensary!"

In a word, my dear Molly, we considered the question in all its bearings, and agreed, that though we had rather he was a Viscount, with a fine estate at home, yet that the thing was still too good to refuse. "It's a fine position," said Mary Anne, "and I'll see if I can't improve it." We agreed, that as Caroline was so happy where she was — on a visit with this Mrs. Morris — that we'd leave her there a little longer; for, as Mary Anne remarked, "She's so natural, and so frank, and so very confiding, she'll just tell everything about us, and spoil all!" And it is true, Molly. That girl has no more notion of the difficulties it costs us to be what we are, and where

we are, than if she wasn't one of the family. She's a regular Dodd, and no more need be said.

The next day, you may be sure, wasn't an idle one. We had to pack all our things, to get a new livery made for Paddy Byrne, and to hire a travelling carriage, so that we might make our appearance in a style becoming us. Betty, too, had to be drilled how she was to behave in a great house full of servants, and taught not to expose us by any of her outlandish ways. Mary Anne had her up to eat before her, and teach her various politenesses; but the Saints alone can tell how the lesson will prosper!

We started for Rastadt in great style — six posters, and a riding Courier in front, to order relays on the road. Even the sight of it, Molly, and the tramp of the horses, and the jingle of the bells on the harness, all did me good, for I'm of a susceptible nature; and what between my sensations at the moment, and the thought of all before us, I cried heartily for the first two stages.

"If it overcomes you so much," said K. I., "don't you think you'd better turn back?"

Did you ever hear brutality like that speech, Molly? I ask you, in all your experience of life, did you ever know of any man that could make himself so odious? You may be sure I didn't cry much after that! I made it so comfortable to him, that he was glad to exchange places with Betty, and get into the rumble for the remainder of the journey.

Betty herself, too, was in one of her blessed tempers, all because Mary Anne wouldn't let her stick all the old artificial flowers, that were thrown away, over her bonnet. As Mary Anne said to her, "She only

wanted wax candles to be like a Christmas Tree." The consequence was, that she cried and howled all the way, till we dined; after that she slept and snored awfully. To mend matters, Paddy got very drunk, and had to be tied on the box, and drew a crowd round us, at every place we changed horses, by his yells. In other respects the journey was agreeable.

We supped at a place called Offenburg; and, indeed, I thought we'd never get away from it, for K. I. found out that the landlord could speak English, and was, besides, a great farmer; and, in spite of Mary Anne and myself, he had the man in to supper, and there they sat, smoking, and drinking, and prosing about clover, and green crops, and flax, and such things, till past midnight. However, it did one thing — it made K. I. good-humoured for the rest of the way; for the truth is, Molly, the nature of the man is unchanged, and, I believe, unchangeable. Do what we will, take him where we may, give him all the advantages of high life and genteel society, but his heart will still cling to yearling heifers and ewes; and he'd rather be at Ballinasloe than a Ball at Buckingham Palace.

We ought to have been at Freyburg in time to sleep, but we didn't get there till breakfast hour. I'm mighty particular about all the names of these places, Molly, for it will amuse you to trace our journey on the celestial globe in the school-room, and then you'll perceive how we are going "round the world" in earnest!

After breakfast we went to see the Cathedral of the town. It is really a fine sight; and the carving that's thrown away in dark, out-of-the-way places,

would make two other churches. The most beautiful thing of all, however, is an image of the Virgin, sheltering under her cloak more than a dozen Cardinals and Bishops. She is looking down at the creatures — for they are all made small in comparison — with an angelical smile, as much as to say, “Keep quiet, and nobody will see you.” I suppose she wants to get them into heaven “unknownst;” or, as James rather irreverently expressed it, “going to do it by a dodge.” To judge by their faces, they are not quite at their ease; they seem to think that their case isn’t too good, and that it will go hard with them if they’re found out! And I suppose, my dear Molly, that’s the way with the best of us. Sure, with all our plotting and scheming for the good of our children, after lives of every kind of device, ain’t we often masses of corruption? — isn’t our very best thoughts, sometimes, wicked enough? Them was exactly my own meditations, as I sat alone in a dark corner of the church, musing and reflecting, and only brought to myself as I heard K. I. fighting with one of the “Beagles” — I think they call them — about a bad groschen in change!

“I’m never in a heavenly frame of mind, K. I.” said I to him, “that you don’t bring me back to earthly feelings with your meanness.”

“If you told me you were going to heaven, Mrs. D.,” said he, “I wouldn’t have brought you out of it for worlds!”

It didn’t need the grin that he gave, to show me what the meaning of this speech was. The old wretch said as much as that he wished me dead and buried; so I just gave him a look, and passed out of the

church with contempt. Oh, Molly, Molly, whatever may be your spire in life, never descend from it for a husband!

You'll laugh when I tell you that we left this place by the Valley of Hell. That's the name of it; and, so far as gloom and darkness goes, not a bad name either. It is a deep, narrow glen, with only room for a narrow road at the bottom of it, and over your head the rocks seem ready to tumble down and crush you to atoms. Instead, too, of getting through it as fast as we could, K. I. used to stop the carriage, and get out to examine "the position," as he called it; for it seems that a great French General once made a wonderful retreat through this same pass years ago! K. I. and James had bought a map, and this they used to spread out on the ground; and sometimes they got into disputing about the name of this place or that, so that the Valley of Hell had its share of torments for me and Mary Anne before we got out of it.

At a little lake called the "Titi See" — be sure you look for it on the globe, and you'll know it by a small island in it with willow-trees — we found that the Baron had sent horses to meet us, and eight miles more brought us to the place of our destiny. I own to you, Molly, that I could have cried with sheer disappointment, when I found we were in the demesne without knowing it. I was always looking out for a grand entrance; maybe an archway between two towers, like Nockslobber Castle; or an elegant cut-stone building, with a lodge at each side, like Dolly Mount; but there we were, Molly, driving through deep clay roads, with great fields of maize at each

side of us, and neither a gate, nor a hedge — not a bit of paling to be seen anywhere. There were trees enough, but they were ugly pines and firs, or beech, with all the lower branches lopped away for firewood. We had two miles or more of this interesting landscape, and then we came out upon a great wide space planted with mangel and beetroot, and all cut up with little drains, or canals of running water; and in the middle of this, like a great, big, black dirty gaol, stood the Castle of Wolfenfels. I give you my first impressions honestly, Molly, because, on nearer acquaintance, I have lived to see them changed.

I must say our reception drove all other thoughts away. The old Baron was confined to his room with the gout, and couldn't come down to meet us; but the discharge of cannon, the sounds of music, and the joyful shouts of the people — of whom there were some hundreds assembled — was really imposing.

The young Baron, too, looked far more awake and alive than he used to do at Bonn; and he was dressed in a kind of uniform that rather became him. He was overjoyed at our arrival, and kissed K. I. and James on both cheeks, and made them look very much ashamed before all the people.

"Never was my poor Castle so much honoured," said he, "since the King of — somewhere I forget — came to pass the night here with my ancestor, Conrad von Wolfenschäfer; and that was in the sixth century."

"Begad, it's easy to see you have had no Encumbered Estates Court," said K. I., "or you wouldn't be here to tell us that."

"My ancestor did not hold from the King," said he. "He was not what you call a vessel!"

K. I. laughed, and only said: "Faith, there's many of us mighty weak vessels, and very leaky besides."

After that he conducted us through two lines of his menials.

"I do detest to have so many 'detainers'" — he meant retainers. "I hope you are less annoyed in this respect."

"You don't dislike them more than I do," said K. I.; "the very name makes me shudder."

"How your Fader and I agree!" said he to Mary Anne. "We are one family already."

And we all laughed heartily as we went to our rooms. Every country has its own ways and habits, but I must say, Molly, that the furniture of these Castles is very mean. There were two children's beds for K. I. and myself — at least they didn't look longer than the beds in the nursery at home — with what K. I. called a swansdown poultice for coverlid; no curtains of any kind, and the pillows as big as a small mattress. Four oak chairs, and a looking-glass the size of your face, and a chest of drawers that wouldn't open, and that K. I. had to make serviceable by lifting off the marble slab on the top — this was all our room contained. There were old swords and pikes hung up in abundance, and a tree of the family history, framed and glazed, over the chimney — but these had little to do towards making the place comfortable,

"He's a good farmer, anyhow," said K. I., looking out of the window. "I didn't see such turnips since I left England."

"I suppose he has a good Steward," said I, for I began to fear that K. I. would make some blunder, and speak to the Baron about crops, and so forth.

"Them drills are as neat as ever I seen," said he, half to himself.

"Look now, K. I.," said I to him gravely; "make your own remarks on whatever you like, but remember where we are, and that it's exactly the same as if we were on a visit to the Duke of Leinster at home. If you must ask questions about farming, always say — 'How does your Steward do this?' 'What does he think of that?' Keep in mind that the Aristocracy doesn't dirty its fingers abroad as it does in England, with agracultural pursuits, and that they have neither prizes for cows nor cottagers!"

"Mrs. D.," said he, turning on me like a tiger, "are you going to teach me polite breeding and genteel manners?"

"I wish to the Saints I could," said I, "if the lesson was only good for a week."

"Look now," said he; "if I detect the slightest appearance of any drilling or training of me — if I ever find out that you want to impose me on the world for anything but what I am — may I never do any good if I don't disgrace you all by my behaviour!"

"Can you be worse?" said I.

"I can," said he; "a devilish deal worse."

And with that he went out of the room with a bang that nearly tore the door off its hinges, and never came back till late in the evening.

We apologised for his not appearing at dinner, by saying that he felt fatigued, and requested that he might be permitted to sleep on undisturbed; and as

happily he did go to bed when he returned, the excuse succeeded.

So that you see, Molly, even in the midst of splendour and greatness, that man's temper, and the mean ways he has, keeps me in perpetual hot water. I know, besides, that when he is downright angry, he never cares for consequences, nor counts the damage of anything. He'd just go down and tell the Baron that we hadn't a sixpence we could call our own; that Dodsborough was mortgaged for three times its value; and that, maybe, to-morrow or next day we'd be sold out in the 'Cumbered Court. He'd expose me and Mary Anne without the slightest compunction, and there's not a family secret he wouldn't publish to the servants' hall!

Don't I remember well, when the 55th was quartered at Bruff, he used to boast at the Mess that he couldn't give his daughters a farthing of fortune, when any man with proper feelings, and a respect for his position, would have made it seem that the girls had a snug thing quite at their own disposal. Isn't the world ready enough, Molly, to detect one's little failings and shortcomings, without our going about to put them in the *Hue and Cry*. But that was always the way with K. I. He used to say, "It's no disgrace to us if we can't do, this;" "It's no shame if we're not rich enough for, that." But I say, it is both a shame and a disgrace if it's *found out*, Molly. That's the whole of it!

I used to think that coming abroad might have taught him something — that he'd see the way other people lived, and simulate himself to their manners and customs. Not a bit of it. He grows worse every day.

He's more of a Dodd now than the hour he left home. The consequence is, that the whole responsibility of supporting the credit of the family is thrown upon me and Mary Anne. I don't mean to say that we are unequal to the task, but surely the whole burden needn't be laid upon our shoulders. That we are on the spot from which I write these lines, is all my own doing. When we first met the young Baron at Bonn, K. I. tried to prejudice us against him; he used to ridicule him to James and the girls, and went so far as to say that he was sure he was a low fellow!

What an elegant blunder we'd have made if we'd took his advice. It's all very fine saying he doesn't "look like this" — or he hasn't an "air of that;" sure nobody can be taken by his appearance abroad. The scrubbiest old snuffy creatures that go shambling about with shoes too big for them, airing their pocket-handkerchiefs in the sun, are Dukes or Marquises, and the elegantly dressed men in light blue frocks, all frogs and velvet, are just Bagmen or watering-place Doctors. It takes time, and great powers of discriminability, Molly, to divide the sheep from the goats; but I have got to that point at last, and I'm proud to say that he must be a really shrewd hand that imposes upon your humble servant.

Long as this letter is, I'd have made it longer if I had time, for though we're only a short time here, I have made many remarks to myself about the ways and manners of foreign country life. The post, however, only goes out once a week, and I don't wish to lose the occasion of giving you the first intelligence of where we are, what we are doing, and what's — with the Virgin's help — before us!

Up to this, it has been all hospitalities and the honours of the house, and I suppose, until the old Baron is up and able to see us, we'll hear no more about the marriage. At all events, you may mention the matter in confidence to Father John and Mrs. Clancey; and if you like to tell the Davises, and Tom Kelly, and Margaret, I'm sure it will be safe with them. You can state that the Baron is one of the first families in Europe, and the richest. His Great-Grandfather, or Mother, I forget which, was half-sister to the Empress of Poland, and he is related, in some way or other, to either the Grand Turk, or the Grand Duke of Moravia — but either will do to speak of.

All the cellars under the Castle are, they say, filled with gold, in the rough, as it came out of his mines, and as he lives in, what might be called, an unostensible manner, his yearly savings is immense. I suppose while the old man lives the young couple will have to conform to his notions, and only keep a moderate establishment, but when the Lord takes him, I don't know Mary Anne if she'll not make the money fly. That I may be spared to witness that blessed day, and see my darling child in the enjoyment of every happiness, and all the pleasures of wealth, is the constant prayer of your faithful friend,

JEMIMA DODD.

P. S. — If Mary Anne has finished her sketch of the Castle, I'll send it with this. She'd have done it yesterday, but unfortunately she hadn't a bit of red she wanted for a fisherman's small-clothes — for it seems they always wear red in a picture — and had to send down to the town, eleven miles, for it.

Address me still here when you write, and let it be soon.

LETTER XV.

Kenny James Dodd to Thomas Purcell, Esq., of the Grange, Bruff.

“The Castle of Wolfenfels.”

MY DEAR TOM,

I'm glad old Molly has shown you Mrs. D.'s epistle, which, independent of its other claims, saves me all the trouble of explaining where we are, and how we came there. We arrived here on Wednesday last, and since that have been living a very quiet, humdrum, kind of monotonous life, which, were it in Ireland, we should call honestly, tiresome; but, as the scene is Germany and the Black Forest, I suppose should be chronicled as highly romantic and interesting. To be plain, Tom, we inhabit a big house — they call it a Castle — in the midst of a large expanse of maize and turnips, backed by a dense wood of pines. We eat and drink in a very plain sort of over-abundant and greasy fashion. We sleep in a thing like the drawer of a cabinet, with a large pincushion on our stomachs for covering. We smoke a home-grown weed, that has some of the bad properties of tobacco; and we ponder — at least I do — of how long it would take of an existence like this to make a man wish himself a member of the vegetable creation. Don't fancy that I'm growing exorbitant in my demands for pleasure and amusement, nor believe that I have forgotten the humdrum uniformity of my life at home. I remember it all, and well. I can recall the lazy hours passed in the sunshine of our few summer days — I

can bring back to mind the wearisome watching of the rain, as it poured down for a spell of two months together, when we asked each other every morning, "What's to become of the wheat? How are we to get in the turf, if this lasts?" The newspapers, too, only alternated their narratives of outrage with flood, and spoke of bridges, mills, and mail-coaches being carried away in all directions. I mention these to show you that, though "Far from the Land," not a trait of it isn't green in my memory. But still, Tom, there was, so to say, a tone and a keeping in the picture, which is wanting here. Our home dulness impressed itself as a matter of necessity, not choice. We looked out of our window at a fine red-brick mansion, two miles away — where we've drank many a bottle of claret, and, in younger days, danced the "White Cockade" till morning — and we see it a police-station, or mayhap a union. A starved dog dashes past the door with a hen in his mouth; we recognise him as the last remnant of poor Fetherstone's foxhounds, now broken up and gone. The smoke doesn't rise from the midst of the little copses of beech and alder, along the river side; no, the cabins are all roofless, and their once inhabitants are now in Australia, or toiling to enrich the Commonwealth of America.

There is a stir and a movement going forward, it is true; but unlike that which betokens the march of prosperity and gain, it only implies transition. Ay, Tom, all is changing around us. The Gentry are going, the Middle Classes are going, and the Peasant is going; some, of their free will; more, from hard necessity. I know that the general opinion is favourable to all this — in England at least. The cry is ever,

"Ireland is improving — Ireland will be better." But my notion is, that by Ireland we should understand not alone the soil, the rocks, and the rivers, but the people — the heart, and soul, and life-blood that made the island the generous, warm-hearted, social spot we once knew it. Take away these, and I no longer recognise it as my country. What matters it to me if the Scotchman or the Norfolk farmer is to prosper where we only could exist? My sympathies are not with *him*. You might as well try and console me for the death of my child by showing me how comfortably some other man's boy could sleep in his bed. I want to see Ireland prosper with Irishmen; and I wish it, because I know in my heart the thing is possible and practicable.

I'm old enough — and, indeed, so are you — to remember when the English used to be satisfied to laugh at our blunders and our bulls, and ridicule our eccentricities; but the spirit of the times is changed, and now they've taken to rail at us, and abuse us, as if we were the greatest villains in Europe. They assume the very tone the Yankee adopts to the Red Man, and frankly say, "You must be extirpated!" Hence the general flight that you now witness. Men naturally say, "Why cling to a land that is no longer secure to us? Why link our destinies to a soil that may be denied to us to-morrow?" And the English will be sorry for this yet. Take my word of it, Tom, they'll rue it! Paddy, by reason of his poverty and his taste for adventure, and a touch of romance in his nature, was always ready to enlist. He didn't know what might not turn out of it. He knew that Wellington was an Irishman, and faith, he had only

to read very little to learn that most of the best men came from the same country. Luck might, then, stand to him, and, at all events, it wasn't a bad change from fourpence a day, stone-breaking!

Now, John Bull took another view of it. *He* was better off at home. He hadn't a spark of adventure about him. His only notion of worldly advancement led through money. You'll not catch him becoming a soldier. Every year will make him less and less disposed to the life. Cheapen food and luxuries, reduce tariffs and the cost of foreign produce, and the labourer will think twice before he'll give up home and its comforts, to be, as the song says,

Proud as a goat,
With a fine scarlet coat,
And a long cap and feather!

Turn over these things in your mind, Tom, and see if England has not made a great mistake in eradicating the very class she might have reckoned upon, in any warlike emergency. Take my word for it, it is a fine thing to have at your disposal a hundred thousand fellows who can esteem a shilling a day a high premium, and who are not too well off in the world to be afraid of leaving it! How did I come here at all? What has led me into this digression? I protest to you solemnly, Tom, I don't know. I can only say, that my hand trembles, and my head throbs with indignation, as I think over this insolent cant, that tells us that Ireland has no chance of prosperity save in ceasing to be Irish. It is worse than a lie — it is a mean, cowardly slander!

I must leave off this till my brain is calmer; besides, whether it is the light wines I'm drinking, or

my anger has brought it on, but I've just got a terrible twinge of gout in my right foot.

Tuesday Evening.

I have passed a miserable twenty-four hours. They've all the incentives to gout in this country, and yet they don't appear to have the commonest remedies against it. I sent Belton's recipe to be made up at the apothecaries, and they had never as much as heard of one of the ingredients! They told me to regulate my diet, and be careful to avoid acids — and this while I was bellowing like a bull with pain. It was like replying to my request for a shirt, by saying that they were going to sow flax in August. It's their confounded cookery, and the vinegar we wash it down with, has given me this!

The old Housekeeper at last took compassion on my sufferings, and made me up a kind of broth of herbs that nearly finished me. She assured me that they all grew wild in the fields, and were freely eaten by the cattle. I can only say it's well that Nebuchadnezzar wasn't put out to graze here! Sea-sickness was a mild nausea compared to it. I'm better now; but so low, and so depressed, and with such loss of energy, that in a discussion with Mrs. D. about Mary Anne's "trousseau," as they call it, I gave in to everything.

Since this attack seized me, events have made great progress; indeed, a suspiciously-minded person wouldn't scruple to say that a mild poison had been administered to me to forward the course of negotiations; and in my heart and soul I believe that another bowl of the same broth would make me consent to my daugh-

ter's union with the Bey of Tunis! The poor old Dean of Lurra used to say of the Baths of Kreutznach, "I've lost enough flesh in three weeks to make a Curate!" — and, indeed, when I look at myself in the glass, I turn involuntarily around to see where's the rest of me!

Meanwhile, as I said, all has been arranged and settled, and the marriage is fixed for an early day in the coming week. I suppose it's all for the best. I take it that the match is a very great one; but I own to you frankly, Tom, I'd have fewer misgivings if the dear child was going to be the wife of some respectable man of her own country, though he had neither a Castle to live in, nor a title to bestow.

Foreigners are essentially and totally different from us in everything; and marrying one of them is, to my thinking, the very next thing to being united to some strange outlandish beast, as one reads of in Fairy Tales. I suppose that my prejudice is a very mean and narrow-minded one; but I can't get rid of it. It looks churlish and cold-hearted in me, that I cannot show the same joy on the occasion that the others display; but with all my efforts, and the very best will, I can't do it, Tom. The bridegroom, too, is not to my taste: he is one of those moping, dreamy, moonstruck fellows, that pass their lives in an imaginary sphere of thought and action; and to *my* thinking these people are distasteful to the world at large, and insufferable to their wives.

I think I see that Mary Anne already anticipates he will prove a stubborn subject. Her Mother, however, gives her courage and support. She gently insi-

nuates, too, that worse cases have been treated successfully. Lord help us, it's a strange world!

As to the material features of the affair — I mean as regards means and fortune — he appears to have more than enough, yet not so much as to prevent his giving a very palpable hint to me about what I intended to give my daughter. He made the overture with a most laudable candour, though, I own, with no excess of delicacy. James, however, had in a manner prepared me for it, and mentioned that I was indebted for this gratification, as I am for a variety of others, to Mrs. D. It seems that, by way of giving a very imposing notion of our possessions, she had cut the county map out of O'Kelly's old Gazetteer, and passed it off for the survey of our estate. Of course I couldn't disavow the statement, and have been reduced to the pleasant alternative of settling on my daughter about five Baronries and twenty town-lands of Tipperary, with no inconsiderable share of villages and hamlets. Some old leases, an insurance policy, and a writ against myself! have served me for title-deeds; and though the young Baron pores over them for hours with a dictionary, thanks to the figurative language of the law, they have defied detection!

The Father is still too ill to receive me, but each day I am promised an interview with him. Of what benefit to either of us it is to prove, may be guessed from the fact that we cannot speak to each other. You will perceive from all this, Tom, that I am by no means enamoured of our approaching greatness; and it is but fair to state that James is even less so! He calls the Baron a "Snob;" and probably, in all the fashionable vocabulary of an enlightened age, a more

depreciatory epithet could not be discovered. What a sham and a humbug is all the parade we make of our parental affection, and what a gross cheat, too, do we practise upon ourselves by it! We train up a girl from infancy with every care and devotedness — we surround her with all the luxuries our means can compass, and every affection of our hearts — and we give her away, for “better and for worse,” to the first fellow that offers with what seems a reasonable chance of being able to support her!

Many of us wouldn't take a Butler with the scanty knowledge we accept a son-in-law. His moral qualities, his disposition, the habits he has been reared in — what do we know of them? Less than nothing! And yet, while we ask about these, and twenty more, of the man to whom we are about to confide the key of our cellar, we entrust the happiness of our child to an unknown individual, the only ascertained fact about whom — if even that be so — is, his income!

As I should like to tell you every step I take in this affair, I'll not send off my letter till I can give you the latest information. Meanwhile, let me impress upon you that it is now three months since I received a shilling from Ireland. James has just informed me that there is not fifty pounds left of the M'Carthy legacy, of which his Mother only gave him permission to draw for three hundred. The debate upon this, when it comes, will be strong. What I intend is, that immediately after Mary Anne's marriage we should return to Ireland; but of course I reserve the declaration for a fitting opportunity, since I well know how it will be received. Cary would never marry a foreigner, nor would anything induce me to consent to her doing so.

James is only frittering away his best years here in idleness and dissipation; and if I can get nothing for him from the Government, he must emigrate to Australia or New Zealand. As for Mrs., D., the sooner she gets home to Dodsborough, the better for her health, her means, and her morals!

I am afraid to say a word about Ireland and Irish affairs, for as sure as I do I stick fast there; still I must say that I think you're wrong for abusing those Members that have accepted office from Government. Put it to yourself, my dear Tom: if anybody offered you fifty pounds for the old grey mare you drive into market of a Saturday, would you set about explaining that she was blind of an eye, and a roarer, with a splint before, and a spavin behind? Wouldn't you rather expatiate upon her blood and breeding, her endurance of fatigue, and her fine trotting action? I don't know you if you wouldn't! Well, it's just the same with these fellows. Briefless Lawyers and distressed Gentlemen as they are, why should they say to the Ministry, "You're giving too much for us; we can neither speak for you, nor write for you; we have neither influence at home, nor power abroad; we are a noisy, riotous, disorderly set of devils, always quarrelling amongst ourselves, and never agreeing, except when there's a bit of robbery or roguery to be done; don't think of buying *us*; it is a clear waste of public money; we'd only disgrace, and not benefit you?" If anybody is to be blamed, it is the Ministers that bought them, Tom.

As to all your disputed questions of Education, Tenant-right, and Taxation, take my word for it you have no chance of settling them amicably; and for this

reason: a great number of excellent men, on both sides, have pledged themselves so strongly to particular opinions, that they cannot decently recant, and yet they begin to see many points in a different view, and would, were the matter to come fresh before them, treat it in another fashion. If you really wish to see Ireland better, try and get people to let her alone for some fifteen or twenty years. She is nearly ruined by doctoring. Just wait a bit, and see if the natural goodness of constitution won't do more for her than all your nostrums.

James has just interrupted me, to say that he has shot the "partridge," for it seems there was only one in the country. That's the fruits of revolution. Before the year '48, this part of Germany abounded in game of every sort — partridges, hares, and quails, in immense abundance, besides plenty of deer on the hills, and that excellent bird the "Auer-Hahn," which is like the black cock we have at home. When the troubles came, the peasants shot everything; and now the whole breed of game is extinct. They tell me it is the same throughout Bohemia and Hungary — the two best sporting countries in all Europe. Foreigners were never oppressed with game-laws as we are; there was a far wider liberty enjoyed by them in this respect, and, in consequence, the privileges were less abused; so that really this wholesale destruction is much to be regretted. But is it not exactly what always follows in every case of popular domination? The masses love excess, and are never satisfied with anything short of it. I don't pretend to say that the Germans had not good and valid reasons for being dissatisfied with their Governments. I believe, in my heart, it would be diffi-

cult to imagine a more stupid piece of ingenious blundering than a German Administration; and this is the less excusable when one thinks of the people over whom they rule.

The excesses of that same year of '48 will be the stock-in-trade for these grinding Governments for many a day to come. It is like a "barring out" to a cruel schoolmaster: the excuse for any violence he may wish to indulge in. At the same time I say this, I tell you frankly that none of the foreigners I have yet seen are fit for the system of a representative Government. From whatever causes I know not, but they are less patient, less given to calm investigation than the English. Their perceptions are as quick — perhaps quicker — but they will not weigh the consequences of conflicting interests, and above all, they will not put any restrictions upon their own liberty for the benefit of the community at large. Their origin, climate, traditions, and so forth, of course influence them greatly; but I have a notion, Tom, that our domesticity has a very considerable share in the formation of that temperate and obedient spirit so observable amongst us. I think I see the sly dimple that's deepening in the corner of your mouth as you murmur to yourself, "Kenny James is thinking of his Mrs. D." "He's pondering over the natural results of home discipline." But that is not what I mean, at least it is not the whole of it. My theory is, that a Family is the best training-school for the virtues that prosper in a well-ordered State, and that the little incidents of home life have a wonderful bearing upon, and similarity to, the great events that stir mankind!

I was going to become very abstruse and incompre-

hensible, 'I've no doubt, on this theme, but Mrs. D. just dropped in with a small catalogue of some three hundred and twenty-one articles Mary Anne requires for her wedding.

I ventured to hint that her Mother entered the connubial state with a more modest preparation; and hereupon arose one of those lively discussions now so frequent between us, in which, amidst other desultory and miscellaneous remarks, she drew a graphic contrast between marrying a man of rank and title, and "making a low connexion that has for ever served to alienate the affection of one's family."

Will you tell me what peculiarity there is in the atmosphere, or the food, or the electric influences abroad, that have made a woman, that was at least occasionally reasonable at home, a most unmanageable fury on the Continent? I don't want to deny that we had our little differences at Dodsborough, but they were "tiffs" — mere skirmishes — but here they are downright pitched battles, Tom. She will have it so, too. She won't exchange a few shots and retire, but she comes up in line, with her heavy artillery, and seems resolved to have a day of it! If this blessed tour brought me no other pleasures than these, I'd have reason to thank it! You, of course, are quite ready to assert that the fault is as much mine as hers — that I provoke contradiction — that I even invite conflict! There, you are perfectly in the wrong! I do, I acknowledge, entrench myself in a strong position, and only fire an occasional shot at any tempting exposure of the enemy; but she comes on by storm and escalade, and sparing neither age nor sex, never stops till she's in the very heart of the citadel. That

I come out maimed, crippled, and disabled from such encounters, is not to be wondered at.

Amongst the other signs of progress of our enlightened age, a very remarkable one is the habit, now become a law, for everybody with any pretensions to the rank of a Gentleman to live in the same style, or, at least, with as close an imitation as he can of it, as persons of large fortune. Men like myself were formerly satisfied with giving their friends a little Sherry and Port at dinner, continued afterwards, till some considerate friend begged, "as a favour," for a glass of Punch. Now we start with Madeira after the soup, if you haven't had oysters and Chablis before, Hock with your first Entrée, and Champagne afterwards, graduating into Chambertin with "the roast," and Pacquarete with the dessert, Claret, at double the price it costs in Ireland, closing the entertainment. Why, a Duke cannot do more than Kenny Dodd at this rate! To be sure the cookery will be more refined, and the wines in higher condition. Moët will be iced to its due point, and Château Margaux will be served in a carefully aired decanter; but the cost, the outlay, will be fully as much in one case as the other. Have we — that is to say, humble men like myself — gained by this in an intellectual or social point of view? Not a bit of it! We have lost all that easy cordiality that was native to us in our former condition, and we have not become as coldly polite and elegantly tiresome as the grand folk.

The same system observes in other matters. *My* daughter must be dressed on her wedding-day like Lady Olivia or Lady Jemima, who has a father a

Marquis, and fifty thousand pounds settled on her for pin-money.

The whole Globe has to become tributary to the marriage of Mary Anne! Cashmere sends a shawl; Lyons, silk; and Genoa, velvet; furs from Hudson's Bay, and feathers from Mexico; Valenciennes and Brussels contribute lace; Paris reserving for her peculiar share the architectural skill that is to combine these costly materials, and construct out of them that artistic being they call a "Bride." Taking a wife with nothing, "but the clothes on her back," used to be the expression of a most disinterested marriage. Now, it might mean anything between Swan and Edgar's and Howell and James's, or, to state it differently, between moderate embarrassment and irretrievable ruin!

If you ask me how I am to pay for all this, or when? I tell you honestly and fairly, I don't know. As well as I can make out the last accounts you sent me, we're getting deeper into debt every day; but as figures always distract and puzzle me, I'd rather you'd put the case into something like a statement in words, just saying when we may expect a remittance, and how much it will be. I find that I shall lose the mail if I don't close this at once; but I'll send you a few lines by to-morrow's post, as I have something important to say, but can't remember it now.

Yours, ever sincerely,

KENNY JAMES DODD.

LETTER XVI.

Kenny James Dodd to Thomas Purcell, Esq., of the Grange Bruff.

MY DEAR TOM,

THE post hadn't left this five minutes yesterday, when I remembered what I wanted to say to you. Wednesday, the 26th, is fixed for the happy occasion; and if nothing should intervene, you may insert the following paragraph in the *Tipperary Press*, under the accustomed heading of "Marriage in High Life:" — "The Baron Adolf Heinrich Conrad Hapsburg von Wolfenschäfer, Lord of the Manors of Hohendeken, Kalbsbratenhausen, and Schweinkraut, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Kenny James Dodd, Esq., of Dodsborough, in this county." Faith, Tom, I was near saying "universally regretted by a large circle of afflicted survivors," for I was just wishing myself dead and buried! But you must put in the usual formula of "beautiful and accomplished," and take care it is not applied to the Bridegroom, for, upon my conscience, his claim to the first epithet couldn't be settled by even a Parliamentary title! My heart is heavy about it all, and I wish it was over!

If anything exemplifies the vanity of human wishes, it is our efforts to marry our daughters, and our regrets when the plans succeed. Tom goes to India, and Billy to sea, and there is scarcely a gap in the family circle. "The boys" were seldom at home — they were shooting in Scotland, or hunting in England, or fishing in Norway. They never, so to say, made part of the effective garrison of the house; they came and went with that racketty good-humour that even in quiet families is pleasurable; but your girls

are household gods: lose *them*, even one of them, and the altar is despoiled. The thousand little unobtrusive duties, noiseless cares, that make home better a hundred-fold than anywhere else, be it ever so rich and splendid — the unasked solicitude, the watchful attention that provides for your little daily wants and habits, is all *their* province. And just fancy, then, what scheming and intriguing we practise to get rid of them! You'll say that this shows we are above the selfishness of only considering our own enjoyment, and that we sacrifice all for their happiness. There you mistake; our sole aim is a rich man — our one notion of a good marriage is, that the husband be wealthy. It's not a man like myself, who has sometimes paid fifty, ay, sixty per cent. for money, that can afford to sneer at and despise it; but this I will say, that the mere possession of it will not suffice for happiness. I know fellows with fifteen thousand a year that have not the heart to spend five hundred. I know others, that with as much, are always over head and ears in debt, raising cash everywhere, and any how! What kind of life must a girl lead that marries either of these; and yet would you or I think of refusing such a match for a daughter? Let me tell you, Tom, that for people of small fortune, the Nunneries were fine things! What signifies serge and simple diet to the wearisome drudgery of a Governess. If I was a woman, I think I'd rather sit in my quiet cell, working an embroidered suit of body clothes for Father O'Leary, than I'd be snubbed by the family of some vulgar citizen, tortured by the brats, and insulted by the servants.

I don't suppose that it signifies a straw one way

or other, but I feel some compunctions of conscience at the way I have been assigning imaginary estates, mines, woods, and collieries, to Mary Anne, for the last three days. I know it's mere greed makes the Baron so eager on the subject, since he is enormously wealthy. James and I rode twelve miles, this morning, through a forest that belongs to the Castle, and the arable land stretches more than that distance in another direction; but who knows how he'll behave when he discovers she has nothing! To be sure, we can always ascribe our ruin to political causes, and, in verification, exhibit ourselves as poor as need be; but still I don't like it. And this is one of the blessed results of a false position — one step in a wrong direction very frequently necessitates a long journey. Yesterday, I protested to my affluence; to-day, I vouched for the nobility of my family. Heaven only can tell what I won't swear to to-morrow! And again I am interrupted by Mrs. D., who has just come to inform me that though the Bride's finery can all be had at Paris — whither the happy couple are to repair for the honeymoon — there are certain indispensables must be obtained at once from Baden; and she begs that I will privately write a few lines to Morris, who will, of course, undertake the commission. It is not without shame that I enclose a list of purchases to make, which, to a man who knew what we were in Ireland, will appear preposterous; but the false position we have attained to is surrounded with interminable mortifications of the same kind.

Ah, Tom! I remember the time when, if a Bride changed her smart white silk and muslin that she wore at the altar for a good brown or blue satin

pelisse to travel in, we thought her a miracle of fashion and finery; but now the millinery of a wedding is the principal thing. There is a stereotyped formula, out of which there is no hope of conjugal happiness; and the Bride that begins life without Brussels lace, enters upon her career with gloomy omens! Now, a scarf of this alone costs thirty guineas; you may, if you like, go as high as a hundred and fifty. Why can't people wait for the ruin that is so sure to overtake them, without forestalling it in this way? Twenty pounds for clothes, and a trip to Castle Connel or Kilkee for the honeymoon, would have satisfied every wish of Mary Anne's heart in Ireland; and if she drove away in a post-chaise with four horses for the first stage, she'd have been the envy of all the marriageable girls for miles round.

But now I have had to ask Morris to buy a travelling carriage, because Mrs. D., in one of those expansions of splendour that occasionally attack her, said to the Baron, "Oh, take one of our carriages, we have left several of them at Baden." The excellent woman cannot be brought to perceive that romance of this kind is a most expensive amusement. I have drawn a bill on you for four hundred at three months, to meet these, and sent it to Morris to "get done." I hope he'll succeed, and I hope you'll pay it when it comes due; so that come what will, Tom, my intentions are honourable!

If Mrs. D. and myself had been upon better terms, we might have discussed this marriage question more fully and confidentially, but there are now so many cabinet difficulties, that we rarely hold a council, and when we do, we are sure to disagree. This is an-

other blessed result of our continentalising. Home had its duties, and with them came that spirit of concord and agreement so essential to family happiness; but in this vagabond kind of existence, where everything is feigned, unreal, and unnatural, all concert and confidence is completely lost!

Now I have told you frankly and fairly everything about us, and don't take advantage of my candour by giving advice, for there is nothing in this world I have so little taste for. There's no man above the condition of an idiot that isn't thoroughly aware of his failings and shortcomings, but all that knowledge doesn't bring him an inch nearer the cure of them. Do you think I'm not fully alive to everything you could say of my wasteful habits, my improvidence, indolence, irritability, and so forth? I know them all better than you do — ay, and I feel them acutely, too, for I know them to be incurable! Reformation, indeed! Do you know when a man gives up dancing, Tom? When he's too stiff in the knees for it. There's the whole philosophy of life. When we grow wiser, as they are pleased to call it, it is always in spite of ourselves!

I find that by enclosing this to Morris, he can forward it to you by the bag of the Legation. Once more let me remind you of our want of cash, and believe me, very faithfully your friend,

KENNY I. DODD.

P. S. — Address me Freyburg, to be "forwarded to the Schloss, Wolfenfels."

LETTER XVII.

Betty Cobb to Mrs. Shusan O'Shea, Priest's House, Bruff.

DEAR MRS. SHUSAN,

I WAS meaning to write to you for the last week, but couldn't by reason of the conflagration I was in, for sure any poor girl might feel it, seeing that I was far away among furriners, and had nobody to advise, barrin' the evil counsels of my wicked heart. We cam here two weeks gone, on a visit to the father of the young man that's going to marry "Mary Anne." It's a great big ould place, like the Jail at Limerick, only darker, with little windows, and a flite of stairs out of every corner in it. And the furnishing isn't a bit newer. It's a bit of rag here and a rag there, an ould cabbinet, a hard sofia, and maybe four wooden chairs that would take a ladder to get into! Eatin' and drinkin' likewise the same. Biled beef — biled first for the broth, and sarved afterwards with cow-comers, sliced and steeped in oil — the heavens preserve us! Then a dish of roast vale, with rasberry jam and musheroons, for they tries the human stomich with every ingradient they can think of!

But the great favourite of all is a salad made out of potatoes, biled hard, sliced and pickled the same way as the cow-comers! A bowl of that, Mrs. Shusan, after a long dinner, makes you feel as full as a tick, and if the House was a-fire I couldn't run! To be sure, when the meal is over everybody sits down to coffee, and doesn't distress themselves about anything for a matter of two hours. And, indeed, I must make the remark that "manials" isn't as badly treated anywhere in the whole 'Versal Globe as in Ireland, and

if it wasn't that I hear the people is runnin' away o' themselves, I'd write a letter to the Papers about it! 'Tis exactly like Pigs you are, no better; potatoes and butter-milk all the year round! deny it if you can. Could you offer a Pig less wages than four pound a year!

I must say, too, Shusan, that eatin' one's fill mollyfies ther nature, and subdues ther hasty dispositions in a wonderful way; I know it myself; and that after a strong supper now I can bear more from the Mistress than I used at home, only giving a sigh now and then out of the fullness of my heart. But it's not them things I wanted to tell you, but of the state of my infections! Don't be angry with me, Mrs. Shusan. I don't forget the iligant lessons you gave me long ago, about thrusting the men; I know well how throe every word you said is. They're base, and wicked, and deceatful! Flatterin' us when we're young and beautiful, and givin' and jeerin' when we're ould as yourself! But what's the use of fiting agin the will of Providence? Sure, if he intended us to have better husbands it's not them craytures he'd have left us to! My sentiments is these, Shusy: 'Tis a way of chastezin' us is marriage! The throubles and tumults we have with a man are our crosses, and it's only cowardly to avoid them. Meet your feat, say I, whatever it be, whether it be a Man or the Measles! don't be afraid!

I'm shure and sartain it's nothing but fear makes young girls go and be Nuns; they're afraid, and no wonder, of the wickedness of the world! but somehow, Shusan, like everything else in this life, one gets used to it! I know it well, there's many a thing I

see now, without minding, that long ago I dared not look at! "Live and learn" they say, and there's nothing so thrue! and talking of that, you'd be shocked to see how Mary Anne goes on wid the young Baron. She, that would scarce let poor Doctor Belton spake to her alone. We meet them walkin' in the lonesomest places together; and Taddy and I never goes into the far part of the wood without seeing them! And that's not all of it, my dear, but she must get the Mistress to give me a lecture about going off myself with a man.

"Doesn't your daughter do it, Ma'am," says I. "Is all the wickedness of this world," says I, "to be kept for one's betters?"

"Do you call marriage wickedness?" says she.

"Sometimes it is, Ma'am," says I, with a look she understood well.

"You're a Hussy," says she; "and I'll give you warnin' next Saturday."

"I'll take it now," says I, "Ma'am, for I'm going to better myself."

If ye saw her face, Shusy, as I said this! She knows in her heart that she couldn't get on at all without me. Not a word of a furrin lingo can she say; and I'm obleeged to traduce her meanin' to all the other sarvants! And, indeed, that's the way I become such an iligant linguist; and it's no differ to me now between talkin' French and Jarman — I make them just the same!

I wasn't in my room when Mary Anne was after me.

"Ain't you a fool, Betty?" says she, puttin' a hand on my shoulder.

"Maybe I am, Miss," says I; "but there's others fools as well as me!"

"But I mean," says she, "isn't it silly to fall out with Mamma — that was always so good, and so kind, and so fond of you?"

I saw at once, Shusy, how the wind was, and so I just went on, folding up my collars and settling my things without a word.

"I'm sure," says she, "you couldn't leave her in a far-away country like this!"

"The dearest friends must part, Miss," says I.

"Not to speak of your own desolate and deserted condition," says she.

"There's them that won't lave me dissolute and disconsoled, Miss," says I. And with that, Shusy, I told her that Taddy Hetzler had made me honourable proposials.

"But you'd not think of Taddy," says she. "He's only a Herd," says she.

"We must take what we can get, Miss," says I, "and be thankful, in this life."

And she blushed red up to the eyes, Shusy; for she knew well what I meant by *that*!

"But a nice girl, and a purty girl like you, Betty," says she, "*sleudering*" me, "isn't it throwing yourself away; sure, ye have only to wait a little to make an iligant match here on the Continent. Don't be precipitous," says she, "but see the effect you'll make with that beautiful pink gownd;" and here, Shusan, she gave me all as one as a bran new silk of the Mistress's, with five flounces, and lace trimmins down the front! It's what they call glassy silk, and shines like it!

"I'm sorry, Miss," says I, "that as I took the Mistress's warnin', I'm obleeged to refuse you."

"Nonsense, Betty," says she; "I'll arrange all that."

"But my feelins, Miss, my feelins."

"Well, I'll even engage to smooth these," says she, laughing.

And so, Shusy, I had to laugh too; for my nature is always to be easy and compliant; and when anybody means well to me, they can do what they plaze with me. It's a weak part in my character, but I can't help it. "I'm not able to be selfish, Miss Mary Anne," says I.

"No, Betty, *that* you are not," says she, patting my cheek.

But for all that, Shusy, I'm not going to give up Taddy till I know why — tho' I didn't say so to her. So I just put up the pink gownd in my drawer, and went up and told the Mistress I'd stay; but begged she wouldn't try my nerves that way another time, for my constitution wouldn't bear repated shocks! I saw she was burstin' to say something, but darn't, Shusy, and she tore a lace cuff to tatters while I was talkin'. Well, well, there's no denyin' it any how: manials has many troubles, but they can give a great deal of annoyance and misery, if they set about it right! You'd like to hear about Taddy, and I'll be candid and own that he isn't what would be called handsome in Ireland, though here he is reckoned a fine-looking man! He is six foot four and a half, without shoes, a little bent in the shoulders, has long red hair, and sore eyes; that cums from the snow, for he's out in all weathers — after the pigs. You're

surprised at that, and well you may; for instead of keeping the craytures in a house as we do, and giving them all the filth we can find to eat, they turns them out wild into the woods, to eat beech-nuts, and acorns, and chestnuts; and the beasts grow so wicked, that it's not safe for a stranger to go near them; and even the man that guides them they call a "swine-fearer." * Taddy is one of these; and when he's dressed in a goat-skin coat and cap, leather gaiters buttoned on his legs, and reachin' to the hips, and a long pole, with an iron hook and a hatchet at the end of it, and a naked knife, two feet long, at his side, you'd think the pigs would be more likely to be afraid of *him*! Indeed, the first time I saw him come into the kitchen, with a great hairy dog they call a fang-hound at his heels, I schreeched out with frite, for I thought them — God forgive me! — the ugliest pare I ever set eyes on. To be sure, the green shade he wore over his eyes, and the beard that grew down to his breast, didn't improve him; but I've trimmed him up since that; and it's only a slight squint, and two teeth that sticks out at the side of his mouth, that I can't remedy at all!

Paddy Byrne spends his time mockin' him, and makin' pictures of him on the servants' hall with a bit of charcoal. It well becomes a dirty little spalpeen like him to make fun of a man four times his size. His notion of manly beauty is four foot eight, short legs, long breeches and gaiters, with a waistcoat over the hips, and a Jim Crow! A Monkey is graceful compared to it!

* Perhaps the accomplished Betty has been led into this pardonable mistake from the sound of the German epithet "Schweinführer." — Editor of "Dodd Correspondence."

Taddy is not much given to talkin', but he has told me that he has been on the estate, "with the pigs," he calls it, since he was eight years old; and, as he said another time, that "he was nine-and-twenty years a herd;" you can put the two together, and it makes him out thirty-three or thirty-four years of age. He never had any father or mother, which is a great advantage, and, as he remarks, "it's the same to him if there came another flood and drowned all the world to-morrow!"

Our plans is, to live here till we can go and take a bit of land for ourselves, and as Taddy has saved something, and has very good idais about his own advantage, I trust, with the Blessin' of the Virgin, that we'll do very well. This that I tell you now, Shusan, is all in confidence, because to the neighbours, and to Sam Healey, you can say that I am going to be married to a rich farmer that has more pigs — and that's throe — than ye'd see in Ballinasloe Fair.

What distresses me most of all is, I can't make out what religion he's of, if he has any at all! I try him very hard about penance and 'tarnal punishments, but all he says is, "When we're married I'll know all about that."

As the Mistress writ all about Mary Anne's marriage to Mrs. Gallagher, at the House, I don't say anything about it; but he's an ugly crayture, Shusan, dear, and there's a hang-dog, treach'rous look about him, I wonder any young girl could like. The servants, too, knows more of him than they lets on, but, by rayson of their furrin language, there's no coming at it.

Between ourselves, she doesn't take to the marriage

at all! for I seen her twice cryin' in her room over some ould letters, but she bundled them up whin she seen me, and tried to laugh.

"I wonder, Betty," says she, "will I ever see Dodsborough again!"

"Who knows, Miss," says I; "but it would be a pity if you didn't, and so many there that's fond of you!"

"I don't believe it," says she, sharp. "I don't believe there's one cares a bit about me!"

"Baithershin!" says I, mocking.

"Who does?" says she; "can ye tell me even one?"

"Sure there's Miss Davis," says I, "and the Kellys, and there's Miss Kitty Doolan, and ould Molly, not to spake of Dr. Bel—"

"There, do not speak of him," says she, getting red; "the very names of the people make me shudder. I hope I'll never see one of them."

Now, Shusan, dear, I told you all that it's in my mind, and hope you'll write to me the same. If you could send me the grey cloak with the blue linin', and the Bayver bonnet I wore last winter two years, they'd be useful to me here, and you could tell the neighbours that it was new clothes you were sending me for my weddin'. Be sure ye tell me how Sam Healey bears it. Tell him from me, with my regards, that I hope he won't take to drink, and desthroy his constitution.

You can write to me still as before, to your attached and true friend,

BETTY COBB.

LETTER XVIII.

Kenny I. Dodd to Thomas Purcell, Esq., of the Grange, Bruff.

Constance, Switzerland.

MY DEAR TOM,

BEFORE passion gets the better of me, and I forget all about it, let me acknowledge the welcome arrival of your Post Bill for one hundred; but for which, Heaven knows in what additional embarrassment I might now be in. You will see, by the address, that I am in Switzerland. How we came here I'll try and explain, if Providence grants me patience for the effort; this being the third time I have addressed myself to the task unsuccessfully.

I need not refer to the situation in which my last letter to you left us. You may remember that I told you of the various preparations that were then in progress for a certain auspicious event, whose accomplishment was fixed for the ensuing week. Amongst others, I wrote to Morris for some articles of dress and finery to be procured at Baden, and for, if possible, a comfortable travelling carriage, with a sufficiency of boxes and imperials.

Of course in doing so it was necessary, or at least it was fitting, that I should make mention of the cause for these extraordinary preparations, and I did so by a very brief allusion to the coming event, and to the rank of my future son-in-law, the youthful Baron and heir of Wolfenfels. I am not aware of having said much more than this, for my letter was so crammed with commissions, and catalogues of purchases, that there was little space disposable for more intelligence. I wrote on a Monday, and on the following Wednes-

day evening I was taking a stroll with James through the park, chatting over the approaching event in our family, when a mounted postboy galloped up with a letter, which being marked "Most pressing and immediate," the postmaster had very properly forwarded to me with all expedition. It was in Morris's hand, and very brief. I give it to you verbatim.

"MY DEAR SIR,
"For heaven's sake do not advance another step in this affair. You have been grossly imposed upon. As soon as I can procure horses I will join you, and expose the most scandalous trick that has ever come to the knowledge of yours truly,

"E. MORRIS.

"Post-house, Tite See. 2 o'clock, P.M., Wednesday."

You may imagine — *I cannot attempt to describe* — the feelings with which James and I read and re-read these lines. I suppose we had passed the letter back and forwards to each other fully a dozen times, ere either of us could summon composure to speak.

"Do you understand it, James?" said I.

"No," said he. "Do *you*?"

"Not unless the scoundrel is married already," said I.

"That was exactly what occurred to *me*," replied he. "'Most scandalous trick,' are the words; and they can only mean that."

"Morris is such a safe fellow — so invariably sure of whatever he says."

"Precisely the way I take it," cried James. "He is far too cautious to make a grave charge without

ample evidence to sustain it! We may rely upon it that he knows what he is about."

"But Bigamy is a crime in Germany. They send a fellow to the Galleys for it," said I. "Is it likely that he'd put himself in such peril?"

"Who knows!" said James, "if he thought he was going to get an English girl of high family, and with a pot of money!"

Shall I own to you, Tom, that remark of James's nearly stunned me — carelessly and casually as it fell from *him*, it almost overwhelmed *me*, and I asked myself why should he think she was of high family? Why should he suppose she had a large fortune? Who was it that propagated these delusions? and if there really was a "scandalous trick," as Morris said, could I affirm that all the roguery was on one side? Could I come into Court with clean hands, and say, "Mrs. Dodd has not been cheating, neither has Kenny James!" Where are these broad acres of arable and pasture — these verdant forests and swelling lawns, that I have been bestowing with such boundless munificence? How shall we prove these fourteen quarterings that we have been quoting incessantly for the past three weeks? No matter for *that*, thought I, at length. If the fellow has got another wife I'll break every bone in his skin! I must have pondered this sentiment aloud, for James echoed it even more forcibly, adding, by way of sequel, "And kick him from this to Rotterdam!"

I mention this in detail to show that we both jumped at once to the same conclusion, and having done so, never disputed the correctness of our guess. We now proceeded to discuss our line of action,

James advising that he should be "brought to book" at once — I overruling the counsel by showing that we could do nothing whatever till Morris arrived.

"But to-morrow is fixed for the wedding?" exclaimed James.

"I know it," said I, "and Morris will be here to-night. At all events, the marriage shall not take place till he comes."

"I'd charge him with it on the spot," cried James. "I'd tell him, in plain terms, the information had come to me from an authority of unimpeachable veracity, and to refute it if he could."

"Refute what?" said I. "Don't you see, boy, that we really are not in possession of any single fact — we have not even an allegation."

I assure you, Tom, that I had to make him read the note over again, word by word, before he was convinced of the case.

As we walked back to the Castle we talked over the affair, and turned it in every possible shape, both of us agreeing that we could not, with any safety, entrust our intelligence to the womankind.

"We'll watch him," said James; "we'll keep an eye on him, and wait for Morris."

I own to you my feelings distressed me to that degree I could scarcely enter the house, and as to appearing at supper it was clean out of the question. How could I bring myself to accept the shelter of a man's roof against whom I harboured the very worst suspicions! Could I be Judas enough to sit down at table with one against whom I was hatching exposure and shame! It was bad enough to think that my wife and daughter were there. As for James, he took his

place at the board with such an expression in his features that I verily believe *Banquo* looked a pleasanter guest at *Macbeth's* banquet. I betook myself to the terrace, and walked there till midnight, watching with eye and ear towards the road that led from Freyburg.

"Night or Blucher!" said the Duke on the memorable field at Waterloo; but there was the blessing of an alternative in *his* case. *Mine* had none. It was Morris or nothing with *me*. And now I began anathematising to myself those crusty, secret, cautious natures, that are always satisfied when they cry "Stop," without taking the trouble to say "Wherefore!" What may be a precipice to one man, thought I, is only a step to another! How does *he* know that *his* notions of roguery would tally with *mine*. There's many a thing they call a cheat in England, we might think a practical joke in Ireland. The national prejudices are constantly in opposition — look, for instance, at the opposite view they take of the "Income-tax!" Morris, besides, is a strait-laced fellow, that would be shocked at a trifle. Maybe it's some tomfoolery about his ancestors, some flaw in the 'scutcheon of Conrad, or Leopold, that lived in the year nine. Egad! I wonder what the Dodds were doing in that century? Or perhaps it is his Politics he's hinting at, for I believe the Baron is a bit of a Radical! For that matter so am I — at least, occasionally, and when the Whigs are in power; for, as I observed to you once, Tom, "Always be a shade more liberal than the Government." It was years and years before I came to see the good policy of that simple rule, but, believe me, it's well worth remembering. Be a Whig to the Tories; be a Radical to

the Whigs; and when Cobden and that batch come in, as they are sure to do sooner or later, there will be yet some lower depth to descend to and cry "Take me out!"

I was remarking that Morris is quite capable of being shocked at the Baron's politics, and fancying that I am giving my daughter to one of those Organisation of Labour and Rights of Man humbugs, that are always getting up rows and running away from them. Now, Tom, I hold these fellows mighty cheap. A Patriot without pluck is like a steam-engine wanting a boiler. Why, it's the very essence and vitality of the whole; but still I am not sure that, as the world goes, I'd be right in refusing him my daughter because he put his faith in Kossuth, and thought the Austrian Empire an unclean thing!

I tell you all these ruminations and reasonings of mine, that you may perceive how I turned the matter over with myself in a candid spirit, and was led away neither by prejudice nor passion. From ten o'clock till eleven — from eleven to midnight — I walked the terrace up and down, like the *Ghost* in "Hamlet" — I hope I'm right in my quotation — but neither sight nor sound indicated Morris's arrival! "What, if he should not come!" thought I. "How can I frame a pretext for putting off the wedding?" There was no opening for delay that I could think off. I had signed no end of deeds and parchments — I had written my name to "acts" of every possible shape and description. The solemnity of the Church and my paternal blessing were alone wanting to complete the fifth act of the Drama. I racked my brain to invent a plausible, or even an intelligible, cause for postponement. Had I

been a condemned felon, I could not have tortured my imagination more intensely to find a pretext for a reprieve. But one issue of escape presented itself. I could be dangerously ill — a sudden attack — at my age a man can always have gout in the stomach! My daughter, of course, could not be married if I was at Death's door; and as, happily, there was no Doctor in the neighbourhood, the feint attack ran no risk of being converted into a serious action! Since the memorable experiment of my mock illness at Ems, I own I had no fancy for the performance, nor could I divest my mind of the belief that all these things are, in a measure, a tempting of Providence. But what else could I do? There was not, so far as I could see, another road open to me.

I was just, therefore, turning back into the house, to take to my bed in a dangerous condition, when I heard the clattering of whips, in that crack-crack fashion your German Postilion always announces an arrival. I at once hastened down to the door, and arrived at the same moment that four posters, hot and smoking, drew up a travelling barouche to the spot. Morris sprung out at once, and seizing my hand, with what, for him, expressed great warmth, said:

"Not too late, I hope and trust?"

"No," said I; "thanks to your note, I was fully warned."

By this time a stranger had also descended from the carriage, and stood beside us.

"First of all, let me introduce my friend, Count Adelberg, who, I rejoice to say, speaks English as well as ourselves."

We bowed, and shook hands.

"By the greatest good luck in the world," continued Morris, "the Count happened to be with me when your letter arrived, and, seeing the post-mark, observed, 'I see you have got a correspondent in my part of the world — who can he be?' Anxious to obtain information from him, I immediately mentioned the circumstance to which your note referred, when he stopped me suddenly, exclaiming, 'Is this possible! — can you really assure me that this is so?'"

But, my dear Purcell, I cannot go over a scene which nearly overcame me at the time, and now, in recollection, is scarcely endurable. The torture and humiliation of that moment I hope never to go through again. In three words, let me tell my tale. Count Adelberg was the owner and Lord of Wolfsberg, the Wolfenshäfers being his stewards. This pretended Baron was a young swindling rascal, who had gone to Bonn less for education than to seek his fortune. The popular notion in Germany, that every English girl is an heiress of immense wealth, had suggested to him the idea of passing himself off for a noble of ancient family and possessions, and thus securing the hand of some rich girl ambitious of a foreign rank and title. He had considerable difficulties to encounter in the prosecution of his scheme, but he surmounted or evaded them all. He absented himself from Baden, for instance, where recognition would have been inevitable, under the pretext of his political opinions; and he, with equal tact, avoided the exposure of his Father's vulgarity, by keeping the worthy individual confined to bed. Of the servants and retainers of the Castle, the shrewd ones were his accomplices, the less intelligent his dupes. In a word, Tom, an artful plot was well laid

and carried out, to impose upon people whose own shortsightedness and vulgar pretensions made them ready victims for even a less ingenious artifice.

I was very nigh crazy as I heard this explanation. They had to hold me twice or thrice by main force to prevent my rushing into the house, and wreaking a personal vengeance on the scoundrel. Morris reasoned and argued with me for above an hour. The Count, too, showed that our whole aim should be to prevent the affair getting rumoured abroad, and to suppress all notoriety of the transaction. He alluded with consummate delicacy to our want of knowledge of Germany and its people as an explanation of our blunder, and condoled with me on the outrage to our feelings with all the tact of a well-bred gentleman. Any slight pricks of conscience I had felt before, from our own share in the deception, were totally merged in my sense of insulted honour, and I utterly forgot everything about the imaginary townlands and villages I had so generously laid apart for Mary Anne's dowry.

The next question was, what to do? The Count, with great politeness and hospitality, entreated that we should remain, at least for some days, at the Castle. He insisted that no other course could so effectually suppress any gossip the affair might give rise to. He supported this view, besides, by many arguments, equally ingenious as polite. But Morris agreed perfectly with me, that the best thing was to get away at once; that, in fact, it would be utterly impossible for us to pass another day under that roof.

The next step was to break the matter to Mrs. D. I suppose, Tom, that, even to as old a friend as yourself, I ought not to make the confession; but I can't

help it — it will out, in spite of me; and I frankly admit it would have amply compensated to me for all the insult, outrage, and humiliation I experienced, if I were permitted just to lay a plain statement of the case before Mrs. D., and compliment her upon the talents she exercises for the advancement of her children, and the proud successes they have achieved. In my heart and soul I believe that, in the disposition I then felt myself, and with as good a cause to handle, I could very nearly have driven her stark mad with rage, shame, and disappointment. Morris, however, declared positively against this. He took upon himself the whole duty of the explanation, and even made me give a solemn pledge not in any way to interfere in the matter. He went further, and compelled me to forego my plans of vengeance against the young rascal who had so grossly outraged us.

I have not patience to repeat the arguments he employed. They, however, just came to this: that the paramount question was, to hush up the whole affair, and escape at once from the scene in which it occurred. I don't think I'll ever forgive myself for my compliance on this head! I have an accommodating conscience with respect to many debts; but to know and feel that I owe a fellow a horse-whipping, and to experience in my heart the conviction that I don't intend to pay it, lowers me in my own esteem to a degree I have no power to express. I explained this to Morris. I showed him that in yielding to his views I was storing up a secret source of misery for many a solitary reflection. I even proposed to be satisfied with ten minutes' thrashing of him in secret; none to be the wiser but our two selves! He would not hear of it.

And now, Tom, I own to you that if the story gets abroad in the world, this is the part of it that will most acutely afflict me. I really can't tell you why I permitted him to over-persuade me, and make me do an act at once contrary to my country, my nature, and my instincts. The only explanation I can give is this: it is the air of the Continent. Bring an English bull-dog abroad, feed him with raw beef as you would at home, treat him exactly the same — but he loses his courage, and wouldn't face a terrier. I'm convinced it's the same with a man; and you'll see fellows put up with slights and offences here that in their own land they'd travel a hundred miles to resent. One comfort I have, however, and it is this — I have never been well since I yielded this point. My appetite is gone; I can't sleep without starting up, and I have a fluttering about my heart that distresses me greatly; and although these are all more or less disagreeable, they show me that, under fair circumstances, K. I. could be himself again; and that though the Continent has breached, it has not utterly destroyed his naturally good constitution.

To be brief, our plan of procedure was this: I was to remain with the Count in his apartment, while Morris went on his mission to Mrs. D. The explanation being made, we were to take the Count's carriage to Constance, where we could remain for a week or so, until we had decided which way to turn our steps; and gave also time to Caroline, who was still with Morris's mother, to join us.

I told M. that I didn't like to go far, that my remittances might possibly miss me, and so on; and the poor fellow at once said, that if a couple of hundred

pounds could be of the slightest convenience to me, they were heartily at my service. Of course, Tom, I said no, that I was not in the least in want of money. It was the first time in my life I refused a loan; but I couldn't take it. I could have found it easier to rob a Church at that moment! He flushed deeply when I declined the offer, and stammered out something about his deep regret if he could have offended me; and, indeed, I had some trouble to prove that I wasn't a bit annoyed or provoked.

Although all the conversation I have alluded to took place outside the Castle, we were not well inside the door when we perceived that Count Adelberg's arrival had already been made known to the household. Troops of servants hastened to receive him, amongst whom, however, neither the Steward nor his son were to be found.

"Send Wolfenschäfer to the Library," said he to a footman, as we went along, and then conducted me to a small and favourite chamber of which he always kept the key himself. He made me promise not to quit this till he returned, and then left me to my own, not over-gratifying, reflections in perfect solitude as they were; Morris having departed on his embassy.

I was speculating on the various emotions each of us was likely to experience at the discovery of this catastrophe, when Morris entered the room, with an amount of agitation in his manner I had never witnessed before.

"Well," said I, "you've told her — how does she bear it?"

"I confess," said he, stammeringly, "Mrs. Dodd does not appear to place too much reliance upon my

mere word — I mean, not that kind of confidence which could be called implicit."

"Why, you showed her that we have been infamously deceived, grossly insulted?"

"I endeavoured to do so," said he, still hesitating. "I tried in the most delicate manner to explain by what vile artifices you had been tricked; and that, on my detection of the scheme, I had hastened over from Baden, fortunately in sufficient time to prevent the accomplishment of this nefarious plot. She scarcely would hear me out, however; for, without paying any regard to the proofs I was giving of my statement, she flew into a passion about my habit of obtruding myself into family affairs, and the impertinent interference which I had practised more than once in matters which did not concern me. In a word, she utterly disbelieved every word I said, attributed my interested feelings to very unworthy motives, and made a few personal remarks of a nature the reverse of complimentary."

"Was my daughter present?" asked I.

"Miss Dodd had gone to her room a short time previously, but Mrs. Dodd sent for her as I was leaving the chamber."

I could not any longer master my impatience, but, without waiting for more, rushed up-stairs and into my wife's room. A glance assured me that the work of persuasion was already accomplished; for she was lying half fainting in a large chair, while Mary Anne and Betty were bathing her temples and using the usual restoratives for suspended animation.

I had abundant time to observe Mary Anne during these proceedings, and, to my excessive wonderment

do I own it, the girl was as calm, as self-possessed, and as collected as ever I saw her. I defy the very shrewdest to say that they could detect one trait of anxiety or discomposure about her; so that, though I saw Mrs. D. had yielded to the convictions of truth, I really could not say whether or not Mary Anne had yet heard of the story. I thought, however, I'd explore the way by an artificial path, and said:

"If she's well enough to be carried down stairs, Mary Anne, we ought to do it. The great matter is to quit this place at once."

"Of course, Papa," said she, without the slightest touch of emotion.

"After what has occurred," said I, "every moment I remain is a fresh insult."

"Quite so," said she, composedly.

Ah, Tom, these women are out and out beyond us! Neither Physiologists nor Novel-writers know a bit about them. The stock themes with these fellows are their tender susceptibility, gentleness, and so forth. Take my word for it, it is in strength of character, in downright power of endurance, that they excel us. They possess a quality of submission that rises to actual heroism, and they can summon an amount of energy to resist an insult to their pride, of which we men have no conception whatever.

Instead of any attempt to condole with Mary Anne, or to comfort her, the best I could do was, to try to imitate the dignified calm of her composure.

"Don't you think," said I to her, "that we could be off by day-break?"

"Easily," said she. "Augustine is packing up, and when Mamma is a little better I'll assist her."

"*She* knows it all?" said I, with a gesture towards my wife.

"Everything!"

"And believes it at last?"

A nod was the reply.

Egad, Tom, this coolness completely took me aback. I could do nothing but stare at the girl with amazement, and ask myself, "Does she really know what has happened?" In utter indifference to my scrutiny, she continued her attentions to her mother, whispering orders from time to time to Betty Cobb.

"Hadn't you better give some directions about your trunks, Papa?" said she to me.

And thus recalled to myself, I hastened to follow the advice. Paddy, as is customary with him at any great emergency, was drunk, and, with the usual consequence, engaged in active conflict with the rest of the servants' hall. As for James, I sought for him everywhere in vain, but at last learned that he was seen to saddle and bridle a horse for himself about half an hour before: which done, he mounted and rode off at speed towards the forest, which direction, it appeared, the young Baron! had taken some time before. I should have felt uncommonly uneasy for the result had they not assured me that there was not the very slightest chance of his overtaking the fugitive.

Morris told me, too, that the old Steward had been turned out of doors already, so that we had at least the satisfaction of a very heavy vengeance. The Count never ceased to show us every attention in his power; and, so far as politeness and good manners could atone to us, everything was done that could be imagined. With Morris's aid I got my things together,

and before daybreak the carriage stood fully loaded at the door. There was, it is true, "an awful sacrifice" exacted by this hurried packing; and the frail finery of the trousseau found but scanty tenderness, as it was bundled up into valises and even carpet-bags! However, I was determined to march, even at the loss of all my baggage if necessary!

While these active operations went forward, Mrs. D. "improved the occasion" by some sharp attacks of hysterics, which providentially ended in a loss of voice at last; and thus a happy calm was permitted us, in which to take a slight breakfast before starting.

If I call it slight, Tom, it is not with reference to the preparations, which were really on the most sumptuous scale, and all laid out in the large dinner-room with great taste. The Count had told Morris that if his presence might not be thought intrusive, he would feel it a great honour to be permitted to pay his respects to the ladies; and when I mentioned this to Mary Anne, to my no small astonishment she replied, "Oh, with pleasure. I really think we owe it to him for all his attentions." Ay! Tom, and what is more, down came my wife, who had passed the night in screaming and sobbing, looking all smiles and blandnesses, leaning on Mary Anne, who, by the way, had dressed herself in the most becoming fashion, and seemed quite bent on a conquest. Oh, these women, these women! — read them if you can, Tom Purcell! for, upon my conscience, they are far above the humble intelligence of your friend K. I.

I don't think you'd believe me if I was to give you an account of that same breakfast. If ever there was an incident calculated to overwhelm with shame

and confusion, it was precisely that which had just occurred to us. It was not possible to conceive a situation more painful than we were placed in; and with all that, I vow and declare that, except Morris and myself, none seemed to feel it. Mrs. D. eat and drank, and bowed, and smiled, and gesticulated, and ogled the Count to her heart's content; and Mary Anne chatted and laughed with him in all the ease of intimate acquaintanceship; and as he evidently was struck by her beauty, she appeared to accept the homage of his admiration as a very satisfactory compliment. As for me, I tried to behave with the same good breeding as the others, but it was no use! — every mouthful I eat almost choked me; every time I attempted to be jocose, I broke down, with a lamentable failure. Rage, shame, and indignation, were all at work within me; and even the ease and indifference displayed by the womenkind, increased my sense of humiliation. It might very probably have been far less well-mannered and genteel; but I tell you frankly; I'd have been better pleased with them both, if they had cried heartily, and made no secret of their suffering. I half suspect Morris was of the same mind, too; for he could not keep his eyes off them, and evidently in profound astonishment. But for him, indeed, I don't know how I should have got through that morning, for Mrs. D. and her daughter were far too intent upon fresh conquests to waste a thought on recent defeats, and it was evident that Count Adelberg was received by them both with all the credit due to the "real article." This threw me completely on Morris for all counsel and guidance; and I must say, he behaved admirably, making all the arrangements for our de-

parture with a ready promptitude that showed old habits of discipline.

In the Count's calèche there was no room for servants; but our own was to follow with them and the baggage, and also bring up James. All of which details M. was to look after, as well as the care of forwarding to me any letters that might arrive after I was gone.

It was nigh eight o'clock before we started, though breakfast was over a little after six; and, indeed, when all was ready, horses harnessed and postilions in the saddle, the Count insisted on the "ladies" ascending the great watch-tower of the Castle to see the sun rise. He assured them people came from all parts of the world for that view, which was considered one of the finest in Europe; and in proof of his assertion pointed to a long string of inscriptions on marble tablets in the wall. Here, it was the Kur-Fürst of this; and there, the Langravine of that. Dukes, Archdukes, and Field-M Marshals figured in the catalogue, and amidst the illustrious of foreign lands a distinguished place was occupied by Mi Lor' Stubbs, who made the ascent on a day in a year recorded. That Mrs. Dodd and Mary Anne are destined to a like immortality I have no doubt whatever!

At last we got into the carriage, but not until the Count had saluted me on both cheeks, and embraced me tenderly in stage fashion; he kissed Mrs. D.'s hand, and Mary Anne's also, with such a touching devotion, that, for the first time during that memorable morning, they both wiped their eyes. The sight of Morris, however, seemed to recall them to the sober realities of life; they shook hands with him, and away we went

at that tearing gallop, which, though very little more than six miles an hour, has all the apparent speed and the real peril of a special train.

"Where's my fur cloak? Is my muff put in? I don't see the grey shawl. Mary Anne, what has become of the rug? I'm certain half our things are left behind. How could it be otherwise, seeing the absurd haste in which we came away!" These are a few specimens of Mrs. D.'s lucubrations, given "per saltim" as we bumped through the deep ruts of the road, and will explain, as well as a chapter on the subject, the train in which her thoughts were proceeding.

Ay, Tom! for all the disgrace and ignominy of that miserable night and morning, she had no other sentiment of sorrow than for the absurd haste in which we came away! I had firmly determined not to recur to this unpleasant affair, and to let it sleep amongst the archives of similar disagreeable reminiscences, but this provocation was really too strong for me! Were they women? — were they human beings, and could reason this way? — were the questions that struggled for an answer within me! I tried to repress the temptation, but I could not, and so I resolved, if I could do no more, at least to discipline my emotions, and hold them within certain limits. I waited till we were out of the grounds — I delayed till we were some miles on the high road — and then, with a voice subdued to a mere whisper, and in a manner that vouched for the most complete subjection, said:

"Mrs. Dodd, may I be permitted to inquire — and I premise that the object of my question is neither any personal nor a mere vulgar curiosity, but simply to investigate what might be termed a physiological

fact, namely, whether females really feel less than the males of the human species?"

My dear Tom, the calm tone of my exordium availed me nothing! To no end was it that I propounded the purely scientific basis of my investigation. She flew at me, at once, like a tigress. The abstract question that I had submitted for discussion she flung indignantly to the winds, and boldly asked me if I thought "to escape that way." "Escape" — that way! I was thunderstruck, stupified, dumb-founded! Did the woman want to infer — could she by any diabolical ingenuity or perverseness imply that I was possibly to blame for our late calamity? You'll not credit it; nobody could, but it is the truth, notwithstanding. *That* was exactly the charge she now preferred against me! If *I* had taken proper steps to investigate the "Baron's" real pretensions — if *I* had made due and fitting inquiries about him — if *I* had been commonly intelligent, and displayed the most ordinary knowledge of the world — in fact, if, instead of being a bull-headed, blundering old Irish Country Gentleman, I had been a cross between a Foreign Prefect and a London Detective, the chances were that we had been spared the mortification of exhibiting ourselves as endeavouring to dupe people who were already successfully engaged in duping us! This wasn't all, Tom, but she boldly propounded the startling declaration, that she and Mary Anne both had suspected the Baron to be an imposition and a cheat! and although his low manners and vulgar tone imposed upon *me*, they had always regarded him as shockingly underbred! It was *I*, however, who had rushed into the whole misadventure — it was *I* concocted the entire

scheme — *I* planned the visit — *I* made up the match. My stupid cupidity, my blundering anxiety for a grand alliance, were the causes of all the evil! The mock munificence of my settlements was hurled at me as proof positive of the eagerness of my duplicity, and I was overwhelmed with a mass of accusations which I verily believe would have obtained a verdict against me at the hands of any honest and impartial jury of my countrymen.

I have more than once had to acknowledge, that when perfectly assured in my own conscience of my innocence, Mrs. D. has contrived to shake my doubts about myself, and at last succeeded in making me believe that I might have been culpable without knowing it. I suppose in these cases I may have been morally innocent and legally guilty, but I'll not puzzle my head by any subtlety of explanation; enough if I own that a less enviable predicament no man need covet!

I sat under this new allegation sad, silent, and abashed; and although Mary Anne said but little, yet her occasional "You must admit, Papa," "You will surely acknowledge," or "You cannot possibly forget," chimed in, and swelled the full chorus of accusation against me. If I said nothing, I thought the more. My reflections took this shape: Here is another blessed fruit of our coming abroad. Such an incident never could have befallen us at home. Why then should we continue to live on exposed to similar casualties? why reside in a land where we cannot distinguish the man of rank from his scullion, and where all the forms that constitute good breeding, and, maybe, good grammar, are quite beyond our appreciation? Every dilettante scribbler for the magazines who sketches his rambles

in Spain or Switzerland, grows jocose over some eccentricity or absurdity of his countrymen. Their blunders in language, dress, or demeanour are duly chronicled and relied upon as subjects for a droll chapter; but let me tell you, Tom, that the difficulties of foreign residence are very considerable indeed, and, except to the man who issues from England with a certain well proved and admitted station, social or political, the society into which he may be thrown is a downright lottery. The first error he commits, and it is almost inevitable, is to mistake the common forms of hat-lifting and bowing for acquaintanceship. "Bull" thinks that the gentleman desires to know him, and obligingly condescends to accept his overtures. The foreigner, somewhat amused to see the veriest commonplace of politeness received as evidence of acquaintance, profits by the admission, chats, and comes to tea. Now, Tom, whether it be cheap soup, cheap clothing, cheap travelling, or cheap friendship, I have a strong prejudice against them all. My notion is, that the real article is not to be had without some cost and trouble.

These were some of my ruminations as we rattled along; and although the road was interesting, and the day a fine bracing autumnal one, my mind was not attuned to pleasure or enjoyment. We stopped to bait at Donaueschingen, for we were obliged, by some accident or other, to take the same horses on, and found a most comfortable little Inn at the sign of the "Sharpshooter." After dinner we took a stroll in the garden of the Palace of the Mediatised Prince of Fürstenberg, for of course there is a Palace and a Mediatised Prince wherever there is a town of three thousand inhabitants throughout Germany. By the way, Napoleon treated

these people pretty much like our own Encumbered Estates Court at home. He sold them out without any ceremony, and got rid of the feudal privileges and the seignorial rights with a bang of the Auctioneer's hammer. Of course, as with us, there was often a great deal of individual hardship, but these little Principalities were large evils, and half the disturbances of Europe grew out of their corrupt administration.

There is, I often fancy, a natural instinctive kind of corruption incidental to the dominion of a small State. They are too small and too insignificant to attract any attention from the world without, and within their own narrow limits there is no such thing as a public opinion. The ruler, consequently, is free to follow the caprices of his folly, his cruelty, or his wastefulness. He has neither to dread a Parliament nor a newspaper. If he send his small contingent — a "Commander-in-Chief and a Drummer of great experience" — to the great army of the Confederation he belongs to, he may tax his subjects, or hang them, to his heart's content! Now, I cannot imagine a worse state of things than this, nor any more likely to foster that spirit of discontent which every hour is adding to the feeling of the Continent.

While I am following this theme, I am forgetting what was uppermost a few minutes back in my mind. In the garden of the same Palace, which belongs to a certain Count Fürstenberg, there is a singularly beautiful little spring; it bubbles up amidst flowers and grass, and overruns the green sward in many a limpid streamlet. There is something in the unadorned simplicity of this tiny well, rippling through the yellow daffodils and "starry river buds," wonderfully pleasing;

but what an interest fills the mind as we hear that this is the source of the Danube! "The mighty river that sweeps along through the rocky gorges of Upper Austria, washes the foundations of the Imperial Vienna, and flows on, ever swelling, and widening, and deepening, to the Black Sea — that giant stream, so romantic in its associations with the touching tale of our own Richard — so picturesque in its windings, so teeming with interest to the Poet, the Painter, the Merchant, and the Politician; there it is, a little crystal rivulet, whose destiny might well seem limited to the flowery borders and blossoming beds around it." This isn't mine, Tom, though it's exactly what I would have said if the words occurred to me, but I copy it out of the Visitors' Book, where strangers write their names, and, so to say, leave their cards upon the infant Danube.

Truisms are only tiresome to the hearer; they are a delightful recreation to the man that tells them, so that I am sorely tempted to mention some of those that suggested themselves to my mind as I stood beside that little spring — all the analogies that at once arose to my fancy, between human life and the course of a mighty river, between the turnings, and twinings, and aberrations of childhood, the headlong current of youth, the mature force of manhood, and the trackless issue, at last, into the great ocean of eternity! One lesson we may assuredly gather from the contemplation: not to predicate from small beginnings against the likelihood of a glorious future!

I left the place regretfully; the tranquil quietude of my two hours' ramble through the garden restored me to a serene and peaceful frame of mind. The little

village itself, the tidy, unpretending Inn, clean, comfortable, and a model of cheapness, were all to my fancy, and I could very well have liked to linger on, there, for a week or so. After all, what a commentary is it upon all pursuits of pleasure and amusement, to think that we really find our greatest happiness in those little, out-of-the-way, isolated spots, remote from all the attractions and blandishments of the gay world! I don't mean to say that Mrs. D. quite concurred with me, for she grew very impatient at my delay, and wondered excessively "what peculiar attraction the garden of the Palace might have possessed, to make me forget myself." But it's not so easy a thing to do as she thinks! Forgetting one's self, Tom, implies so many other oblivions. It means forgetting one's tenants that they have over-rented — one's banker over-drawn — one's horses over-worked — one's house out of repair — one's estate out at elbows — forgetting the duns that torment, the creditors that torture you — the latitats, the writs, the mortgages, the bonds — all the inflictions, in fact, consequent to parchment, signed, sealed, and delivered over to your persecuting angel! Oh dear, oh dear! what a thirsty swig would I take of Lethe if I could! and how happy would I be to start fresh in life without any one of the "liabilities," as they call them, that attach to Kenny Dodd!

I remember, when I was a schoolboy, no day of the week had such terrors for me as Saturday, because we were obliged to answer a repetition of the whole week's work. That carrying up of the past was a load that always destroyed me! My notion was to let bygones be bygones, and it was downright cruelty

to take me over the old ground of my former calamities. The same prejudice has tracked me through life. I can face a new misfortune as well as my neighbours; what kills me is going back over the old ones. Let me tell you, too, that there is a great deal of balderdash talked in the world about Experience! That with experience you'll do this, that, and t'other, better. Don't believe a word of it. You might as well tell me that having the typhus will teach a man patience the next time he catches a fever! Take my word for it, be as fresh as you can against the ills of life — know as little of them as you can — think as little of them! Keep your constitution — whether it be moral or physical — as intact as you are able, and rely on it you'll not fare the worse when it comes to the trial!

It was a fine evening, with a thin rim of a new moon in the sky, when we got ready to leave Donau-eschingen. The bill for dinner came to about five shillings for three of us, wine included, and no charge for rooms, so that when I gave as much more to the servants, the enthusiasm of the household knew no bounds. The housemaid, indeed, in an access of enthusiasm, would kiss my hand, and got rebuked by my wife as a "forward hussy, that ought to be well looked after." From this incident, however, our attention was soon diverted by the arrival of our second carriage, but without James! A note from Morris explained that he did not like to detain the servants, lest it should prove inconvenient to us, and that he would take care James should join us at Constance — probably early on the next day. This note was handed to me by the postboy, a circumstance speedily accounted for, as I got out and saw that the whole com-

pany, consisting of Betty, Augustine, the Courier, Paddy Byrne, and a fifth, unknown, were all very drunk and unable to speak, closely wedged in the britschka! Of course it was no time to ask for any explanations, and we came on to this place, which we reached by midnight.

As I have given you a somewhat full narrative of what befel us, I may as well, ere I conclude, add some words of explanation of the state of our amiable followers. Betty Cobb, it appears, was seized with connubial symptoms while we were at the Castle, and yielding to the soft impeachment, and not being deterred by any discovery of false rank or pretensions, actually bestowed her hand on a distinguished Swineherd that pertained to the place. The wedding took place after we left, the convivial festivities being continued all along the road till they overtook us. Had the unlucky girl married a New Zealand chief, or a Kaffir, her choice could not have fallen upon a more thoroughly savage specimen of the human race. The fellow is a Black Forest Caliban of the worst description. The question is now to know what to do with him, for Mrs. D. will not consent to part with Betty, nor will Betty separate from her liege lord; so that amongst my other blessings I may number that of carrying about the world a scoundrel that would disgrace a string of galley-slaves! Just imagine, Tom, in the rumble of a travelling carriage a fellow six foot and a half high, dressed in a cow-hide, with an ox-goad in his hand, and a long naked knife in his girdle, speaking no intelligible tongue, nor capable of any function save the herding of wild animals. The most uncultivated specimen of brute nature I ever

heard, saw, or even read of! Fancy, I say, the pleasure of "lugging" this creature over the Continent of Europe, feeding, housing, and clothing him, his sole claim being that he is the husband of that precious bargain, Betty Cobb!

Why, he'd bring shame on a Beast Caravan! The best of it is, too, he holds to his "caste" like a Hindoo, and refuses all other occupation save the charge of swine. He would not aid to unload the carriage — would not lift a trunk, nor carry a carpet-bag; and when admonished by Paddy for his laziness, showed two inches of a broad knife up his sleeve with a grin meant to imply that he knew how to resist any assault on his dignity! That the scoundrel has no respect for law is clear enough; so that my hope is, he will commit some terrible infraction, and that we may be able to send him to the galleys for the rest of his days. How I'm to keep him and Paddy apart is more than yet appears to me. I suppose, in the end, one of them will kill the other. From what I see here, the expense of keeping this beast — at a Hotel at least — will be equal to the cost of three ordinary servants; for he has no regular meal times, but has food cooked for him "promiscuously," and eats — if I'm to credit the landlord — either a kid or a lamb per diem. A bear wouldn't be half the expense, and a far more companionable beast besides. It is but fair to say that Betty seems to adore him; she crams the monster all day with stolen victuals, and appears to have no other care in life than in watching after him.

What induces Mrs. D. to feel this sudden attachment to Betty herself I can't imagine. Up to this she railed at her unceasingly, and deplored the day and

the hour she took her from home. But now, when this alliance really makes her insupportable, she won't hear of parting with her, and submits to a degree of tyranny from this woman that is utterly inexplicable. It's another of those feminine anomalies, Tom, that neither you nor I, nor, maybe, anybody else, will ever be able to reconcile.

You will probably wonder how, at a moment like this, smarting, as I am, under the combined effects of insult and disappointment, I can turn my attention to a matter of this trifling nature; but I confess to you that the admission of this uncivilised element into the circle of my family inspires me with feelings of disgust, not unmixed with terror; for what he may do in any access of fury the Infernal Gods alone can say. So long as we are here, in this remote and little-visited town, the notice he attracts is confined to the troop of street loungers who follow him; but I have yet to learn how we are ever to make our appearance in a regular city in his company.

Now to another matter, Tom, and the most essential of all. What are we to do for money? for, whether we go on or go back, we must have it. I haven't the heart to go over the accounts; nor would it put sixpence more in my pockets if I was like Babbage's calculating machine! Screw up the tenants, and make them pay the arrears. Healey owes us at least two hundred pounds. Try if he can't pay half. See, besides, if you cannot find a tenant for the place, even for a year. This Exhibition in Dublin will fill the country with strangers; and a good advertisement of Dodsborough, with an account of the "shooting and fishing, capital society, and two packs of hounds in

the neighbourhood," might take the notice of some aspiring Cockney. From what I see in the papers, Ireland is going to be the fashion this summer. I suppose that she is starved down to the pitch to be "thin and genteel," and that's the reason of it.

Tell me what you think of this great display of "Industrial products," as they call it. Are we as wonderful as the Irish papers say, or are we really as backward as the *Times* pronounces us? My own notion is, that the whole thing proceeds on a misconception of the country and its capabilities. These Exhibitions are essentially dependent on manufacturing skill for their excellence. Now, we are not a manufacturing people. We are agriculturists, and so are the Yankees; and, consequently, the utmost we can do is to show off the clever inventions and cunning products of our neighbours. Writing, as I do, confidentially to yourself, I will own, too, that I am not one of those sanguine admirers of these raree-shows, nor do I see in them the seeds of all that progress that others prophesy. Looking at a wonderful mechanical invention will no more teach me to imitate it, than going to Batty's Circus will enable me to jump through a hoop, or ride on my head! Amusement, pleasure, interest, there is in one as much as the other; but as for any educational advantage, Tom, I don't believe in it. To the scientific man these things are all familiar — to the peasant they are all miraculous; and though the Electric Telegraph be really a wonderful thing, after one sees the miracles of the Church it ceases to surprise you! At all events, give me some account of the place and the people in your next, and write soon.

I have kept this a day back, hoping to announce James's arrival here, but up to this there is no tidings of him.

Yours, ever faithfully,

KENNY JAMES DODD.

P. S. I find now that this town is not in Switzerland, but in Baden, for the Police have been here to know "who we are?" and "why we have come?" — two questions that would take longer to answer than they suspect. How absurd these little bits of national prejudice sound, when the symbol of nationality is only a blue post or a white one, and no geographical limit announces a new country. Droll enough, too, they are most importunate in their inquiries after James; as if the appearance of his name in the passport requires that he should be forthcoming when asked for. Ah, Tom! if the fellows that knocked old Europe about in '48 had resolutely set their faces against these stumbling-blocks to civilisation — Passports, Police spies, Town dues, and Gate imposts — they'd have won the sympathies of millions, who do not care a rush about Universal Suffrage and the Liberty of the Press — and, what is more, the concessions could never have been revoked nor recalled!

To myself, individually, the system presents few annoyances; for I sit serene behind my ignorance of all Continental languages, and say to myself, "Touch me if you dare." Maybe they half suspect the substance of my meditations, for they show the greatest deference towards my condition of passive resistance. The Brigadier has just bowed himself out of the room, with what sounded like a hearty curse, but what Mary

Anne assures me was a sincere protestation of his sentiment of "high consideration and esteem." And now to dinner.

LETTER XIX.

Mary Anne Dodd to Miss Doolan, of Ballydoolan.

Constance on the Lake.

DEAREST KITTY,

WITH what rapture do I once more throw myself into the arms of your affection! How devotedly do I seek the sanctuary of my dearest Kitty's heart! It is all over, my sweet friend, all over! I see you start — your cheek is bloodless, and your lips tremble — but reassure yourself, Kitty, and hear me. If there be anything against which I am weak and powerless — if there be aught in life to oppose which I have neither strength or energy — it is the reproach of one I love! Already do I stand accused before you, even now have you arraigned me, and my condemnation is trembling on your lips. Avow it — own it, dear girl. Your heart, at least, has said the words of my sentence: "All over! so then Mary Anne has jilted him — changed her mind in the last hour — trifled with his affections, and made a sport of his feelings." Yes, such is the charge against me; and, trembling as I stand before you, I syllable the word "Guilty." "Guilty, but with extenuating circumstances." Be calm then, be patient; and, above all, be merciful, while I plead before you.

I deny nothing, I evade nothing. I cannot even pretend that my altered feelings originated in any long process of reason or reflection. I will not affect to

say that I struggled against conflicting doubts, and only yielded when powerless to resist them. No, dearest, I am above every such shallow artifice; and I own that it was on the very morning your letter arrived — at the moment when my hot tears were falling over the characters traced by your hand — as, enraptured, I kissed the lines that breathed your love — then there suddenly broke upon me a light illumining the dark horizon around me. Space became peopled with forms and images, voices and warnings floated around and above me, and as I read your words — “If, then, your whole heart be his” — I trembled, Kitty, my eyes grew dim, my bosom heaved in agony, and, in my heart-wrung misery, I cried aloud, “Oh save me from this perfidy — save me from myself!”

Save that the letter which my fingers grasped convulsively was the offspring of friendship and not of love betrayed, the scene was precisely like that which closes the second act of the “*Lucia di Lammermoor*.” Mamma, the Baron, James, even to the Priest, all were there; and, like *Lucia*, dressed in my bridal robe, the orange flowers in my hair, and such a love of a Brussels veil fastened mantilla-wise to the back of the head. I stood pale, trembling, and conscience-stricken! the awful words of your question ringing in my ears, like the voice of an angel come to call me to judgment. ““If your whole heart be his!” But it is not,” cried I, aloud. “It is not — it never can be!” I know not in what wild rhapsody my emotions found utterance. I have no memory of that gushing cataract in which overwrought feelings found their channel. I spoke in that rapt enthusiasm in which, as we are told,

the ancient Priestesses delivered their dream-revealings, for I, too, was as one inspired, as agony alone can inspire. Of myself I know nothing, but I have since heard that the scene was harrowing to a degree that no words can convey. The Baron, mounted on his fastest courser, fled into the woods; James, spirited on by some imagined sense of injury, thirsting for a vengeance on he knew not what or whom, pursued him; Mamma was seized with frantic screaming; and even Papa himself, whose lethargic humour stands him like an armour of proof — even he swore and imprecated in a manner that called forth a most impressive rebuke from the Chaplain.

The scene changes — we are away! The Castle and its deep woods grow dim behind us; the wild mountains of the Schwartz Wald rise before and around us. The dark pines wave their stately tops, the wood-pigeon cries his plaintive note; rocky glen and rugged precipice, foaming waterfalls and wooded slopes pass swiftly by, and on we hasten — on and on; but, with all our speed, dark, brooding care can still outstrip us, and sorrow follows faster than the wind.

We arrived at Constance by midnight, when I soon betook me to bed, and cried myself to sleep. Sweet — sweet tears were they, flowing like the crystal drops from the margin of an over-charged fountain; for such was the heart of your afflicted Mary Anne.

It is not by any casuistry about the injustice I should have done, had I bestowed a moiety where I had promised a whole heart. It is not by any pretence that I felt this to be an unworthy artifice, that I now appeal to your merciful consideration. It is

simply as one suddenly awakened to the terrible conviction that she cannot be loved as she is capable of loving; or, in other words, that she despairs of even inspiring that passion which alone could requite her for the agony of love. Oh, Kitty, it is an agony, and such a one as no torture of human wickedness ever equalled. May you never feel it in that intensity of suffering which is alike its ecstasy and its woe.

Do not reproach me, Kitty: my heart has already done so, bitterly — terribly! Again and again have I asked myself, "Who, and what are you, that dares to reject rank, wealth, station, glorious lineage, and a noble name? If these and the most devoted love cannot move you, what are the ambitions that rise before you?" Over and over do I interrogate myself thus, and yet the only reply is, a heart-heaved sigh — the spirit-wrung voice of inward suffering! You, dearest, who know your friend, will not accuse her of exaggerated or overwrought vanity. None so well as you, are aware that these are not my characteristic failings.

An excess of humility may depreciate me, even to the lowliest condition of humble fortune; and if happiness be but there, I will not deem the choice a mean one! You will judge of the sincerity of my words, when I tell you that I have just been unpacking all my things, and putting them away in drawers and wardrobes; and oh, Kitty, if you could but see them! Papa was really splendid, and allowed me to order everything I could fancy. Of course his generosity fettered instead of stimulated my extravagance, so that I merely took the absolute *nécessaire*. Of these I may mention two cashmeres and three Brussels scarfs, one

a perfect love; twelve morning, eighteen evening dresses, of which one for the altar is covered with Valenciennes, looped up with pearls and brilliants; the corsage ornamented down the front with a bouquet of the same stones, arranged to represent lily of the valley, with dewdrops — a pretty device, and quite simple, to suit the occasion. The presentation robe is actually magnificent, and only needs a diamond *parure* to be queenly. How I dote, too, on these dear little bonnets. I never weary of trying them on: they sit so coquettishly on the back of the head, and make one look sly and modest, and gentle and saucy all at once! In this walk of art the French are incomparably above us. Dress with them observes all the harmony of colour and the keeping of a great picture. No lilac bonnets and blue shawls — no scarlets and pinks alternately killing and marring each other — none of that false heraldry of costume by which your Englishwoman displays her vulgar wealth and ill-assorted finery. All is graceful, well toned, and harmonious. Your *mise* is, so to say, the declaration of your sentiments just as the signal of a man-of-war proclaims her intention; and how ingenious to think that your stately cashmere suggests homage, your ermined mantle, watchful devotion, your muslin peignoir, confidence and intimate intercourse.

Now, your “English” must *look* all these to be intelligible, and constantly converts herself into a great staring, ogling, leering machine, very shocking to contemplate.

I need scarcely remark to you, dearest, that the step I have just taken has made my position in the family like that of the young lady who refused Louis

Napoleon before Europe. Our situations, if you come to consider them, are wonderfully alike; and there are extraordinary points of resemblance between the Gentlemen, to which I cannot at present more fully allude. The ungenerous observations and slighting allusions to which I am exposed would actually wring your heart. Even James remarked that the whole affair reminded him of Joe Hudson, who, after accepting an Indian appointment, refused to sail when he had obtained the outfit. "Mary Anne only wanted the kit," was the vulgar impertinence by which he closed this piece of flattery; and this was in allusion to the *trousseau*! Men are so shallow, so meanly-minded, Kitty; and, above all, so ungenerous in the measure of our motives. They really think that we value dress for itself, and not as a means to an end — that end being their own subjection! Mamma, I must say, is truly kind; she regrets, naturally enough you will think, the loss of a great alliance. She had pictured to herself the quartering of the M'Carthys with the house of W —, and ranged in imagination over various remote, but ambitious, contingencies; but, with true maternal affection, she has effaced all these memories from her heart, only to think of me and of my emotions. I have also been able to supply her with a consolation, no less great than unexpected, in this wise: Papa, from one cause or other, had been of late seriously meditating a return to Ireland; I shame to say, Kitty, that he never valued, never understood the Continent; its habits, its ways, and its wines, all disagreed with him; financial reasons, too, influenced him; for somehow, up to this, we have been forced to overlook the claims of economy, and only regard those

which refer to the station we are to maintain in society. Now, from all these causes, he had brought himself to think the only safety lay in a speedy retreat! Mamma had ascertained this beyond a doubt by some passages in Mr. Purcell's letters to Papa; how obtained I know not. From these she gathered that at any moment he was capable of abandoning the campaign, and embarking the whole army! The misery such a course would entail upon us I have no need to enlarge upon; nor could I, if I tried, find words to depict the condition of suffering that would be ours if again domesticated in that dreadful Island. Forgive me, dearest, if I wound one susceptibility of your tender heart — I would not ruffle even a rose-leaf of your gentle nature; but I cannot refrain from saying that Ireland is very dreadful! Philosophers affect to tell us, Kitty, that from the chemical properties of meteoric stones we can predicate the nature of the planets from which they have fallen; and the most ingenious theories as to the structure, size, and conformation of their bodies, are built upon such slender materials. Now, would it be too wide a stretch of ingenuity to apply this theory to home affairs, and argue from the specimen one sees of the dear country, "What must be the land that has reared them?" And, oh, Kitty, if so, what a sentence we should be condemned to pass!

But to the consolation of which I spoke, and which in this diversion I was nigh forgetting. Papa, as I mentioned, was bent on going home; and now these costly preparations of wedding finery offer the means of opposing him, for of what use could they possibly be at Dodsborough, Kitty? To what end that enor-

mous outlay, if brought back to the regions of Bruff? Here is an expensive armament — all the *materiel* of a campaign provided; who would counsel the consigning it to rust and decay? who would advise giving over to moths what might be made the adornment of some brilliant capital? Whether we consider the question morally, financially, or strategically, we arrive at the same conclusion. Such a display as this, if exhibited at home, would revolutionise the whole neighbourhood, disgust them with home-grown gowns and bonnets, and lead to irrepressible extravagance, debt, and ruin. So far for moral considerations. Financially, the cost is incurred, and it only remains to make the outlay profitable; this, it is needless to say, cannot be done at Dodsborough. And now for the strategy, the tactical part, Kitty. We all know, that whenever a marriage is broken off, Scandal seizes the occasion for any reports she likes to circulate, and the good-natured world always agrees in condemning “the Lady.” If her character or conduct be unimpeachable, then they make searches as to her temper. She was a termagant, that ruled her whole family, scolded her sisters, bullied her brothers, and was the terror of every one. If this indictment cannot be sustained, they find a flaw in her fortune; her twenty thousand was “only ten;” ten, Irish currency; perhaps on an Irish mortgage of an Irish property, mayhap charged with Heaven knows what of annuities to Irish relations! Now, Kitty, it is essential to avoid every one of these evil imputations, and I have supplied Mamma with so good a brief in the cause, so carefully drawn up, and so well argued, that I don’t think Papa will let the case go to a jury; or, in

other words, that he will give in his submission at once. I have much more to tell you, and will write again to-morrow.

Ever yours in affection,
MARY ANNE DODD.

LETTER XX.

Mary Anne Dodd to Miss Doolan, of Ballydoolan.

Lake of Constance.

MY DEAREST KITTY,

TRUE to my pledge, I sit down to continue the revelations, the first volume of which is already before you; and, as I left off in a chapter of "désagréables," let me finish the theme ere I proceed to pleasanter paths and greener pastures.

Betty Cobb has gone and taken to herself a husband; and such a husband as really I did not fancy could be found nearer us than the Waterkloof, if that be the correct spelling of the pleasant locality in Kaffirland, where some of the something — Fifth, or Eighth — are always getting surprised and cut to pieces! The creature is a Swineherd — one of those dreadful semi-savages that Germany rears out of respect to its ancient traditions about Wood Demons and Kobolds. So terrific an object I never beheld, and his "get up," as James would call it, equals his natural advantages.

You may remember the wretches who are thrusting the Page into the furnace, in Retsch's Illustrations of Schiller's Poem, "Der Gang auf den Eisenhammer" — one of these is a flattering likeness of him. Betty, however, whose taste in manly beauty is not formed

on the Antinoïs' model, believes him to be perfection. At all events, no promise of double wages, presents, or other seductions, could warp her allegiance from this seductive object; and as Mamma suddenly discovered that she was quite indispensable to her, the consequence is, that we have to accept the company and companionship of the graceful "Taddy," who is now part of our Legation as a Swineherd unattached. You must know, Kitty, that these worthy people, who are brought up from infancy to regard pigs as the most important part of the creation, are impressed with a profound contempt for the human species — that all their habits are imbued with swinish tastes, modes, and prejudices — that they love to live in woods, sleep on the ground, and grunt their sentiments, when they have any. Whether these be the characteristics of conjugalism, or the features which, as the book says, "Make Home happy," Time and Betty alone can tell. I must say that fear and disgust are, for the present, the impressions his appearance suggests to me, but Betty is clearly of a different mind.

Meanwhile, as regards ourselves, he is really a most embarrassing element of the state. He is totally unacquainted with all laws, Divine and Human, and only sufficiently gifted with speech as to convey his commonest wishes; and, from what I can learn, Gasper Hauser was a man of the world in comparison to him. Papa is, of course, frantic at the thought of his pertaining to us — but what is to be done? Betty has declared that she will follow him to Jericho; by which she means, to some fabulous land of unreal geography; and Mamma will not part with Betty.

To-morrow, or next day, I expect to hear that Taddy protests he can't live without his pigs, and that a legion of swine become part of our travelling equipment. Already has his presence on our staff called for the attention of the authorities, who are, very naturally, curious to know what we mean by such a functionary. Papa, on his side, thinks it part of an Englishman's birthright to resist, oppose, and torment the Police; and, of course, will give no information whatever as to why he is here, but avows his determination to retain him in his service, just on that account.

These complications — to give them a mild name — have so absorbed me, that I have forgotten to tell you about our present place of sojourn. The Lake of Constance sounds pretty, dearest. It seems to address itself at once to our sense of the beautiful, and our moral attachment to the true! As we approached it, I looked eagerly from the carriage, at each turning of the mountain road, for some glimpses of the scenery; but night fell suddenly, and closed all in darkness. Early on the following morning I arose, and taking Augustine with my sketch-book, hurried down to the border of the Lake; for our most quaint and ancient "Hostelry" stands in the very centre of the town, and fully fifteen minutes' walk from the water. We reached it suddenly, on turning the angle of a narrow lane, and came out upon a small stone pier projecting into the water, and this was the Lake — the Lake of Constance! Only think, Kitty, of a great wide expanse of bleak water, with low shores; no glaciers, no alps, no sublimity! I could have cried with disappointment. The Custom-house people — very nice-

looking men, with a becoming uniform of green and gold — assured me that at the upper end of the Lake I should see the Mountains of the Vorarlberg, and also the range of the Swiss Alps, and have abundant material for my pencil. Meanwhile, they made an old boatman sit while I sketched him; he was mending his net, and with his long blue nightcap, and scarf of the same colour, his snow-white beard, and fine Rembrandt colour, he really made a charming study. The chief officer of the Customs — a remarkably handsome man, with the very blackest mustaches — was in downright enthusiasm at the success of my little sketch; and really, as it was utterly valueless, I could not resist Augustine's entreaty to tear it out of my book and give it to him.

You can't think, Kitty, with what a graceful mixture of gratitude and dignity he accepted my worthless present. He might, so far as breeding went, have been a Captain of Hussars. He accompanied us all the way back to the Hotel, having previously placed his boat and his boat's crew at my disposal during our stay here. Ah, Kitty, what a charm there is in the amiable tone of foreigners! How striking the contrast between their cultivated politeness and the rude barbarism of our own people! Fancy for a moment what is our home notion of a Custom-house official! — a shabby-genteel individual, with a week's beard and a brandy-and-water eye, that pokes into your trunk after French gloves, and searches your brother's pocket for cheroots. Imagine *him* beside one of these magnificently-dressed and really splendid-looking men, with all the air of an Aide de-Camp to the Queen! How naturally are we led to estimate the

style in which people live by the dress and appointment of their household; and should we not pass a similar judgment on States, and argue, from the appropriate costume of the functionaries, to their own completeness and perfection of system!

I said nothing to Mamma of our newly-made acquaintance; for as I entered the Inn I learned that James and another Gentleman had just arrived, but so tired and fatigued, that they both had given orders that they should not be disturbed on any account. You may be sure, Kitty, I was intensely curious to know who the stranger was; but all my inquiries were only so many additional provocatives to my eagerness, without any satisfaction! I learned, indeed, that he was young, handsome, tall, and spoke French and German fluently; so much so, indeed, that the Waiter hesitated whether to call him English or not! James and his fellow-traveller had arrived by the Diligence from Schaffhausen, so that there was really nothing by which we could catch a clue to his friend; and I was left to my patience and my conjectures till breakfast time.

I own to you, Kitty, the trial was too much for my nerves, overstrung as they have been by late events. I fancied a thousand things. I imagined incidents, events, casualties, of which, even to you, dearest, I cannot give the interpretation. Unable, at last, to resist the working of a curiosity that had risen to a torture, I took the resolution to awake James, and ask "Who was his friend?" I traversed the corridor with stealthy footsteps, and sought out the number of his room. It was 43, the Waiter said, and the last on the gallery; and so I found it. I turned the handle

noiselessly, and entered. The window-curtains were closely drawn, and all was in deep shadow. In one corner of the chamber stood the bed, from which the deep respirations of the sleeper issued; and, poor fellow, it must have been more than common fatigue and weariness that could have caused such sounds. As with cat-like stillness I stole across the chamber, my eyes, growing accustomed to the dim half-light, began to discover objects on each side of me. For instance, I perceived a splendid dressing-gown of amber-coloured silk, lined with pale blue, and gorgeously embroidered; a cap of the same colours, with a silver tassel of a foot in length, lay beside it. Slippers of costly embroidery in silver thread, and a most magnificent Meerschaum, with a mounting of gold and rubies, was on the table, beside a pair of pistols, whose carved stocks were inlaid with a tracery of the finest workmanship. These I knew to be James's, for I had seen them with him; and there were various other articles equally splendid and costly, all new to me — such as card-cases, tablets, cigar-holders, and a most gorgeous dressing-case of gold and Bohemian glass, from which, really, I could scarcely tear myself away. I was well aware that James had set no limit to his personal extravagance; but these, and the display of rings, pins, buttons, shirt-studs, chains, and trinkets of all kinds, perfectly astounded me. And here let me remark, Kitty, that the young men of the present day far exceed us in all that pertains to this taste for ornamental jewellery. As my eyes ranged over these attractive and beautiful objects, I was particularly struck with an opal brooch, representing a parrot in the midst of palm leaves. It

was a most beautiful piece of enamel work, studded with gems of every brilliant hue.

It was, as you may imagine, far too pretty for a man's wear, and I resolved to profit by the occasion, to appropriate, or, as the Americans say, to "annex," it to my own possessions. I had just fastened it in the front of my dress, when the handle of the door turned, and — oh, Kitty! conceive my agony as I heard James's voice speaking from without! It was therefore not *his* chamber where I was standing, nor could the sleeper be *him*! Escape and concealment were my first thought, and I sprang behind a screen at the very moment the door opened. Should I live a hundred years, I shall never cease to remember the intense misery of that moment. You need only picture my situation to your own mind, to see how distressing it must have been. The certainty of being discovered if I made the slightest noise saved me from fainting, but I almost fancied that the loud beating of my heart might have betrayed me.

James came in without any peculiar deference for the sleeper's nerves, and, upsetting a chair or two, stumbled across the room towards the bed, on which he seated himself, calling out "George — Tiverton — old fellow! don't you mean to get up at all, to-day?"

Oh, Kitty! fancy my trembling terror as I heard that I was in the chamber of Lord George Tiverton. The very utmost I could do was to refrain from a scream; nor do I now know how I succeeded in repressing it.

It was not till after repeated efforts that James succeeded in awaking his friend, who at length, with a long-drawn sigh, exclaimed, "By Jove, Jemmy!

I'm glad you routed me up. I've had a horrid dream. Only think, I imagined that I was still in the House of Lords listening to that confounded case! I fancied that Scratchley was addressing their Lordships in reply, and pledging himself to show that gross neglect, and even cruelty, could be proved against me. The old scoundrel's harsh voice is still ringing in my ears, and I hear him tearing me to very tatters!"

"Was there anything of that sort?" said James, as he struck a light for his cigar and began smoking.

"Why, I must say, he was *not* complimentary. These fellows, you are aware, have a vocabulary of their own, and when setting up a defence for a pretty woman, married at seventeen, they pitch into one's little frailties at a very cruel rate. Not exactly that the narrative is very detrimental to a man's future prospects; what really damages you is what they call Cruelty, and your wife's maid — particularly if she be a Frenchwoman — can always prove this."

"Indeed!" exclaimed James, in some astonishment.

"To be sure she can. Why, everything that thwarts her Mistress in anything — good, bad, or indifferent — is Cruelty in the French sense. You are rather given to fast acquaintances; you bring home with you to supper, some three or four times a week, detachments of that respectable company one meets at Tattersall's Yard, or in the Turf Club; chicken hazard and the Coulisses of the Opera are amongst your weaknesses; you have a taste for sport, and would rather take the odds against the favourite than lay out your spare cash at Howell and James's. That's Cruelty! When regularly done up in Town, you make

a bolt for Boulogne, or rush down to your shooting-box in the Highlands. That's more Cruelty, and neglect besides! Terribly pressed for money, you try to bully your wife's Uncle, one of the Trustees to her settlement, and threaten to kick him down stairs. Gross Cruelty! Harder up again, you pledge her diamonds. Shocking Cruelty! Cleared out and sold up, you suggest the propriety of her sending away the French maid, and travelling up to Paris alone. That's monstrous Cruelty! And, in fact, all together establish a clear justification for anything that may befall you. Besides this, Jemmy, if you marry a girl of good family, she is sure to have either a father, an uncle, or a brother, or perhaps some three or four cousins in the Lords: now, whatever comes off, they oppose your Bill, and as their Lordships only want to hear your story, to listen to the piquant narrative of domestic differences and conjugal jarrings, nobody cares a straw whether you succeed or not. Give me a light, Jem."

They both continued to puff their cigars for some time in silence, during which my sufferings rose to absolute torture, for, in addition to the shocking circumstances of my own situation, was now the fact of my having overheard a most private conversation.

"So they threw out your Bill?" asked James, after a pause.

"Deferred judgment!" replied the other, puffing, "which comes to pretty nigh the same thing. Asked for further evidence, explanations, what not — cursed cigars, don't draw at all."

"They're Bollards' best Havannahs."

"Well, perhaps I've been unlucky in my choice;

if so, it's not the first time, Jem;" and he laughed heartily at the notion. "I say, take care and don't say anything about this affair of mine."

"But it will be in all the papers. The *Times* will give it to-morrow or next day."

"Not a bit of it — had a private hearing, old fellow. Too many good names compromised to have the thing made town talk — you understand."

"Ah, that's it!" said James.

"Yes, it's one of the few privileges remaining to what Lord Grey calls 'our order,' except, perhaps, the judgments of the London Magistrates. To do *them* justice, the fellows do know what a Lord is, and 'they act accordingly.' There, it's out at last" — and he threw away his cigar — "and I suppose I may as well think of getting up. Just draw that curtain, Jem, and open the shutter."

"Oh, Kitty, dearest, can you form to yourself any idea of my situation! James had already risen from the bedside, and was groping his way to the window. Another moment, and a flood of light would pour into the room and inevitably discover me. My agitation almost choked me; it was like a sense of drowning, and at the same time accompanied by the terrible thought that I must not dare to cry for succour. James was busy with the button of the window-fastening — another instant and it would be too late — and with the energy of utter despair I sprang from behind the screen, and then pushing it with all my force, upset it over the toilet-table, the whole tumbling against James with a horrid crash, and laying him prostrate beneath the ruins. I dashed from the room with the speed of lightning; I know not how

I flew along the gallery, up the stairs, and gained my own chamber, but, as I turned the key inside, all consciousness left me, and I fell fainting on the floor. The noise of many footsteps on the corridor outside, and the sound of voices, aroused me. The fragments I could collect showed me that all were discussing the late catastrophe, and none able to explain it. Oh, Kitty, what a gush of delight rushed through me to hear that I had escaped unseen, unknown, unsuspected!

The general voice attributed the accident to James's awkwardness, and I could perceive that he had not escaped without some bruises.

It was a long time, too, ere I could turn my thoughts from my late peril to think of the strange revelation I had been witness to; nor was it without a certain shock to my feelings that I learned Lord George was married. His attentions to me were certainly particular, Kitty. No girl, with any knowledge of life, makes any mistake on the subject, because, if she entertains a doubt, she knows how at once to resolve it by tests as unerring as those a Chemist employs to discover arsenic.

Now, I had submitted him to one or two of these at times, and they all showed him to be "infallibly affected." With what a sense of disappointment, then, was I to hear that he was already married, the only alleviation being that he was seeking to dissolve the tie! Poor fellow! how completely did this unhappy circumstance explain many expressions whose meaning had hitherto puzzled me! How I saw through clouds and mists that once obscured the atmosphere of my hopes! And how readily did I forgive him for vacillation and uncertainty, which before had often distress-

ed and displeased me. Until free, it was of course impossible that he could avow his sentiments undisguisedly, and now, I recognised the noble character of the struggle that he had maintained with himself. Oh, Kitty, it is not only that "the course of true love never did run smooth," but it really could not be true love if it did so. The sluggish stream of common affection flows lazily along between the muddy banks and sedgy sides of ordinary life, but the boiling torrent of passionate love requires the rocks of difficulty to dam its course, and impart that character of foamy impetuosity that sweeps away every obstacle and dashes onward to its goal regardless of danger! I'm sure I feel quite convinced that such is the nature of Lord G.'s passion; and that now these stupid "Lords" have rejected his plea for a divorce, if he be not rescued by the hand of devoted affection, he may rush madly into every excess, and dissipate the great talents with which he is so remarkably gifted.

Be candid now, my darling Kitty, and confess frankly that you are greatly shocked at these doctrines, and your dear little Irish prudery blushes crimson at the bare thought of feeling even an interest in a man already married, and horrified at the notion of his hypothetical attentions. Yes, I see it all; your sweetly-dimpled mouth is pursed up with conscious propriety, and you are arranging your features into all the sternness of judicial severity; but hear me for one moment in defence, if not in justification. All these things seem very dreadful to you in the solitudes of Tipperary, simply because of their infrequency. The man who has separated from his wife, or the woman divorced from her husband, are great criminals to your home-

bred notions, and by your social code they are sentenced at once to a life of solitude and isolation; but in the real world, my dear Kitty, on the great stage of life, this severity would be downright absurdity: the category so mercilessly condemned by you, is exactly that which contains the true salt of society; these are the very people that everybody calls charming, fascinating, delightful! All the elastic, buoyant natures, the joyous spirits, the invariable good tempers, the generous hearts, one meets with, are amongst them. Why such happilygifted creatures should not have made their homes a Paradise, is a problem none can solve. It is like the squaring of the circle — the cause of Irish misery — or anything else you can think of equally inscrutable; but the fact is as I tell you; and if you will just run your eye over any list of fashionable company, and select such as I speak of, believe me you will have extracted all the plums from the pudding. As for Lord George himself, a more delightful creature does not exist; and one has only to know him to be convinced that the woman who could not be happy with him must be a demon. Of the generous character he possesses, and at the same time the consummate tact of his manner, an instance grew out of the little event I have just related. In my confusion and embarrassment after escaping from the room, I totally forgot the brooch which I had placed in my dress, and actually came down to breakfast with it still there. Guess my shame and horror, Kitty, when James called out, across the table, "I say, Mary Anne, what a smart pin you've got there — one of the neatest things I have seen." I grew scarlet — then pale; and felt as if I was going to faint; when Lord

George cried out, "It is, really, very tasty. I had one myself something like it, but the stones were emeralds, not rubies; and I think Miss Dodd's is prettier."

The man who could rescue one at such a conjuncture, Kitty, is worthy of all confidence, and so I told him by a glance. Meanwhile, he gave the conversation another turn by proposing a fishing excursion on the Lake, and immediately after breakfast we all sallied forth to the water.

Notwithstanding his agreeability — and he never displayed it to greater advantage — I was silent and abstracted during the entire day. The embarrassment of my position was almost unendurable; and it was only as he took my arm, to conduct me back to the Hotel, that I regained anything like courage.

"Why are you so serious?" said he. "Mind, I don't want a confession; only, that I have a secret for *your* ear, whenever you will trust *me* with one of yours."

I made him no answer, Kitty, but walked along in silence, and with my veil down.

I write all these things to my dearest friend with less reserve than I could recall them to my own memory in solitude. I tell her everything; and she is the true partner of my joys, my sorrows, my hopes, and my terrors. Yet must I leave much to her imagination to picture forth the state of my affections, and the troubled sea of my heart's emotions. And, oh! dearest, kindest, tenderest of all friends, do not mistake, do not misconstrue the feelings of your ever attached and devoted

MARY ANNE.

I wanted to tell you something of our future destination, and I have detained this for that purpose, but still everything is uncertain and undecided. Papa received a large packet, like law papers and leases, from Mr. Purcell yesterday, and has been occupied in perusing them ever since. We are in terror lest he should decide on going back; and every time he enters the room, we are trembling in dread of the announcement. Mamma has had a hysterical attack, in preparation for the moment, for the last twenty-four hours; and even if "no cause be shown," I fancy she will not throw away so much good agony for nothing, but take it out for what Sir Boyle Roach fought his duel — "Miscellaneous reasons."

Cary is still staying with the Morrises. How she endures it I can't conceive: a half-pay lover, and a half-pay *ménage*, are two things that, to *me* at least, would be insupportable. The girl is really totally destitute of all proper pride, and makes the silly mistake of supposing that a spirit of independence is the best form of self-esteem. I suppose it will end by the "Captain's" proposing for her; but up to this, I believe, it is all friendship, regard, and so on.

LETTER XXI.

Kenny James Dodd to Thomas Purcell, Esq., of the Grange, Bruff.

Constance.

MY DEAR TOM,

I GOT the papers all safe. I am sure the account is perfectly correct. I only wish the balance was bigger. I waited here to receive these things, and now I discover that I can't sign the warrant of Attorney

except before a Consul, and there is none in this place, so that I must keep it over till I can find one of those pleasant functionaries — a class that, between ourselves, I detest heartily. They are a presumptuous, under-bred, consequential race — a cross between a small skipper, and smaller Secretary of Legation, with a mixture of official pedantry and maritime off-handedness that is perfectly disgusting. Why our reforming economists don't root them all out I cannot conceive. Nobody wants, nobody benefits by them; and save that you are now and then called on for a "Consular fee," you might never hear of their existence.

I don't rightly understand what you say about the loan from that Land Improvement Society. Do you mean that the money lent must be laid out on the land as a necessary condition? Is it possible that this is what I am to infer? If so, I never heard anything half so preposterous! Sure, if I raise five hundred pounds from a Jew, he has no right to stipulate that I must spend the cash on copper coal-scuttles or potted meats! I want it for my own convenience; enough for him that I comply with his demands for interest and repayment. Anything else would be downright tyranny and oppression, Tom — as a mere momentary consideration of the matter will show you. At all events, let us get the money, for I'd like to contest the point with these fellows; and if ever there was a man heart and soul determined to break down any antiquated barrier of cruelty or domination, it is your friend Kenny Dodd! As to that printed paper, with its twenty-seven queries, it is positive balderdash from beginning to end. What right have they to conclude that I approve of sub-soil draining? When did I tell them

that I believed in Smith of Deanstown? Where is it on record that I gave in my adhesion to model cottages, Berkshire pigs, green crops, and guano manure? In what document do these appear? Maybe I have my own notions on these matters — maybe I keep them for my own guidance, too!

You say that the Gentry is all changing throughout the whole land, and I believe you well, Tom Purcell. Changed indeed must they be if they subscribe to such preposterous humbug as this! At all events, I repeat we want the money, so fill up the blanks as you think best, and remit me the amount at your earliest, for I have barely enough to get to the end of the present month. I don't dislike this place at all. It is quiet, peaceful — humdrum, if you will; but we've had more than our share of racket and row lately, and the seclusion is very grateful. One day is exactly like another with us. Lord George — for he is back again — and James go a fishing as soon as breakfast is over, and only return for supper. Mary Anne reads, writes, sews, and sings. Mrs. D. fills up the time discharging Betty, settling with her, searching her trunks for missing articles, and being reconciled to her again, which, with occasional crying fits, and her usual devotions, don't leave her a single moment unoccupied! As for me, I'm trying to learn German, whenever I'm not asleep. I've got a Master — he is a Swiss, and maybe his accent is not of the purest; but he is an amusing old vagabond — an umbrella-maker, but in his youth a travelling servant. His time is not very valuable to him, so that he sits with me sometimes for half a day; but still I make little progress. My notion is, Tom, that there's no

use in either making love, or trying a new language, after you're five or six-and-twenty. It's all up-hill work after that, believe me. Neither your declensions nor declarations come natural to you, and it's a bungling performance at the best. The first condition of either is, to have your head perfectly free — as little in it as need be. So long as your thoughts are jostled by debts, duns, mortgages, and marriageable daughters, you'll have no room for vows or irregular verbs! It's lucky, however, that one can dispense both with the love and the learning, and indeed of the two — with the last best, for of all the useless, unprofitable kinds of labour ever pursued out of a gaol, acquiring a foreign language is the most. The few words required for daily necessities, such as snaps and cigars, are easily learnt; all beyond that is downright rubbish.

For what can a man express his thoughts in so well as his mother tongue? with whom does he want to talk but his countrymen? Of course you come out with the old cant about "intelligent natives," "information derived at the fountain head," "knowledge obtained by social intimacy with people of the country." To which I briefly reply, "It's all gammon and stuff from beginning to end;" and what between *your* blunders in grammar and your informant's ignorance of fact, all such information isn't worth a "trauneen." Now, once for all, Tom, let me observe to you, that ask what you will of a foreigner, be it an inquiry into the financial condition of his country, its military resources, prison discipline, law, or religion, he'll never acknowledge his inability to answer, but give you a full and ready reply, with facts, figures, dates,

and data, all in most admirable order. At first you are overjoyed with such ready sources of knowledge. You flatter yourself that even with the most moderate opportunities you cannot fail to learn much; by degrees, however, you discover errors in your statistics, and at last, you come to find out that your accomplished friend, too polite to deny you a reasonable gratification, had gone to the pains of inventing a Code, a Church, and a Coinage for your sole use and benefit, but without the slightest intention of misleading, for it never once entered his head that you could possibly believe him! I know it will sound badly. I am well aware of the shock it will give to many a nervous system; but for all that I will not blink the declaration — which I desire to record as formally and as flatly as I am capable of expressing it — which is, that of one hundred statements an Englishman accepts and relies upon abroad, as matter of fact, ninety-nine are untrue. Full fifty being lies by premeditation, thirty, by ignorance, ten, by accident or inattention, and the remainder, if there be a balance, for I'm bad at figures, from any other cause you like.

It is no more disgrace for a foreigner not to tell the truth than to own that he does not sing, nor dance the Mazurka; not so much, indeed, because these are marks of a polite education. And yet it is to hold conversation with these people we pore over dictionaries, and Ollendorfs, and Hamiltonian Gospels. As for the enlargement and expansion of the intelligence that comes of acquiring languages, there never was a greater fallacy. Look abroad upon your acquaintances: Who are the glib Linguists, who are

the faultless in French genders, and the immaculate in German declensions? the flippant Boarding-School Miss, or the brainless, unpaid Attaché, that cannot compose a note in his own language. Who are the bungling conversers that make drawing-rooms blush, and dinner-tables titter? your first-rate debater in the Commons, your leader at the Bar, your Double First, or your great Electro-Magnetic fellow that knows the secret laws of water-spouts and whirlpools, and can make thunder and lightning just to amuse himself. Take my word for it, your Linguist is as poor a creature as a dancing-master, and just as great a formalist.

If you ask me, then, why I devote myself to such unrewarding labour, I answer, "It is true I know it to be so, but my apology is, that I make no progress." No, Tom, I never advance a step. I can neither conjugate nor decline, and the auxiliary verbs will never aid me in anything. So far as my lingual incapacity goes, I might be one of the great geniuses of the age; and very probably I am, too, without knowing it!

I have little to tell you of the place itself. It is a quaint old town on the side of the Lake; the most remarkable object being the Minster, or cathedral. They show you the spot in the aisle where old Huss stood to receive his sentence of death. Even after a lapse of centuries, there was something affecting to stand where a man once stood to hear that he was to be burned alive. Of course I have little sympathy with a heretic, but still I venerate the martyr, the more, since I am strongly disposed to think that it is one of those characters which are not the peculiar

product of an age of railroads and submarine telegraphs. The expansion of the intelligence, Tom, seems to be in the inverse ratio of the expansion of the conscience, and the stubborn old spirit of right that was once the mode, would, now-a-days, be construed into a dogged, stupid bullheadedness, unworthy of the enlightenment of our glorious era. Take my word for it, there's a great many eloquent and indignant letter-writers in the newspapers would shrink from old Huss's test for their opinions, and a fossil elk is not a greater curiosity than would be a man ready to stake life on his belief. When a fellow tells you of "dying on the floor of the House," he simply means that he'll talk till there's a "count out;" and as for "registering vows in heaven," and "wasting out existence in the gloom of a dungeon," it's just balderdash, and nothing else.

The simple fact is this, Tom Purcell: we live in an age of universal cant, and I swallow all *your* shams on the easy condition that you swear to *mine*, and whenever I hear people praising the present age, and extolling its wonderful progress, and all that, I just think of all the quackery I see advertised in the newspapers, and sigh heartily to myself at our degradation! Why, man, the "Patent Pills for the cure of Cancer," and the Agapemone, would disgrace the middle ages! And it is not a little remarkable that England, so prone to place herself at the head of civilisation, is exactly the very metropolis of all this humbug!

To come back to ourselves, I have to report that James arrived here a couple of days ago. He followed that scoundrel "the Baron" for thirty hours,

and only desisted from the pursuit when his horse could go no further. The Police Authorities mainly contributed to the escape of the fugitive, by detaining James on every possible occasion, and upon any or no pretext. The poor fellow reached Freyburg dead beat, and without a sous in his pocket; but good luck would have it that Lord George Tiverton had just arrived there, so that by his aid he came on here, where they both made their appearance at breakfast on Tuesday morning.

Lord George, I suspect, has not made a successful campaign of it lately; though in what he has failed — if it be failure — I have no means of guessing. He looks a little out at elbows, however, and travels without a servant. In spirits and bearing, I see no change in him; but these fellows, I have remarked, never show depression, and india-rubber itself is not so elastic as a bad character! I don't half fancy his companionship for James; but I know well that this opinion would be treated by the rest of the family as downright heresy; and certainly he is an amusing dog, and it is impossible to resist liking him; but there lies the very peril I am afraid of. If your loose fish, as the slang phrase calls them, were disagreeable chaps — prosy, selfish, sententious — vulgar in their habits, and obtrusive in their manners, one would run little risk of contamination; but the reverse is the case, Tom — the very reverse! Meet a fellow that speaks every tongue of the Continent, dresses to perfection, rides and drives admirably, a dead shot with the pistol, a sure cue at billiards — if he be the delight of every circle he goes into — look out sharp in the *Times*, and the odds are, that there's a handsome

reward offered for him, and he's either a forger or a defaulter. The truth is, a man may be ill-mannered as a great lawyer, or a great physician; he may make a great figure in the field or the Cabinet; there may be no end to his talents as a Geometrician or a Chemist; it's only your Adventurer must be well-bred, and swindling is the solitary profession to which a man must bring fascinating manners, a good address, personal advantages, and the power of pleasing. I own to you, Tom Purcell, I like these fellows, and I can't help it! I take to them as I do to twenty things that are agreeable at the time, but are sure to disagree with me — afterwards. They rally me out of my low spirits, they put me on better terms with myself, and they administer that very balmy flattery that says, "Don't distress yourself, Kenny Dodd. As the world goes, you're better than nine-tenths of it. You'd be hospitable, if you could; you'd pay your debts, if you could; and there wouldn't be an easier-tempered, more good-natured creature breathing than yourself, if it was only the Will was wanting!" Now, these are very soothing doses when a man is scarified by Duns, and flayed alive by Law-suits; and when a fellow comes to my time of life, he can no more bear the candid rudeness of what is called friendship than an ex-Lord Mayor could endure Penitentiary diet!

I must confess, however, that whenever we come to divide on any question, Lord George always votes with Mrs. D. He told me once, that with respect to Parliament, he always sided with the Government, whatever it was, when he could, and perhaps he follows the same rule in private life. Last night, after tea, we discussed our future movements, and I found

him strongly in favour of getting us on to Italy for the winter. I didn't like to debate the matter exactly on financial grounds, but I hazarded a half-conjecture that the expedition would be a costly one. He stopped me at once. "Up to this time," said he, "you have really not benefited by the cheapness of Continental living" — that was certainly true — "and for this simple reason, you have always lived in the beaten track of the wandering Cockney. You must go further away from England. You must reach those places where people settle as residents, not ramble as tourists; you will then be rewarded, not only economically, but socially. The markets and the morals are both better; for our countrymen filter by distance, and the further from home the purer they become." To Mrs. D. and Mary Anne he gave a glowing description of Trans-Alpine existence, and rapturously pictured forth the fascinations of Italian life. I can only give you the items, Tom; you must arrange them for yourself. So make what you can of starry skies, olives, ices, tenors, volcanoes, music, mountains, and maccaroni. He appealed to *me* by the Budget. Never was there such cheapness in the known world. The Italian nobility were actually crushed down with house-accommodation, and only entreated a stranger to accept of a Palace or a Villa. The climate produced everything without labour, and consequently without cost. Fruit had no price; wine was about two-pence a bottle; a strong tap rose to two and a half! Clothes one scarcely needed; and, except for decency, "nothing, and a cocked hat" would suffice. These were very seductive considerations, Tom; and I own to you that, even allowing a large margin for exaggeration, there was

a great amount of solid advantage remaining. Mrs. D. adduced an additional argument when we were alone, and in this wise: What was to be done with the wedding finery, if we should return to Ireland; for all purposes of home life they would be totally inapplicable. You might as well order a service of plate to serve up potatoes as introduce Paris fashions and foreign elegance into our provincial circle. "We have the things now," said she; "let us have the good of them." I remember a cask of Madeira being left with my Father once, by a mistake, and that was the very reason he gave for drinking it. She made a strong case of it, Tom; she argued the matter well, laying great stress upon the duty we owed our girls, and the necessity of "getting them married before we went back." Of course, I didn't give in. If I was to give her the notion that she could convince me of anything, we'd never have a moment's peace again; so I said I'd reflect on the subject, and turn it over in my mind. And now, I want you to say what disposable cash can we lay our hands on for the winter! I am more than ever disinclined to have anything to say to these Drainage Commissioners. It's our pockets they drain, and not our farms. I'd rather try and raise a trifle on mortgage; for you see, now-a-days they have got out of the habit of doing it, and there's many a one has money lying idle and doesn't know what to do with it. Look out for one of these fellows, Tom; and see what you can do with him. Dear me, isn't it a strange thing the way one goes through life, and the contrivances they're put to to make two ends meet!

I remember the time, and so do you, too, when an Irish Gentleman could raise what he liked; and

there wasn't an estate in my own county wasn't encumbered, as they call it, to more than double its value. There's fellows will tell you "that's the cause of all the present distress." Not a bit of it. They're all wrong! It is because that system has come to an end that we are ruined; "that's the root of the evil," Tom Purcell; and if I was in Parliament I'd tell them so. Where will you find any one willing to lend money now, if the estate wouldn't pay it? We may thank the English Government for that; and, as poor Dan used to say, "They know as much about us as the Chinese!"

I can't answer your question about James. Vickars has not replied to my last two letters; and I really see no opening for the boy whatever. I mean to write, however, in a day or two to Lord Muddleton, to whom Lord George is nearly related, and ask for something in the Diplomatic way. Lord G. says it's the only career now-a-days doesn't require some kind of qualification — since even in the Army they've instituted a species of examination. "Get him made an Attaché somewhere," says Tiverton, "and he must be a 'Plenipo' at last." J. is good-looking, and a great deal of dash about him; and I'm informed that's exactly what's wanting in the career! If nothing comes of this application, I'll think seriously of Australia; but, of course, Mrs. D. must know nothing about it; for, according to *her* notions, the boy ought to be Chamberlain to the Queen, or Gold-stick, at least.

I don't know whether I mentioned to you that Betty Cobb had entered the holy bonds with a semi-civilised creature she picked up in the Black Forest. The ourang-outang is now a part of our household — at

least so far as living at rack and manger at my cost — though in what way to employ him I have not the slightest notion. Do you think if I could manage to send him over to Ireland, that we could get him indicted for any transportable offence? Ask Curtis about it; for I know he did something of the kind once in the case of a natural son of Tony Barker's, and the lad is now a Judge, I believe, in Sydney.

Cary is quite well. I heard from her yesterday, and when I write, I'll be sure to send her your affectionate message. I don't mean to leave this till I hear from you. So write immediately, and believe me,

Very sincerely your friend,

KENNY JAMES DODD.

LETTER XXII.

James Dodd to Robert Doolan, Esq., Trinity College, Dublin.

Bregenz.

MY DEAR BOB,

I HAD made up my mind not to write to you till we had quitted this place, where our life has been of the "slowest;" but this morning has brought a letter with a piece of good news which I cannot defer imparting to you. It is a communication from the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs to the Governor, to say, that I have been appointed to something somewhere, and that I am to come over to London, and be examined by somebody. Very vague all this, but I suppose it's the style of Diplomacy, and one will get used to it. The real bore is the examination, for George told "Dad" that there was none, and, in fact, that very circumstance it was which gave the peculiar

value to the "service." Tiverton tells me, however, he can make it "all safe;" whether you "tip" the Secretary, or some of the underlings, I don't know. Of course there is a way in all these things, for half the fellows that pass are just as ignorant as your humble servant.

I am mainly indebted to Tiverton for the appointment, for he wrote to everybody he could think of, and made as much interest as if it was for himself. He tells me in confidence, that the list of names down is about six feet long, and actually wonders at the good fortune of my success. From all I can learn, however, there is no salary at first, so that the Governor must "stump out handsome," for an Attaché is expected to live in a certain style, keep horses, and, in fact, come it "rayther strongish." In some respects, I should have preferred the Army; but then there are terrible draw-backs in Colonial banishment, whereas, in Diplomacy, you are, at least, stationed in the vicinity of a Court, which is always something.

I wonder where I am to be gazetted for, I hope Naples, but even Vienna would do. In the midst of our universal joy at my good fortune, it's not a little provoking to see the Governor pondering over all it will cost for outfit, and wondering if the post be worth the gold lace on the uniform. Happily for me, Bob, he never brought me up to any profession, at it is called, and it is too late now to make me anything either in Law or Physic. I say happily, because I see plainly enough that he'd refuse the present opportunity if he knew of any other career for me. My mother does not improve matters by little jokes on his low tastes and vulgar ambitions; and, in fact, the

announcement has brought a good deal of discussion and some discord amongst us.

I own to you, frankly, that once named to a Legation, I will do my utmost to persuade the Governor to go back to Ireland. In the first place, nothing but a very rigid economy at Dodsborough will enable him to make me a liberal allowance; and secondly, to have my family prowling about the Legation to which I was attached, would be perfectly insufferable. I like to have my Father and Mother what theatrical folk call "practicable," that is, good for all efficient purposes of bill paying, and such like; but I shudder at the notion of being their pioneer into fashionable life, and indeed I am not aware of any one having carried his parent on his back since the days of Æneas.

I am obliged to send you a very brief despatch, for I'm off to-morrow for London, to make my bow at "F. O.," and kiss hands on my appointment. I'd have liked another week here, for the fishing has just come in, and we killed yesterday, with two rods, eleven large, and some thirty small trout. They are a short, thick-shouldered kind of fish, ready enough to rise, but sluggish to play afterwards. The place is pretty, too — the Swiss Alps at one side, and the Tyrol mountains at the other. Bregenz itself stands well, on the very verge of the Lake, and although not ancient enough to be curious in architecture, has a picturesque air about it. The people are as primitive as anything one can well fancy, and wear a costume as ungracefully barbarous as any lover of nationality could desire. Their waists are close under their arms, and the longest petticoats I have yet seen finish at the knee! They affect, besides, a round low-crowned cap, like

a fur turban, or else a great piece of filigree silver, shaped like a peacock's tail, and fastened to the back of the head. Nature, it must be owned, has been somewhat ungenerous to them; and with the peculiar advantages conferred on them by costume, they are the ugliest creatures I've ever set eyes on.

It is only just to remark that Mary Anne dissents from me in all this, and has made various "studies" of them, which are, after all, not a whit more flattering than my own description. As to a good-looking peasantry, Bob, it's all humbug. It's only the well-to-do classes, in any country, have pretensions to beauty. The woman of rank numbers amongst her charms the unmistakable stamp of her condition. Even in her gait, like the Goddess in Virgil, she displays her divinity. The pretty "bourgeoise" has her peculiar fascination in the brilliant intelligence of her laughing eye, and the sly archness of her witty mouth; but your peasant beauty is essentially heavy and dull. It is of the earth — earthy; and there is a bucolic grossness about the lips the very antithesis to the pleasing. I'm led to these remarks by the question in your last as to the character of Continental physiognomy. Up to this, Bob, I have seen nothing to compare with our own people, and you will meet more pretty faces between Stephen's Green and the Rotunda than between Schaffhausen and the sea. I'm not going to deny that they "make up" better abroad, but our boast is the raw material of beauty. The manufactured article we cannot dispute with them. It would be, however, a great error to suppose that the artistic excellence I speak of is a small consideration; on the contrary, it is a most important one, and well deserving of deep

thought and reflection, and, I must say, that all our failures in the decorative arts are as nothing to our blunders when attempting to adorn beauty. A French woman, with a skin like an old drumhead, and the lower jaw of a baboon, will actually "get herself up" to look better than many a really pretty girl of our country, disfigured by unbecoming hairdressing, ill-assorted colours, ill put on clothes, and that confounded walk, which is a cross between the stride of a Grenadier and running in a sack!

With all our parade of Industrial Exhibitions, and shows of National productions lately, nobody has directed his attention to this subject, and for *my* part, I'd infinitely rather know that our female population had imbibed some notions of dress and self-adornment from their French neighbours, than that Glasgow could rival Genoa in velvet, or that we beat Bohemia out of the field in coloured glass. If the proper study of mankind be man — which of course includes woman — we are throwing a precious deal of time away on centrifugal pumps, sewing machines, and self-acting razors. If I ever get into Parliament, Bob, and I don't see why I should not, when once fairly launched in the Diplomatic line, I'll move for a Special Commission, not to examine into foreign railroads, or mines, or schools, or smelting-houses, but to inquire into, and report upon, how the women abroad, with not a tenth of the natural advantages, contrive to look — I won't say better — but more fascinating than our own, and how it is that they convert something a shade below plainness, into features of downright pleasing expression!

Since this appointment has come, I have been working away to brush up my French and German,

which you will be surprised to hear is pretty nearly where it was when we first came abroad. We English herd so much together, and continue to follow our home habits, and use our own language, wherever we happen to be, that it is not very easy to break out of the beaten track. This observation applies only to the men of the family, for our Sisters make a most astonishing progress, under the guidance of those mustachioed and well-whiskered Gents they meet at Balls. The Governor and my Mother of course believe that I am as great a linguist as Mezzofanti, if that be the fellow's name, and I shall try and keep up the delusion to the last. It is not quite impossible I may have more time for my studies here than I fancy, for "Dad" has come in, this moment, to say that he hasn't got five shillings towards the expenses of my journey to London, nor has he any very immediate prospect of a remittance from Ireland. What a precious mess will it be if my whole career in life is to be sacrificed for a shabby hundred or two. The Governor appears to have spent about three times as much as he speculated on, and our affairs at this moment present as pleasant a specimen of hopeless entanglement as a Counsel in Bankruptcy could desire.

I wish I was out of the ship altogether, Bob, and would willingly adventure on the broad ocean of life in a punt, were it only my own. I trust that by the time this reaches you, her Majesty's gracious pleasure will have numbered me amongst the servants of the Crown, but whether in high or humble estate, believe me ever

Unalterably yours,

JAMES DODD.

P. S. — My Sister Cary has written to say she will be here to-night or to-morrow; she is coming expressly to see me before I go; but from all that I can surmise she need not have used such haste. What a bore it will be if the Governor should not be able to “stump out.” I’m in a perfect fever at the very thought.

LETTER XXIII.

Caroline Dodd to Miss Cox, at Miss Mincing’s Academy, Black Rock, Ireland.

MY DEAR MISS COX,

It would appear from your last, that a letter of mine to you must have miscarried; for I most distinctly remember having written to you on the topics you allude to, and, so far as I was able, answered all your kind inquiries about myself and my pursuits. Lest my former note should ever reach you, I do not dare to go over again the selfish narrative, which would task even your friendship to peruse once.

I remained with my kind friend, Mrs. Morris, till three days ago, when I came here to see my brother James, who has been promised some Government employment, and is obliged to repair at once to London. Mamma terrified me greatly by saying that he was to go to China or to India, so that I hurried back to see and stay with him as much as I could before he left us. I rejoice, however, to tell you that his prospects are in the Diplomatic service, and he will be most probably named to a Legation in some European capital.

He is a dear, kind-hearted boy; and, although not quite untainted by the corruptions which are more or

less inseparable from this rambling existence, is still as fresh in his affections, and as generous in nature, as when he left home. Captain Morris, whose knowledge of life is considerable, predicts most favourably of him, and has only one misgiving — the close intimacy he maintains with Lord George Tiverton. Towards this young Nobleman the Captain expresses the greatest distrust and dislike; feelings that I really own seem to me frequently tinged by a degree of prejudice rather than suggested by reason. It is true, no two beings can be less alike than they are. The one, rigid and unbending in all his ideas of right, listening to no compromise, submitting to no expediency, reserved towards strangers even to the verge of stiffness, and proud from a sense that his humble station might by possibility expose him to freedoms he could not reciprocate. The other, all openness and candour, pushed probably to an excess, and not unfrequently transgressing the barrier of an honourable self-esteem; without the slightest pretension to principle of any kind, and as ready to own his own indifference as to ridicule the profession of it by another. Yet, with all this, kind and generous in all his impulses, ever willing to do a good-natured thing; and, so far as I can judge, even prepared to bear a friendly part at the hazard of personal inconvenience.

Characters of this stamp are, as you have often observed to me, far more acceptable to very young men than those more swayed by rigid rules of right; and when they join to natural acuteness considerable practical knowledge of life, they soon obtain a great influence over the less gifted and less experienced. I see this in James; for, though not by any means blind

to the blemishes in Lord George's character, nor even indifferent to them, yet is he submissive to every dictate of his will, and an implicit believer in all his opinions. But why should I feel astonished at this? Is not his influence felt by every member of the family; and Papa himself, with all his native shrewdness, strongly disposed to regard his judgments as wise and correct. I remark this the more, because I have been away from home; and after an absence one returns with a mind open to every new impression; nor can I conceal from myself that many of the notions I now see adopted and approved of, are accepted as being those popular in high society, and not because of their intrinsic correctness. Had we remained in Ireland, my dear Miss Cox, this had never been the case. There is a corrective force in the vicinity of those who have known us long and intimately, who can measure our pretensions by our station, and pronounce upon our mode of life from the knowledge they have of our condition; and this discipline, if at times severe and even unpleasant, is, upon the whole, beneficial to us. Now, abroad, this wholesome — shall I call it — “surveillance” is wanting altogether, and people are induced by its very absence to give themselves airs, and assume a style quite above them. From that very moment they insensibly adopt a new standard of right and wrong, and substitute fashion and conventionality for purity and good conduct. I'm sure I wish we were back in Dodsborough with all my heart! It is not that there are not objects and scenes of intense interest around us here on every hand. Even I can feel that the mind expands by the variety of impressions that continue to pour in upon it. Still, I would

not say that these things may not be bought too dearly; and that if the price they cost is discontent at our lot in life, a craving ambition to be higher and richer, and a cold shrinking back from all of our own real condition, they are unquestionably not worth the sacrifice.

To really enjoy the Continent, it is not necessary — at least for people bred and brought up as we have been — to be very rich; on the contrary, many — ay, and the greatest — advantages of Continental travel are open to very small fortunes, and very small ambitions. Scenery, climate, inexpensive acquaintanceship, galleries, works of art, public libraries, gardens, promenades, are all available. The Morrisses have certainly much less to live on than we have, and yet they have travelled over every part of Europe, know all its cities well, and never found the cost of living considerable. You will smile when I tell you that the single secret for this is, not to cultivate English society. Once make up your mind abroad to live with the people of the country, French, German, and Italian — and there is no class of these above the reach of well-bred English — and you need neither shine in equipage, nor excel in a cook. There is no pecuniary test of respectability abroad; partly because this vulgarity is the offspring of a commercial spirit, which is of course not the general characteristic, and partly from the fact, that many of the highest names have been brought down to humble fortunes by the accidents of war and revolution, and poverty is consequently no evidence of deficient birth. Our gorgeous notions of hospitality are certainly very fine things, and well become great station and large for-

tune, but are ruinous when they are imitated by inferior means and humble incomes. Foreigners are quite above such vulgar mimicry; and nothing is more common to hear than the avowal, "I am too poor to do this; my fortune would not admit of that;" not uttered in a mock humility, or with the hope of a polite incredulity, but in all the unaffected simplicity with which one mentions a personal fact, to which no shame or disgrace attaches. You may imagine, then, how unimpressively fall upon the ear all those pompous announcements by which we travelling English herald our high and mighty notions; the Palaces we are about to hire, the fêtes we are going to give, and the other splendours we mean to indulge in.

I have read and re-read that part of your letter wherein you speak of your wish to come and live abroad, so soon as the fruits of your life of labour will enable you. Oh, my dear, kind Governess, with what emotion the words filled me — emotions very different from those you ever suspected they would call up; for I bethought me how often I and others must have added to that toilsome existence by our indolence, our carelessness, and our wilfulness. In a moment there rose before me the anxieties you must have suffered, the cares you must have endured, the hopes for those who threw all their burdens upon *you*, and left to *you* the blame of *their* short-comings and the reproach of *their* insufficiency.

— What rest, what repose would ever requite such labour! How delighted am I to say, that there are places abroad where even the smallest fortunes will suffice. I profited by the permission you gave me to show your letter to Mrs. Morris, and she gave me in

return a list of places for you to choose from, at any one of which you could live with comfort for less than you speak of. Some are in Belgium, some in Germany, and some in Italy. Think, for instance, of a small house on the "Meuse," in the midst of the most beauteous scenery, and with a country teeming in every abundance around you, for twelve pounds a year, and all the material of life equally cheap in proportion. Imagine the habits of a Grand Ducal capital, where the Prime Minister receives three hundred per annum, and spends two; where the admission to the theatre is fourpence, and you go to a Court dinner on foot at four o'clock in the day, and sit out of an evening with your work in a public garden afterwards.

Now, I know that in Ireland or Scotland, and perhaps in Wales too, places might be discovered where all the ordinary wants of life would not be dearer than here, but then remember, that to live with this economy at home, you subject yourself to all that pertains to a small estate; you endure the barbarising influences of a solitary life, or, what is worse, the vulgarity of village society. The well-to-do classes, the educated and refined, will not associate with you. Not so here. Your small means are no barrier against your admission into the best circles; you will be received anywhere. Your black silk gown will be "toilet" for the "Minister's reception," your white muslin will be good enough for a ball at Court! When the Army numbers in its cavalry fifty Hussars, and one battalion for its infantry, the simple resident need never blush for his humble retinue, nor feel ashamed that a maid-servant escorts him to a Court entertainment with a lantern, or that a latch-key and

a lucifer-match do duty for a hall-porter and a chandelier!

One night — I was talking of these things — Captain Morris quoted a Latin author to the effect, "That Poverty had no such heavy infliction as in its power to make people ridiculous." The remark sounds at first an unfeeling one, but there is yet a true and deep Philosophy in it, for it is in our own abortive and silly attempts to gloss over narrow fortune that the chief sting of poverty resides, and the ridicule alluded to is all of our making! The poverty of two thousand a year can be thus as glaringly absurd — as ridiculous, as that of two hundred, and even more so, since its failures are more conspicuous.

Now, had we been satisfied to live in this way, it is not alone that we should have avoided debt and embarrassment, but we should really have profited largely besides. I do not speak of the negative advantages of not mingling with those it had been better to have escaped; but that in the society of these smaller capitals there is, especially in Germany, a highly cultivated and most instructive class, slightly pedantic, it may be, but always agreeable and always affable. The domesticity of Germany is little known to us, since even their writers afford few glimpses of it. There are no Bulwers, nor Bozes, nor Thackerays to show the play of passion, nor the working of deep feeling around the family board and hearth. The cares of fathers, the hopes of sons, the budding anxieties of the girlish heart, have few chroniclers. How these people think, and act, and talk at home, and in the secret circle of their families, we know as little as we do of the Chinese. It may be that the inquiry

would require long, and deep, and almost microscopic study. Life with them is not as with us, a stormy wave-tossed ocean; it is rather a calm and land-locked bay. They have no Colonial empires, no vast territories for military ambition to revel in, nor great enterprise to speculate on. There are neither gigantic schemes of wealth, nor gold-fields to tempt them. Existence presents few prizes, and as few vicissitudes. The march of events is slow, even, and monotonous, and men conform themselves to the same measure! How, then, do they live — what are their loves, their hates, their ambitions, their crosses, their troubles, and their joys? How are they moved to pity — how stirred to revenge? I own to you I cannot even fancy this. The German heart seems to me a clasped volume; and even Goethe has but shown us a chance page or two, gloriously illustrated, I acknowledge, but closed as quickly as displayed.

Is Marguerite herself a type? I wish some one would tell me. Is that childlike gentleness, that trustful nature, that resistless, passionate devotion, warring with her piety, and yet heightened by it — are these German traits? They seem so; and yet do these *Fräuleins* that I see, with yellow hair, appear capable of this headlong and impetuous love? Faust, I'm convinced, is true to his nationality. He loves like a German — and is mad, and mystical, fond, dreamy, and devoted by turns.

But all these are not what I look for. I want a family picture — a Teerburgh or a Mieris — painted by a German Dickens, or touched by a native Titmarsh. So far as I have read of it too, the German Drama does not fill up this void; the Comedies of the

stage present nothing identical of the people, and yet it appears to me they are singularly good materials for portraiture. The stormy incidents of University life, its curious vicissitudes, and its strange, half-crazed modes of thought, blend into the quiet realities of after-life, and make up men such as one sees nowhere else. The tinge of Romance they have contracted in boyhood is never thoroughly washed out of their natures, and although Statecraft may elevate them to be grave Privy Counsellors, or good fortune select them for its Revenue Officers, they cherish the old memories of Halle and Heidelberg, and can grow valorous over the shape of a rapier, or pathetic about the colour of Fräulein Lydchen's hair.

It is, doubtless, very presumptuous in *me* to speak thus of a people of whom I have seen so little; but bear in mind, my dear Miss Cox, that I'm rather giving Mrs. Morris's experiences than my own, and, in some cases, in her own very words. She had a very extensive acquaintance in Germany, and corresponds besides with many very distinguished persons of that country. Perhaps private letters give a better insight into the habits of a people than most other things, and if so, one should pronounce very favourably of German character from the specimens I have seen. There are, everywhere, great truthfulness, great fairness; a willingness to concede to others a standard different from their own; a hopeful tone in all things, and extreme gentleness towards women and children. Of rural life, and of scenery, too, they speak with true feeling; and, as Sir Walter said of Goethe, "They understand trees."

You will wish to hear something of Bregenz, where

we are staying at present, and I have little to say beyond its situation in a little bay on the Lake of Constance, begirt with high mountains, amidst which stretches a level flat, traversed by the Rhine. The town itself is scarcely old enough to be picturesque, though from a distance on the Lake the effect is very pleasing. A part is built upon a considerable eminence, the ascent to which is by a very steep street, impassable save on foot; at the top of this is an old gateway, the centre of which is ornamented by a grotesque attempt at sculpture, representing a female figure seated on a horse, and to all seeming, traversing the clouds. The phenomenon is explained by a legend, that tells how a Bregenzer maiden, some three and a half centuries ago, had gone to seek her fortune in Switzerland, and becoming domesticated there in a family, lived for years among the natural enemies of her people. Having learned, by an accident one night, that an attack was meditated on her native town, she stole away unperceived, and taking a horse swam the current of the Rhine, and reached Bregenz in time to give warning of the threatened assault, and thus rescued her kinsmen and her birthplace from sack and slaughter. This is the act commemorated by the sculpture, and the stormy waves of the river are doubtless typified in what seem to be clouds.

There is, however, a far more touching memory of the heroism preserved than this, for, each night, as the watchman goes his round of the village, when he comes to announce midnight, he calls aloud the name of her who at the same dead hour, three centuries back, came to wake the sleeping town and tell them of their peril. I do not know of a monument so

touching as this! No bust nor statue, no group of marble or bronze, can equal in association the simple memory transmitted from age to age, and preserved ever fresh and green in the hearts of a remote generation. As one thinks of this, the mind at once reverts to the traditions of the early Church, and insensibly one is led to feel the beauty of those transmitted words and acts, which, associated with place, and bound up with customs not yet obsolete, gave such impressive truthfulness to all the story of our Faith. At the same time, it is apparent that the current of tradition cannot long run pure. Even now there are those who scoff at the grateful record of the Bregenzer maiden! Where will her memory be five years after the first railroad traverses the valley of the Vorarlberg? The shrill whistle of the "express" is the death-note to all the romance of life!

Some deplore this, and assert that, with this immense advancement of scientific discovery, we are losing the homely virtues of our fathers. Others pretend that we grow better as we grow wiser, and that increased intelligence is but another form of enlarged goodness. To myself, the great change seems to be, that every hour of this progress diminishes the influence of woman, and that, as men grow deeper and deeper engaged in the pursuits of wealth, the female voice is less listened to, and its counsels less heeded and cared for.

But why do I dare to hazard such conjectures to you, so far more capable of judging, so much more able to solve questions like this!

I am sorry not to be able to speak more confidently about my music; but although Germany is essentially

the land of song, there is less domestic cultivation of the art than I had expected; or, rather, it is made less a matter of display. Your mere acquaintances seldom or never will sing for your amusement; your friends as rarely refuse you. To our notions, also, it seems strange that men are more given to the art here than women. The Frau is almost entirely devoted to household cares. Small fortunes and primitive habits seem to require this, and certainly no one who has ever witnessed the domestic peace of a German family could find fault with the system.

What has most struck me of all here, is the fact, that while many of the old people retain a freshness of feeling, and a warm susceptibility that is quite remarkable — the children are uniformly grave, even to sadness. The bold, dashing, half-reckless boy; the gay, laughing, high-spirited girl, have no types here. The season of youth, as we understand it, in all its jocund merriment, its frolics, and its wildness, has no existence amongst them. The child of ten seems weighted with the responsibilities of manhood; the little sister carries her keys about, and scolds the maids with all the semblance of maternal rigour. Would that these liquid blue eyes had a more laughing look, and that pretty mouth could open to joyous laughter!

With all these drawbacks, it is still a country that I love to live in, and should leave with regret; besides that, I have as yet seen but little of it, and its least remarkable parts.

Wither we go hence, and when, are points that I cannot inform you on. I am not sure, indeed, if any determination on the subject has been come to.

Mamma and Mary Anne seem most eager for Rome and Naples; but though I should anticipate a world of delight and interest in these cities, I am disposed to think that they would prove far too expensive — at least with our present tastes and habits.

Wherever my destiny, however, I shall not cease to remember my dear Governess, nor to convey to her, in all the frankness of my affection, every thought and feeling of her sincerely attached

CAROLINE DODD.

LETTER XXIV.

Mrs. Dodd to Mrs. Mary Gallagher, Dodsborough.

Bregenz.

MY DEAR MOLLY,

It's well I ever got your last letter, for it seems there's four places called Freyburg, and they tried the three wrong ones first, and I believe they opened and read it everywhere it stopped. "Much good may it do them," says I, "if they did!" They know at least the price of wool in Kinnegad, and what boneens is bringing in Ballinasloe, not to mention the news you tell of Betty Walsh! I thought I cautioned you before not to write anything like a secret when the letter came through a foreign post, seeing that the Police reads everything, and if there's a word against themselves, you're ordered over the frontier in six hours. That's Liberty, my dear! But that is not the worst of it, for nobody wants these dirty spalpeens to read about their private affairs, nor to know the secrets of their families. I must say, you are very unguarded in this respect, and poor Betty's mishap is now known to the

Emperor of Prussia and the King of Sweden, just as well as to Father Luke and the Coadjutor; and as they say that these Courts are always exchanging gossip with each other, it will be back in England by the time this reaches you! Let it be a caution to you in future, or, if you must allude to these events, do it in a way that can't be understood, as you may remark they do in the newspapers. I wish you wouldn't be tormenting me about coming home and living among my own people, as you call it. Let them pay up the arrears first, Molly, before they think of establishing any claim of the kind on your humble servant. But the fact is, my dear, the longer you live abroad, the more you like it; and going back to the strict rules and habits of England, after it, is for all the world like putting on a strait-waistcoat. If you only heard foreigners the way they talk of us, and we all the while thinking ourselves the very pink of the creation!

But of all the things they're most severe upon is Sunday. The manner we pass the day, according to their notions, is downright barbarism. No diversion of any kind, no dancing, nor theatres; shops shut up, and nothing legal but intoxication. I always tell them that the fault isn't ours, that it's the Protestants that do these things; for, as Father Maher says, "They'd put a bit of crape over the blessed sun if they could." But between ourselves, Molly, even we Catholics are greatly behind the foreigners on all matters of civilisation. It may be out of fear of the others, but really we don't enjoy ourselves at all like the French or the Germans. Even in the little place I'm writing now, there's more amusement than in a big city at home; and if there's anything I'm convinced of at all, Molly,

it's this: that there is no keeping people out of great wickedness except by employing them in small sins; and, let me tell you, there's not a Political Economist that ever I heard of has hit upon the secret.

We are all in good health, and except that K. I. is in one of his habitual moods of discontent and grumbling, there's not anything particular the matter with us. Indeed, if it wasn't for his natural perverseness of disposition, he oughtn't to be cross and disagreeable, for dear James has just been appointed to an elegant situation, on what they call the "Diplomatic Service." When the letter came first, I was almost off in a faint. I didn't know where it might be they might be sending the poor child — perhaps to Great Carey-o, or the Hymenæal Mountains of India; but Lord George says that it's at one of the great Courts of Europe he's sure to be; and, indeed, with his figure and advantages, that's the very thing to suit him. He's a picture of a young man, and the very image of poor Tom M'Carthy, that was shot at Ballyhealey the year of the great frost. If he doesn't make a great match I'm surprised at it; and the young ladies must be mighty different in their notions from what I remember them, besides. Getting him ready and fitting him out has kept us here; for whenever there's a call upon K. I.'s right-hand pocket, he buttons up the left at once; so that, till James is fairly off, there's no hope for us of getting away from this. That once done, however, I'm determined to pass the winter in Italy. As Lord George says, coming abroad and not crossing the Alps, is like going to a dinner-party and getting up after the "roast" — "You have all the solids of the entertainment, but none of the light and

elegant trifles that aid digestion, and engage the imagination." It's a beautiful simile, Molly, and very true besides; for, after all, the heart requires more than mere material enjoyments!

You're maybe surprised to hear that Lord G. is back here; and so was I to see him. What his intentions are, I'm unable to say; but it's surely Mary Anne at all events; and as she knows the world well, I'm very easy in my mind about her. As I told K. I. last night — "Abuse the Continent as you like, K. I., waste all your bad words about the cookery, and the morals, and the light wines and women, but there's one thing you can't deny to it — there's no falling in love abroad, that I maintain!" And when you come to think of it, I believe that's the real evil of Ireland! Everybody there falls in love, and the more surely when they haven't a sixpence to marry on! All the young Lawyers without briefs — all the young Doctors in Dispensaries — every marching Lieutenant living on his pay — every young Curate with seventy pounds a year — in fact, Molly, every case of hopeless poverty — all what the newspapers call heartrending distress — is sure to have a sweetheart! When you think of the misery that brings on a single family, you may imagine the ruin that it entails on a whole country. And I don't speak in ignorance, Mrs. Gallagher; I've lived to see the misery of even a tincture of love in my own unfortunate fate. Not that indeed I ever went far in my feelings towards K. I., but my youth and inexperience carried me away; and see where they've left me! Now that's an error nobody commits abroad; and as to any one being married according to their inclination, it's quite unheard of; and

if they have less love, they have fewer disappointments, and that same is something!

Talking of marriage brings me to Betty — I suppose I mustn't say Betty Cobb, now that she calls herself the Frau Taddey. Hasn't she made a nice business of it? "They're fighting," as K. I. says, "like man and wife, already!" The creature is only half human; and when he has gorged himself with meat and drink, he sometimes sleeps for twenty-four, or maybe thirty hours, and if there's not something ready for him when he wakes up, his passion is dreadful. I'm afraid of my life lest K. I. should see the bill for his food, and told the Landlord only to put down his four regular meals, and that I'd pay the rest, which I have managed to do, up to this, by disposing of K. I.'s wearing apparel. And would you believe it, that the beast has already eaten a brown surtout, two waistcoats, and three pair of kerseymere shorts and gaiters, not to say a spencer that he had for his lunch, and a Mackintosh cape that he took the other night before going to bed! Betty is always crying from his bad usage, and consequently of no earthly use to any one; but if a word is said against him she flies out in a rage, and there's no standing her tongue!

Maybe, however, it's all for the best; for without a little excitement to my nervous system, I'd have found this place very dull. Doctor Morgan Moore, that knew the M'Carthy constitution better than any one living, used to say, "Miss Jemima requires movement and animation;" and, indeed, I never knew any place agree with me like the "Sheds" of Clontarf.

Mary Anne keeps telling me that this is now quite vulgar, and that your people of first fashion are never

pleased with anybody, or anything; and whenever a place, or a party, or even an individual is peculiarly tiresome, she says, "Be sure, then, that it's quite the mode." That is possibly the reason why Lord George recommends us passing a few weeks on the Lake of Comus; and if it's the right thing to do I'm ready and willing; but I own to you, Molly, I'd like a little sociality, if it was only for a change. At any rate, Comus is in Italy; and if we once get there, it will go far with me if I don't see the Pope. I'm obliged to be brief this time, for the post closes here whenever the Postmaster goes to dinner; and to-day I'm told he dines early. I'll write you, however, a full and true account of us all next week, till when, believe me your ever affectionate and attached friend,

JEMIMA DODD.

P. S. — Mary Anne has just reconciled me to the notion of Comus. It is really the most aristocratic place in Europe, and she remarks that it is exactly the spot to make excellent acquaintances in for the ensuing winter; for you see, Molly, that is really what one requires in summer and autumn, and the English that live much abroad study this point greatly. But, indeed, there's a wonderful deal to be learned before one can say that they know Life on the Continent; and the more I think of it, the less am I surprised at the mistakes and blunders of our travelling countrymen — errors, I am proud to say, that we have escaped up to this.

END OF VOL. II.



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